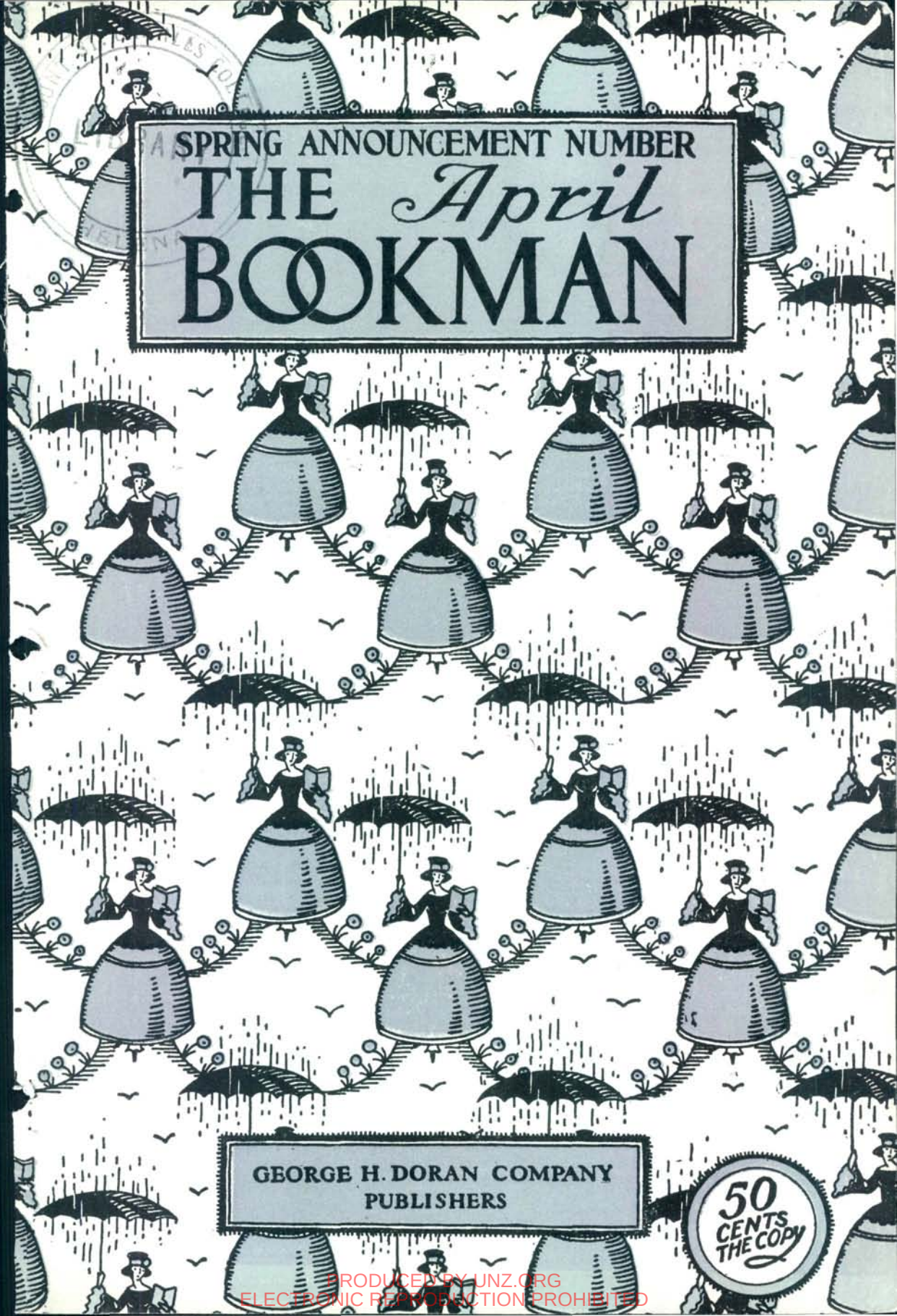


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STOKES : EST·1881 : BOOKS

STOKES Books that Stimulate

MIRRORS OF THE YEAR

Edited by GRANT OVERTON

A review of significant high-lights of American life in the year just ended — literature, art, drama, sports, fashion, journalism, — edited by Grant Overton, prominent writer and editor. An impressive group of the best-known writers in America — among them Mark Sullivan, Kathleen Norris, Herbert Asbury and Grantland Rice discuss this many-faceted period, its outstanding figures, trends and events. The first volume of its kind, the publishers plan to continue it in an annual series. *Octavo in size, stamped in gold, bound in blue library buckram. With cartoons by Charles Dana Gibson, Rollin Kirby, John Held, John Cassel, etc. $4.00*

THE WAR DIARY OF EMPEROR FREDERICK III

Translated by A. R. ALLINSON

The diary of the ex-Kaiser's father, written during the Franco-Prussian War and hidden for 50 years. A personal record of day-to-day experiences and impressions and a vivid and intimate picture of the events of that critical period make this volume of the greatest historical importance. *Illustrated, $5.00*

THROUGH LIBERIA

By DOROTHY MILLS

A fascinating record of the astounding adventures of Lady Dorothy Mills who pushed her way into the romantic West African republic to places where no white woman had ever been, and even explored the haunts of the "Human Leopards." *Illustrated, $3.00*

THE LINGERING FAUN

By MABEL WOOD MARTIN

Author of "The Green God's Pavilion," etc.

A brilliant, emotional novel of post-war life among the Russian refugees in Paris, wherein exiled grand dukes drive taxicabs and princesses drudge as seamstresses. *$2.00*

LOTUS OF THE DUSK

By DOROTHY GRAHAM

Author of "Through the Moon Door"

A novel of turbulent present-day China with Liane, daughter of two races as the heroine and a gay debonair American lad as hero. *$2.00*

THE ROAD TO THE TEMPLE

By SUSAN GLASPELL

A kindling biography of George Cram Cook which the first critic has starred as "the greatest book the author has ever written." *Illustrated, $3.00*

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

443 Fourth Avenue New York

STOKES BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here Walk the Ancient Ghosts of the Vagrant Past

HAWKERS AND WALKERS IN EARLY AMERICA

By RICHARDSON WRIGHT

Author of "The Practical Book of Outdoor Flowers," Editor of "House and Garden"

In picturesque vagabondage the enterprising New England "chapman", the strolling cobbler and his ilk, the wandering preacher, the trained animals and freaks and all the odd characters of the past trudge up through the weaving tides of the road. A volume rich in quaint recollections and colorful bits of economic history, colonial commerce and antiquities, and unique personalities — Bronson Alcott, John Fitch, Johnnie Appleseed. In beautiful make-up with special lining papers after an early American chintz and 68 illustrations from elusive old sources. Handsome octavo. **$4.50**

MR. PICKWICK'S PILGRIMAGES

By WALTER DEXTER

Editor of "The Dickensian"

52 Illustraions. **$5.00**

"Good Stories All"

THE GIRL IN BLACK

By VICTOR BRIDGES

An idle young adventurer, a whisper in the dark, and unbelievably exciting adventure. $2.00

A CHEQUER-BOARD

By ROBERT CLAY

"A vivid and pulsing romance of pirates, quick death and violent love." — *Public Ledger.* $2.00

THE AMAZING CHANCE

By PATRICIA WENTWORTH

The tale of a lost personality. Was it husband, lover or — that returned from the War? $2.00

THE MYSTERY OF THE ASHES

By ANTHONY WYNNE

A new "Dr. Hailey" story of evil passions and ghostly revenge. $2.00

ALL AT SEA

By CAROLYN WELLS

A new "Fleming Stone" story that "sounds deep" to the heart of a strange mystery. $2.00

THE HOUSE OF SIN

By ALLEN UPWARD

A new "Dr. Tarleton" detective story of deadly poisons, mystery and intrigue. $2.00

THE LAST VICTORIANS

By ARTHUR A. BAUMANN

Formerly Editor of the London "Saturday Review"

The ideas and prejudices, the idiosyncrasies and the genius of more than a generation of statesmen and men of letters. Mr. Baumann has a caustic pen, but he is also intimate in his method of approach to his subjects, all of whom, with two exceptions, he has seen and heard. A volume of unusual biographical portraits — a survey of a whole period of history. 8 Illustrations (Ready in April.) **$5.00**

THE BRIDGE TO FRANCE

By EDWARD N. HURLEY

Wartime Chairman, U. S. Shipping Board and Member, World War Debt Commission

The long awaited inside story of the greatest accomplishment of the War — of how the U. S. Shipping Board and Emergency Fleet thrilled the world by transporting without loss over two million men, guns, supplies etc. Told by the person who knew more of the workings than anyone else. Interspersed with human interest stories of prominent celebrities. Illustrated with numerous photographs, war posters, fac-simile letters and documents of much historical significance. (Ready in April). **$5.00**

FOUR THOUSAND YEARS OF PHARMACY

The Curious Lore of Drugs and Medicines Thru the Ages

By CHARLES H. LAWALL

Dean of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy

What could be more fascinating than the search for the elixir of life that should cure all ills as if by magic. Down through the ages, since the very dawn of history, wander king and pope, priest and philosopher, knave and charlatan, trying to unravel the web of occultism, romance, mystery, astrology and magic that hid their prize. 64 Curious pictures, mostly from rare and ancient volumes. **$5.00**

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH A NEWSPAPER MAN

Fifty Years in the Life of an Editor

By E. J. STACKPOLE

Editor-in-Chief, Harrisburg Telegraph

Illustrated. **$5.00**

WINDJAMMERS AND SHELLBACKS

Strange True Stories of the Sea

By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON

34 Illustrations. **$4.50**

At All Good Bookstores

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA AND LONDON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APRIL, 1927 VOL. LXV, NO. 2

THE BOOKMAN

John Farrar, *Editor*

Contents

The Point of View		113
The Curious Business of Being a Preacher	*Gaius Glenn Atkins*	119
The Security of Anne Douglas Sedgwick *With a Portrait*	*Grant Overton*	125
Orbits. *A Poem*	*Hamilton Eames*	132
The Fauntleroy Plague	*John Nicholas Beffel*	133
If I Were God. *A Poem*	*Marjorie Hillis*	137
The Mental Patient and the Library	*John E. Lind*	138
Sedulous Apings *With Sketches by Clarence Day*	*Emanuel Eisenberg*	142
Emily Dickinson. *A Poem*	*Leonora Speyer*	149
The Minority Rules	*Edward L. Bernays*	150
The New Season in Fiction	*Isabel Paterson*	156
Chimes. *A Poem*	*William Alexander Percy*	162
Paging John Harvard	*Ethel Kelley*	163
Birthday Song. *A Poem*	*Dorothy Sohm Metz*	166
Jeremy at Crale. Part V	*Hugh Walpole*	167
Big Boy. *A Poem*	*John Beecher*	177
Spring Roads to Children's Books. *Illustrated*	*Anne Carroll Moore*	178
The Londoner	*Simon Pure*	184
Has America a Literary Dictatorship?	*Anonymous*	191
The Bromfield Saga	*Henry B. Fuller*	200
The New Yorker	*Larry Barretto*	204
Inheritor. *A Poem*	*Mabel Simpson*	209
The Bookman's Guide to Fiction		210
The Editor Recommends —	*J. F.*	213
A Shelf of Recent Books *Reviews by Henry Seidel Canby, Charles W. Ferguson, Dorothea Lawrance Mann, Babette Deutsch, Gerald Carson*		216
The Bookman's Monthly Score		223
The Seven Seas	*Michael Joseph*	224
The Gossip Shop. *Illustrated*		229

For Brief Reviews, Travel Books, Religious Books, Collectors' Guide, Contributors' Column see front and back advertising sections

Published every month by George H. Doran Company. Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General Offices, 244 Madison Avenue, New York City. John Farrar, Editor; Amy Flashner, Assistant Editor. Canadian postage, 3 cents a copy, 36 cents a year. Foreign postage, 6 cents a copy, 72 cents a year. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1927, by George H. Doran Company. All rights reserved.

All Mss. should be typed, addressed to the Editorial Office of THE BOOKMAN, *and accompanied by postage. All inquiries and changes of address should be mailed to the General Offices, 244 Madison Avenue, New York.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CARL VAN DOREN

Down with the wall between Writer and Reader

"I have talked with many great writers and thousands of possible readers who were in despair over the thick wall which seemed to shut them off from each other.

"As an editor, as a critic, as a teacher, I know that the past twenty-five years have seen a striking advance in literary skill and conscience among the writers.

"As a traveller, I have noted that everything is conspicuously on sale but books. Candy and cosmetics, jewelry and automobiles—these come and offer themselves to every American. But if he wants to buy a book, he must go hunting for it, as his ancestors had to go hunting for the more elusive kinds of game.

"This means that, while the American can have his ordinary goods brought to him in the manner of civilized communities, he must fall back on primitive methods to get his books. No wonder he does not do it. He is a citizen, not a pioneer. If he is to buy books, they must somehow come within his natural range. To bring them there is the function of **The Literary Guild.**"

Carl Van Doren

The Literary Guild of America

On the 17th of November in 1926, a group of writers gathered at 55 Fifth Avenue and put into motion a stupendous new idea. For two years it had seemed a dream; but slow and careful work had made it into a reality, and **The Literary Guild** came into being.

Carl Van Doren *Editor-in-chief*
Associate Editors
Zona Gale **Hendrik Willem van Loon**
Joseph Wood Krutch **Elinor Wylie**
Glenn Frank

The plan is new. It is bound up with two thoughts—coöperation and saving money for its members. Nearest to it is the Theatre Guild—which has at the same time lifted the theatre of America to a higher plane and has brought that theatre to its members at a lower price.

Privileges to Members

(I) **12 Great New Books Each Year**

The Board of Editors will choose for you the twelve best books to be found each year in fiction and non-fiction. They will not choose from books already published, but from original manuscripts submitted to the Guild by any publishing house.

The Literary Guild will then publish these specially for you. Each month one book will be brought out—and only one.

(II) **ECONOMY**

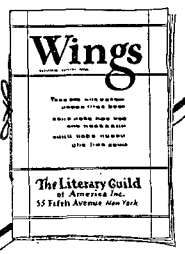
By subscribing for a year at a time, you get these books, *postage prepaid*, at about half the price non-members will pay, when they buy single books in the store.

Theodore Dreiser

—greatest living American novelist, says:

"There must be thousands of people in the United States who now read good books occasionally but who would read them habitually if they had a chance. It seems to me that **The Literary Guild** will do a great deal to give them that chance, and I am heartily in sympathy with the undertaking."

We have made up a small edition of a special booklet containing short essays by our editors—with portraits, and cartoon by Hendrik Willem van Loon. As long as this lasts it will be sent you without charge. At the same time you will get the stimulating and vivid story of **The Literary Guild** and what it means to you.



FREE

¶ Send for "WINGS" the Story of a Gigantic Economy

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, Inc.
55 Fifth Avenue, New York

Send me free of charge and without obligation to me,—*Wings*—with essays and portraits of your distinguished Editors. Also the story of **The Literary Guild of America.**

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

B 4-27

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HERALDING!

THE BOOKMAN

for May, 1927

A WRITER'S APPRENTICESHIP *by Margaret Kennedy*

"... I was engaged at that time on a novel called 'Laura', which I later destroyed in a fit of despair..." Miss Kennedy felt worthless and frustrated until she published her first novel and has never been as thrilled since.

THE HALF PINT FLASK *by DuBose Heyward*

Not a commentary on the younger generation but a haunting short story told in the rich vein which has caused Mr. Heyward to be enjoyed both by readers and critics.

GEORG BRANDES, APOSTLE OF CULTURE *by Burton Rascoe*

Brandes thought our best writers to be Jack London, Upton Sinclair, and Charles G. Norris. Was he right? Did he know Europe and America too? Or only Europe? Mr. Rascoe appraises the esteemed critic with great acumen.

THE FIGHT AGAINST EVOLUTION *by Woodbridge Riley*

In the same urbane and arresting manner of his "From Myth to Reason", the distinguished philosopher of Vassar and the Sorbonne surveys the American spectacle and puts his stakes on Man O' Science.

Other Articles

"AN IMPURE ART"	by STARK YOUNG
"UPTON SINCLAIR"	by FLOYD DELL
"THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCH COLLEGE"	by W. L. POTEAT
"WHAT OF CHAUTAUQUA?"	by E. C. LINDEMAN
"SARA TEASDALE"	by JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE
"FIVE RISING STARS IN AMERICAN FICTION"	by C. W. FERGUSON

FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR
FIFTY CENTS A COPY

CLIP AND MAIL

The Bookman
244 Madison Avenue,
New York, N.Y.

Please enter my subscription to THE BOOKMAN for one year—to start with the May issue. Enclosed find remittance of $4.00.*

Name.....

Address.....

*Canadian postage 36 cents a year extra.
Foreign postage 72 cents extra.

B A-27

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TO BE PUBLISHED ON APRIL 9th

One of the Most Remarkable Autobiographies in Recent Years

AN AMERICAN SAGA

By

CARL CHRISTIAN JENSEN

¶ Born in Denmark in 1888, Carl Jensen ran away to sea at the age of sixteen, eventually landing — penniless and eighteen — in New York. Hitherto his education had been mainly in the school of experience. With his arrival in this country began his second education, that of an American citizen. His had been a truly epic career — a boyhood in a Danish port with the sea, the dunes and the strange folk of the sailors' inn; a youth as a rope spinner and a stoker; a young manhood as a casual laborer, longshoreman, teacher and psychologist; and then, first love and marriage — told as probably never before.

¶ Carl Jensen's is a true story. It is doubtful if it can be matched in fiction.

"An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication." $2.50

GENERAL BOOKS

*MAIN STREET AND WALL STREET *By William Z. Ripley* $2.50

*POOLS AND RIPPLES
By Bliss Perry $2.00

HEROES OF AVIATION
New and Revised Edition. *With 16 illustrations.*
By Laurence LaTourette Driggs . $2.00

*AN AIDE-DE-CAMP OF LEE
The Papers of Colonel Charles Marshall
Edited by Major General Sir Frederick Maurice. *With 40 illustrations.* . . . $4.00

BALKAN SKETCHES: An Artist's Wanderings in the Kingdom of the Serbs.
By Lester G. Hornby. *With 81 illustrations.* $5.00

DAISY MAYME A Play
By George Kelly $1.50

NEW NOVELS

CHILDREN OF DIVORCE
By Owen Johnson $2.00

TOMEK THE SCULPTOR
By Adelaide Eden Phillpotts . . $2.50

THE INTERLOPER
By E. Phillips Oppenheim . . . $2.00

THE OUTER GATE
By Octavus Roy Cohen $2.00

THE LONGEST SHADOW
By Jeffery E. Jeffery $2.00

THE DANGERFIELD TALISMAN
By J. J. Connington $2.00

THE BLACK BLOODHOUND
By Farnham Bishop $2.00

**Indicates "An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication"*

These Books are For Sale at All Booksellers

Boston LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY *Publishers*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN BRIEF REVIEW

A BOOK that will find many interested readers is "The Passing Show" (Little, Brown) by Henry Russell, sometime director of the Boston Opera House. It contains just those elements of personal reminiscence that carry one on from one page to the next with a modicum of effort. Mr. Russell recounts his early struggles as a singing teacher in London, shows how he cured Duse of a pernicious paralysis of the throat, and explains his discovery of Enrico Caruso. He tells how he taught the Shuberts a thing or two about producing, why the Boston Opera Company failed, and all about introducing Maeterlinck to America; yet when one lays down the book, the author emerges as a shrewd publicist who probably knew more about voice production than anyone else of his time. There are many who will not like what they read in these pages: one is Geraldine Farrar; another is Georgette Leblanc; a third, and for better reason than the others, is Dame Nellie Melba. There are certain things that can be included in a volume of reminiscences, and there are others that cannot, but Mr. Russell has not been troubled with these fine distinctions.

One does not lay down "Transition" by Edwin Muir (Viking) with the feeling that the critic plays a lesser rôle than the principals he understudies. Mr. Muir emerges as definite a literary personality as if he were before the footlights instead of in the wings. Nor does he achieve this prominence through a subjectivity of attitude which obscures the central figures from the eyes of the reader. Each of the writers discussed in these essays on contemporary literature comes to life at the critic's touch and emerges in bold relief. We are brought face to face with the intelligence of Virginia Woolf, the irony of Lytton Strachey, the relativism of Robert Graves, the mystic imagination of Edith Sitwell, the use of contrast by T. S. Eliot, the employment of cause and effect in the work of Stephen Hudson. D. H. Lawrence's concentration on instinct, Joyce's perception of the force of elemental comedy, Aldous Huxley's portrayal of disembodied hypocrisy all stand out as clearly as if the author himself were speaking. One has only to reflect for a moment to realize how, in the hands of a less competent artist than Mr. Muir, the work could have degenerated into the mere recitation of a series of abstract terms. Each essay, both in surety of grasp and in clarity of expression, is in itself a definite contribution to the literature of criticism. Furthermore, the volume stands as a unit.

Since specialists politely hem and haw at questions "out of their field" and education is divided into thought-tight compartments, Baker Brownell in "The New Universe" (Van Nostrand) reminds us that from whatever window we view the universe, it is, after all, the same universe. He tries to show it whole by unrolling a vast panorama of the history of the material universe, life, and the mind and institutions of man. His mental digestion is certainly robust. With a talent for finding the significant he eliminates difficult detail without becoming dogmatic or making complex matters sound too simple. The chapters have been okayed by specialists, and the subject as a whole tried out on college seniors — who survived! The work, however, is no textbook. Mr. Brownell is a poet and philosopher, his style is delightfully rhythmic and whimsical, his comments illuminating. This is a brave book, beautifully done.

Whether or not you accept the author's rather inadequate whitewashing feat or prefer to regard his subject as just one more of Queen Victoria's "wicked uncles" and a repulsive toad to boot, Shane Leslie's "George IV" (Little, Brown), an addition to the "Curiosities of Politics" series edited by Philip Guedalla, is an enchanting biography of the true Strachey flavor. Mr. Leslie's

(*Continued on page X*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

LEADING SPRING NOVELS

As a novel of the American family, dealing courageously with the tyrannizing emotions of blood relationship,

Edna Bryner

this book stands alone — a work of daring originality and deep significance on our spring fiction list.

Author of

ANDY BRANDT'S ARK

It is the story of an enlightened woman's pilgrimage back to the scene of her drab beginnings. Armed with all the inhibitions of her youth, she goes back, only to discover that for her almost-forgotten family Life had spun a web not at all in accordance with her imaginings. With a tremendous sweep and power, the book has a fascination which holds the reader spellbound until the last page. $2.50

HALF-GODS

by Murray Sheehan

A novel with the almost impossible combination of realism and fantasy; through it all run delicious strains of irony, tenderness, tragedy and farce. You will find your incredulity disappearing with the book's progress—so real does Murray Sheehan make this story of a centaur living in a "Main Street" town of the Middle West. $2.50

BILL MYRON

by Dean Fales

Bill goes through life using his fists freely to puncture shams, scorning bunk and blather, with no code but that of the gang, "worda honor." The book in a brutally honest manner records Bill Myron's loves, his struggles, his greatness and his fall. It is a distinctly worthwhile rugged piece of fiction. $2.50

681 FIFTH AVENUE — NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

ENTERTAINING FICTION

IN THE BEGINNING
by Alan Sullivan

A thrilling story of strange adventure and beautiful love in the forbidden land of the Patagonian Andes. "One of the most entrancing fictions published for years past." — *London Times.* $2.00

QUAYLE'S INVENTION
by John Taine

An impractical, dreamy inventor discovers the secret of making gold from sea-water — result, an astounding development, as spectacular as any Jules Verne situation. By the author of "The Purple Sapphire." $2.00

Peggy Temple

12-year-old London novelist

whose book

THE ADMIRAL AND OTHERS

a humorous story for and about weekends

has caused a sensation in England

$1.50

UNDER THE SUN
by Dane Coolidge

Through this epic of the Navajos runs an intense love story of an Indian maiden for a young white man, member of a band of pioneers who bravely defy the tribe. $2.00

THE CRESCENT MOON
by Francis Brett Young

Two young Britishers caught in the semi-hypnotic, wholly barbaric spell of Africa's interior find romance, tragedy, adventure, far from civilization's protecting arms. It is very generally conceded that nothing else this author has written is quite equal in literary power to the novels which have as background that primitive, miracle-working, terror-striking, unbelievable stamping-ground of savagery — the African bush. $2.50

THE FLOWER OF DESIRE
by S. Andrew Wood

A novel of high life in present-day London, amid a dizzy carnival of the romantic remains of purity, virtue, simplicity and innocence. It is the story of a virgin adventuress. $2.00

THE GOLDEN CENTIPEDE
by Louise Gerard

An English army officer sails with his ward to search for strange birds in a strange land. The sudden appearance of a centipede on board ship causes an entire change of plans and adventure surpassing the wildest imagining ensues. $2.00

MARCHING ON TANGA
by Francis Brett Young

The dramatic account of General Smut's campaign in German East Africa. Captain Brett Young was with the Expedition and he draws an amazing picture of modern fighting in the tropics. With illustrations and a map. $2.00

681 FIFTH AVENUE — NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

IMPORTANT GENERAL BOOKS

THE PUBLIC MIND—
Its Disorders, Its Exploiters
by Norman Angell

A discussion of warfare and its results on the mob mind, especially during the last Great War, in France, England, the United States, and Germany. $3.00

from the jacket of

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE
A Mask and a Face
by G. H. Johnstone

An interesting study of a bizarre character and a gifted writer — best known for his story, "Carmen" — who was the friend of the Empress Eugenie and other famous people. $2.00

EMERSON AND OTHERS
by Van Wyck Brooks

In his rich and urbane style, the author presents, in essay form, studies of Emerson and other noted literary men. An unforgettable picture of that great American writer, lecturer, and mystic. $3.00

THE LAND OF THE EAGLE
by Paul Edmonds

The author of "Peacocks and Pagodas" writes a good travel story of Montenegro and Albania interspersed with many amusing anecdotes and finely illustrated. $5.00

THE OLD STAG
by Henry Williamson
Author of "The Lone Swallows"

"These twelve nature stories reveal the same qualities of vigor, perfect observation, highly developed imagination and artistic consciousness one finds in Kipling." — *London Daily Graphic.* $2.50

SCENES FOR SCENE-PAINTERS
by A. Rose

This practical handbook for amateur scene painters gives a variety of examples, including a village street, a drawing room, church, a smuggler's cave, etc. $1.75

THE HOMELAND OF ENGLISH AUTHORS
by Ernest H. Rann

A delightful and unusual travel book of English literature. It takes the reader into Kent with Dickens; to Wessex with Hardy; and to the Midland plain with George Eliot. $2.50

THE TODAY AND TOMORROW SERIES
LATEST VOLUMES

"Every one of these little books opens a new window in an old world." — *Zona Gale*

CASSANDRA
or
The Future of the British Empire
by F. C. S. Schiller

PROCRUSTES
or
The Future of English Education
by M. Alderton Pink

THE FUTURE of FUTURISM
by John Rodker

SIBYLLA
or
The Revival of Prophecy
by C. A. Mace

Each $1.00

681 FIFTH AVENUE — NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from page VI*)

running fire of malicious wit is all too scorching to be tamed to his ostensibly benevolent purpose. The mockery everywhere doubles upon itself to the confusion of the thesis that the prince, regent, and king whom history has long agreed to cut as a poisonous bounder had his good points. Here is a powerful book, compact of bitter ironies, paradox, pity, fun and all those fascinations found in the best type of scandalous chronicles. From it emerges the fat form of an unloved monarch the more ridiculous for his coat of paint, yet indubitably changed a trifle by Mr. Leslie's two edged mercy. One still must sympathize with Queen Caroline who, thinking upon the madness of George III, exclaimed, "Oh *mein Gott!* let out the poor dear old king and shut up my husband." And one would be lacking in charity not to recommend the book to every lover of adult entertainment, as well as to searchers after new interpretations of history. Here, indeed, is richness.

The jacket on William Rose Benét's new book of essays and poems, "Wild Goslings" (Doran), is a blurb *par excellence.* On it is depicted a typewriter with a cloud of gay and jumbled objects rising from it — a pair of city cats, the sleeve and hand of a night club doorman, a yellow taxicab, an old automobile license, a cocktail shaker with glass and lemon. Nothing could better describe what's in the book than this — especially since the sketch is as cleverly done as are the skits and poems inside. It's impossible to read all the interesting magazines that are published nowadays. A happy solution of the difficulty is the gathering together into one airy volume the scattered contributions of an adroit young journalist.

The self portrait which emerges from "The Diary of Arthur Christopher Benson", edited by Percy Lubbock (Longmans, Green), is the antithesis of the personality that seems to be reflected in the bulk of his more important work, the many volumes of poetry and essays. As he here reveals himself, the well loved Cambridge don was at heart melancholy, introspective, discontented, and, despite the innumerable accomplishments of his life, the high esteem and close friendships of distinguished contemporaries, the victim of spiritual solitude. Mr. Lubbock, long Benson's intimate and in this book his posthumous collaborator, tells us that the Diary was begun in 1897 when, at thirty five, Benson had taught for twelve years at Eton; it was continued unbroken till his death, as Master of Magdalene College, twenty eight years later. In its original form the huge work filled one hundred and eighty notebooks, approximating 4,000,000 words. Only the most significant and interesting entries are here arranged chronologically, with extensive biographical additions by the editor to supply continuity. The wisdom of Mr. Lubbock's method is largely responsible for rendering the book an authoritative record of the subject's immensely prolific and ceaselessly active maturity.

Every little while we have fresh proof of the truth of what Europeans say about us; that we Americans like sentiment. There seems to be a turning back toward the nineteenth century in many of the more recent volumes on art, music, and sociology. Now here is a pretty little book from Caroline M. Hewins telling secrets about her childhood in old days. "A Mid-Century Child and Her Books" (Macmillan) is something in similar vein with Mrs. Burnett's "The One I Knew the Best of All", which probably lies conveniently on many bookshelves, to be taken down frequently by lovers of good literature. Miss Hewins tells in simple, homely phrase her thoughts, when a child, about the books that were at that day put into the hands of all children of good families. Her volume is illustrated with cuts from old gift books, and grandmothers will recognize many of them as treasures that lay on the parlor centre tables in the sixties.

There are two new anthologies of prose and poetry, both arranged in chronological order, both excellent. In passing, it seems regrettable that anthologies almost invariably omit Emily Dickinson, who would add lustre both as an unusual personality and an artist. "Great Names", edited by Walter J. Turner (Dial), consists of short, human,

(*Continued on page XIV*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Great Work of the Season

THE WORLD CRISIS
1916-1918

By the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill

"I have tried to find and follow the stepping-stones of Fate," says the British Chancellor of the Exchequer in his preface. "I seek to guide the reader to those points where the course of events is being decided." 30 *maps*. 2 *Vols*. $10.00

The Modern World

FRANCE

By Sisley Huddleston

Paris Correspondent of the London Times

France, especially post-war France, has been to American readers in general a real enigma. This admirable presentation of the economic, financial, political, social and religious aspects of modern France is set forth against the illuminating background of history. The author is able to speak with unquestioned authority on the France of today.

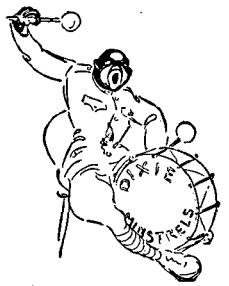
$5.00

A Delightful Book

SINGING SOLDIERS

By John J. Niles

Soldier songs of the Great War, words and music, and the genesis of each. $3.00



By Stuart Sherman

THE STREAM OF LIFE

IN CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE

Essays on writers and books which clearly reveal the great critic's conception of literature as a revelation of the changing stream of life. $2.50

Charles Scribner's Sons announce a second large edition of

THE COPELAND READER

Prof. Charles Townsend Copeland's anthology of English poetry and prose. $10.00

Ernest Hemingway's

THE SUN ALSO RISES

"It is full of humor, humor without an eye to effect, humor as a dimension of the human scene. It is a fine, keen book."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

Sixth Printing $2.00

Ring Lardner's

THE STORY OF A WONDER MAN

This burlesque autobiography is an enchanting bit of humor. $1.75

Struthers Burt's

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS

"Sound and fine intelligence and spirit in evidence on every page. . . Unfailingly good reading. $3.00
—*New York Evening Post*

These books published by Charles Scribner's Son

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HERE ARE THE NEW BOOKS

The only woman Napoleon loved

THE EMPRESS MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN

By OCTAVE AUBRY

Translated by H. G. DWIGHT

The love story of Napoleon and Marie Valevska. A story of intense passion and dramatic interest. $2.50

from

Publishers of BOOKS and of HARPER'S MAGAZINE

Established 1817

There is a whirl of entertainment in

ADAM IN MOONSHINE

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

Midsummer, moonshine, youth and romance — the amazing adventures of young Adam Stewart. The first novel of an author widely known as a critic of rare humor and penetration. $2.50

TRAVEL

Orient Express

By JOHN DOS PASSOS

Travel in an evolving world. A book of special modern significance dealing with places shaken by the heavy footsteps of history. Illustrated in color by the author. $3.50

Pero Tafur

Travels and Adventures

Translated with an Introduction by

MALCOLM LETTS

Interesting pictures of 15th century life. $5.00

ONE CRYSTAL AND A MOTHER

By ELLEN DU POIS TAYLOR

"Astonishing! I never came across a first novel that had half its brilliancy, its insight into life or its power to intrigue a reader. A gay and fantastic story." — *Ford Madox Ford.* $2.00

TRAVEL

My Journey to Lhasa

By MADAME ALEXANDRA DAVID-NEEL

The author is the only white woman who has ever been to the forbidden city of Lhasa. Her story is dramatic to the last degree. Illustrated with sixty-four striking photographs. $4.00

Akbar and the Jesuits

Translated — With an introduction by C. H. PAYNE

Contains an abundance of unusual information about early missionary journeys. $5.00

THE RED PAVILION

By JOHN GUNTHER

The story of two young people who call themselves "exquisite sensualists" and whose marriage was such a success that they felt it ruining their lives as individuals. $2.00

By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

The King's Henchman

"As simple, as stately and as heart-breaking as anything Miss Millay has ever written." — *Elinor Wylie in the N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.00

Tomorrow Morning

By ANNE PARRISH

"Infinitely superior to 'The Perennial Bachelor.' A vastly better book." — *Brooklyn Eagle.* $2.00

UNQUENCHABLE FIRE

By JOAN SUTHERLAND

Author of "Challenge"

A novel about people of the New York theatre world. A story of great passion in which three proud spirits strive to meet fate and bend it to their needs. $2.00

HARPER & BROTHERS — *Publishers Since 1817* — New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING

THE NEW POOR

By CLARISSA FAIRCHILD CUSHMAN

This story of two charming recruits to the ranks of the "new poor" — their hardships of making a living and what happens to them in their contrasting situations after they marry is a remarkable picture of modern life. $2.00

Starling

By CHRISTOPHER WARD

A penetrating story of the modern woman and the new ideal of individual expression. A tragi-comedy of wealth and marriage written by the author of "One Little Man" which was highly praised by the critics. $2.00

CHRISTOPHER WARD

ANTHOLOGIES

Contemporary Short Stories

By GORDON E. GEROULD *and* CHARLES BAYLY, JR.

A representative collection of twenty of the best modern short stories. Among the authors included are Ring Lardner, D. H. Lawrence, Katherine Mansfield and Wilbur Daniel Steele. $2.50

Prose Preferences

By SIDNEY COX *and* EDWARD L. FREEMAN

An interesting collection of prose readings collected from the work of Havelock Ellis, Sherwood Anderson, Anatole France, George Santayana and many others. $2.50

High Praise for

JILL

By E. M. DELAFIELD

Author of "The Chip and the Block"

"Jill is as appealing a character as we have had in fiction since Tessa in "The Constant Nymph."—*N. Y. Times*. "Fervently dramatic. Every character becomes a living person. Mrs. Delafield has never written with more vitality."—*Boston Transcript*. $2.00

SCIENCE

Things-to-Know Series

The Nature of Man

By

GEORGE A. DORSEY, PH.D.

Author of "Why We Behave Like Human Beings"

A lucid, readable and stimulating account of Man. $1.00

The Stream of Life

By JULIAN S. HUXLEY

Evolution, divested of mysteries and misconceptions, and lucidly expounded for all readers. $1.00

GRAY DAWN

Gray Dawn

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

No one who loves dogs or enjoys adventure will want to miss this volume which deals throughout with the strange personality, adventures, courage and devotion of a great silver-gray collie. $2.00

RED DAMASK

By EMANIE SACHS

Author of "Talk"

Written with humor, insight and a fine flair for detail, this novel is a dramatic story of youth's search for standards in a modern world of chaotic morals. $2.00

HARPER & BROTHERS — *Publishers Since 1817* — New York City

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from page X*)

biographical sketches, pen and ink portraits, and selections from the works of each of sixty two literary celebrities from Chaucer to Mark Twain. Though the selections are necessarily short or fragmentary, the book is successful in giving us the man behind the name, and his times. Meatier and less exclusive is "The Copeland Reader", edited by Charles Townsend Copeland of Harvard (Scribner). Its sixteen hundred pages contain nothing which the celebrated "Copey" has not read aloud to his classes or other gatherings. The test of what people will listen to is evidently a good one, admitting the known, the unknown, in a period stretching from the Old Testament to Ring Lardner. An amazingly interesting collection, a good one in which to turn a young person loose to make what friends he can.

With the death of Joseph Pennell, America lost not only her greatest etcher, but a figure whose stature as a man looms far beyond what we are likely to see soon again. It is commendable that, in preserving his work, the print enthusiasts have also preserved the flavor of his keen temperament which was at once so thoroughly American and so virulent in its criticism of us as a people. In the "Catalogue of the Pennell Memorial Exhibition: 1926" (Lippincott) the Print Club of Philadelphia has gathered together in one beautifully executed volume the most characteristic of his studies. They show a variety of treatment enlightening both to the art student and the layman. "Joseph Pennell's Pictures of Philadelphia" (Lippincott) constitute another fine book of his well known series, which includes in various volumes his etchings on work, the war, the Panama canal, etc. Both books demonstrate how in one man the love of old things and the recognition of the strength and beauty of the new were harmoniously combined.

How Nature has accomplished her miracles and given humans "sermons in stones" makes a beautiful series of stories. So far as one may see canyons, mountains, gorges, rocks that are primæval, in words, we are enabled to see them in imagination through the patient work of the author of "Stories in Stones" (Van Nostrand). This personally conducted tour will throw light upon many a dim path in the traveler's journey, and give him ability to appreciate the extraodinary mysteries of natural evolution. It gives a pleasant running history of earth development from the days of Pleistocene man to the present time.

Why Paris is wicked is a question of interest to wide cross sections of readers for totally different reasons. In "Criminal Paris" (Doran) Netley Lucas shows his intimacy with the Apaches of the Parisian chaparral. He reveals to us the bad Indians of the Montmarte underworld — whom music hall poets and even opera librettists crown with the jasmines of romance — in their true light, as foul human weeds, deep rooted in the soil of alcoholism, tuberculosis, and syphilis. His reactions are fresh; his startling revelations of white slavery *à la façon de Paris*, of Bonvoisin, the female Fagin, whose Apachettes practise blackjacking on a dummy, of crooks, safe crackers and jewel thieves, lords of the sniffed snow, motor bandits, and Landru, the Don Juan of murder, breathe the stark, naked reality of truth. At the same time this study, which reads so easily and pleasantly, has the underlying merit of being a valuable fact document for the sociologist, criminologist, and physician.

Jerome K. Jerome established his fame as a humorist at the age of twenty nine, when he wrote "Three Men in a Boat" (Harper). He upholds this reputation in "My Life and Times"; in his usual witty style, but with a note of seriousness here and there, he writes of himself as dramatist, editor, and author. He relates many humorous anecdotes in a leisurely manner, and his experiences in America and during the war are told delightfully. For those who groan at the thought of autobiography, this is an excellent example of an exception to the general rule. When one reads it, one is tempted to make a collection of everything written by Mr. Jerome, beginning with his first book "On the Stage —and Off".

(*Continued on page XVIII*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU CAN NOW SUBSCRIBE TO THE BEST NEW BOOKS

—selected from the books of all publishers and with a guarantee against dissatisfaction

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

HEYWOOD BROUN

DOROTHY CANFIELD

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

WM. ALLEN WHITE

THINK over the last few years. How often have outstanding books appeared, widely discussed and widely recommended—books you were anxious to read and fully intended to read, when you "got around to it," *but which nevertheless you missed!* This need be true no longer.

The Book-of-the-Month Club will deliver to you every month, just like a magazine, *the outstanding book of that month*, with a guarantee against dissatisfaction.

The outstanding book each month is chosen impartially *from all the important new books, whoever the author and whoever the publisher.* The choice is made by a group of unbiassed critics, listed here, who have no business connection with the enterprise. The theory is—and it works!—that any book appealing strongly to a majority of five individuals (of such good judgment and such varying taste) is *likely* to be a book few people will care to miss.

But you are not obliged to accept the judgment of this committee. Their choice is simply a practical method at arriving at one outstanding book a month. Tastes vary. You are not expected, willy-nilly, to like and keep the books you receive.

Before the book-of-the-month comes to you, you receive a carefully written report *describing what sort of book it is.* If you think you will like it, you let it come to you. If not, you specify *that some other book you prefer be sent instead.* You make your choice of a substitute from a list of other worth-while new books, *which are also described carefully*, to guide you in your decision. However, if you let the chosen "book-of-the-month" come, and find you are disappointed, *even then you may exchange it for some other book you may prefer.*

Thus you can be absolutely sure that you will never again, through oversight, miss books you are anxious to read; you keep informed about all the best books; *you choose your reading with more discrimination than ever before;* and you *do* obtain the outstanding books you are anxious not to miss.

The cost of this unique service is —nothing. You pay the same price for the books as if you got them from the publisher himself, by mail. Send for our prospectus which explains how simply the service operates. It is working smoothly and satisfactorily for over 40,000 discriminating people. Your request for our prospectus will involve you in no obligation to subscribe.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. 25D
218 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your prospectus outlining the details of the Book-of-the-Month Club Plan. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe to your service.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These are Appleton Books

Bernard Quesnay
ANDRÉ MAUROIS' new book is straight fiction, a novel with all the qualities that make his "Ariel" and "Mape" so notable. $2.00

Preface to a Life
By *ZONA GALE.* "A superb title to a superb book" — Dorothy Canfield. $2.00

The Drums of Aulone
By *ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.* A stirring historical romance whose swift action moves from France of Louis XIV to England and then to Quebec. $2.00

The Wind of Complication
By *SUSAN ERTZ.* Ten distinguished stories by the author of "After Noon" and "Madame Claire." $2.00

Call of the House
RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL writes a powerful story of state politics and of romance. $2.00

Laurel and Straw
By *JAMES SAXON CHILDERS.* "The story is a vivid and absorbing study of intellectual and social contact between America and England" — Octavus Roy Cohen. $2.00

The Up-Grade
GEORGE GIBBS tells a powerful story of an American woman in business. $2.00

The Perilous Quest
By *T. A. NICCOLLS.* An exciting hunt for treasure and a delightful romance. $2.00

These Frantic Years
By *JAMES WARNER BELLAH.* A splendid novel full of the stir and disquiet of "these frantic years." $2.00

P. P. C.
By *NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN.* A mystery tale baffling from its title to its conclusion. $2.00

The Path of the Sun
By *R. W. ALEXANDER.* Breathless adventure in Mexico and the South Seas. $2.00

King of Mapledale
By *LOYD THOMPSON.* A champion Irish setter furthers his master's love affair. $2.00

The Way of Romance
By *VIVIAN GILBERT.* The adventures of an English actor in America. $2.00

The Unknown Path
By *BERTRAM ATKEY.* A vigorous tale of men, women and great horses. $2.00

The Eye of Lucifer
By *FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER.* A compelling mystery story of a state trooper and a priceless emerald. $2.00

Jen Culliton
By *NELIA GARDNER WHITE.* A character novel of great charm. $2.00

Eight Bells
FRANK WATERS, an old salt, spins some deep sea yarns and sings his sea going ballads. Preface by Joseph C. Lincoln. *Illustrated.* $2.00

Bible Lands To-day
By *WILLIAM T. ELLIS.* A significant record of a pilgrimage through all the Bible lands. *Illustrated.* $3.00

The Family Flivvers to Frisco
FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER shares with his readers the humor, adventure and enjoyment of a trans-continental trip. *Illustrated.* $2.00

The History of the People of the United States During Lincoln's Administration
By *JOHN BACH McMASTER.* A great historian writes a great history. $5.00

Charles I in Captivity
GERTRUDE SCOTT STEVENSON edits this absorbing biography composed of contemporary documents. *Illustrated.* $4.00

Byron
By *ALBERT BRECKNOCK.* The poet's life story told in the light of new discoveries. *Illustrated.* $4.00

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland
LEWIS CARROLL'S classic in a facsimile of the original Appleton 1866 edition. With the Tenniel illustrations. Gilt edged and boxed. $2.50

Lyrics for Lads and Lasses
By *MARY STREET WHITTEN* and *JULIAN STREET.* Gay verses. $1.00

Copy 1927 — Stories, Plays, Poems, Essays
Selected by *HELEN HULL* and others. From the published works of the Writers' Club of Columbia University. $2.00

Penelope and Other Poems
By *SISTER M. MADELEVA.* Distinctive verse by the author of "Knights Errant." $1.25

Caponsacchi
By *ARTHUR GOODRICH* and *ROSE A. PALMER.* "I think Mr. Goodrich has done a remarkable thing in the dramatization of 'The Ring and the Book'" —Arthur Hobson Quinn. $2.00

The Merry Merry Cuckoo
By *JEANNETTE MARKS.* A group of delightful Welsh plays. $2.00

The Flying Prince
By *PEGGY* and *EUGENE WOOD.* A pleasing one act play of a modern aviator and an enchanted princess. 50c

Gilbert and Sullivan at Home
Edited by *ALBERT E. WIER.* Volume 26 in the Whole World Music Series. The stories and principal songs and music of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. $1.25

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

35 West 32nd Street **New York**

THESE ARE APPLETON BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A novel of Lincoln—faithful to character and filled with exciting incident

Forever Free

HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW

Lincoln himself is the hero and chief figure of this thrilling, dramatic plot.

Behind the shifting scenes of war, politics and intrigue we watch the rich drama of domestic life in the White House with Mary Lincoln and the beautiful Miss Ford, Confederate spy, playing active parts. (*Just published*, $2.50)

For the out-of-doors lover—and for all who care for worth while fiction

Tawny

A Dog of the Old West

By THOMAS C. HINKLE

John G. Neihardt, the poet, says: "It moved me more than did Jack London's Call of the Wild. . . . The climax of the tale overpowered me." *Net*, $1.75

Split Seconds

Tales of the Cinder Track by the Olympic Champion

JACKSON SCHOLZ

Grantland Rice says: "Scholz has had more experience than almost any other man in the running game. And he has put out a very fine and interesting human document." *Net*, $2.00

At your booksellers or from

WILLIAM MORROW & CO. 303 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from page XIV*)

"The New Science Series", edited by C. K. Ogden (Norton), inaugurates its entrance into the field of serious contemporary literature with the issue of three small but impressive volumes, "Myth in Primitive Psychology" by Bronislaw Malinowski, "Science and Poetry", by I. A. Richards, "Fatalism or Freedom" by C. Judson Herrick. The aim of the publisher and authors is that these short studies of momentous subjects should be presented in terms comprehensible to the lay reader, yet contain the exact substance of their scientific foundations. The three essays under consideration seem to fulfil this object successfully with the use of only the most vital essentials and at a minimum of space. If correspondingly thorough, though simplified, scholarship is evident in the companion volumes to be issued hereafter at intervals, the popularity of the series should be assured.

Men who acclaim Edison as inventor of the phonograph, Bell of the telephone, and Marconi of wireless telegraphy, hardly realize that the telephone instrument, the talking machine record, and the microphone as we know them today are the inventions of Emile Berliner. In "Emile Berliner" (Bobbs-Merrill) Frederic William Wile has told this man's history. Very interesting, indeed, is the tale of how Berliner's invention of a workable instrument saved Bell from being overwhelmed by competitors with telephones rather more audible than his own. Interesting, too, the tale of the invention of the flat disc record, the only one capable of being reproduced mechanically from the original. These achievements, however, are more important economically than miraculous scientifically, and the biographer has written about them in a manner reminiscent of a "Boys' Lives of Great Inventors".

A critical study of timely and compelling interest is embodied in "H. G. Wells: Educationist" by F. H. Doughty (Doran), for the author deals analytically with that phase of his subject's work which presents Wells as the lifelong champion for the reform of unprogressive scholastic systems throughout the English speaking world. In this rôle, through his sixty odd miscellaneous volumes, Wells has ceaselessly pleaded that cause, and it is the aim of Mr. Doughty's book clearly to establish the essential values which Wells has thereby contributed to educational advancement during the past three decades. The confirmed follower of Wells's immensely fertile writings should find this appraisal of him an unusually sound and penetrating one.

"The Best Poems of 1926", edited by L. A. G. Strong (Dodd, Mead), has the same appalling unevenness as all of Mr. Strong's previous collections. Here and there one will find a poem of excellence; but on the next page one will find something that defies not only the laws of rhyme and rhythm, but even the laws of passable prose. And one is forced to admit that the doggerel is more abundant than the poetry. One must be thankful, however, for those selections of real merit which Mr. Strong has chosen: for example, for Gamaliel Bradford's deft "Deeds Undone", and in particular for Julia Johnson Davis's imaginative and accomplished ballad, "Dark Ellen".

In Anthony M. Ludovici's "Personal Reminiscences of Auguste Rodin" (Lippincott) we have what bids fair to be a definitive book on Rodin. Considering the fact that M. Ludovici lived as Rodin's secretary only seven months, he has given us a remarkable full length portrait in light and shadow of Rodin, the man. The Rodin he knew was — in 1906 — in his prime; he was not the sick man, the crumbling giant, prey to sycophants and tricksters, which Marcelle Tirel so compassionately describes. His interest in and humble admiration for the Greek, Roman, and Gothic Renaissance sculpture shows in his work, but the "something more" that is Rodin grew out of the titanic handling he gave to a natural Gothic feeling. M. Ludovici, himself a sculptor of note, gives a clear analysis of Rodin's methods and his artistic powers. That "working from the inside" which endows his figures with such a breathless quality is made the subject of an illuminating discussion.

In "Lay Thoughts of a Dean" (Putnam)

(*Continued on page XXII*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CROWELL BOOKS CROWELL BOOKS

New Fiction of Distinction

THE BIRD OF FIRE

By Maria Moravsky

A thrilling tale of Russia in the throes of revolution. Romance is interwoven against the dark background of revolt and destruction. The author herself passed through many of the scenes she so graphically describes. Likely to attract wide attention.

$2.00

LEAD ME INTO TEMPTATION

By Frank Heller

Another delightfully droll story by this popular Swedish author. The hero is a staid instructor in theology who goes to Copenhagen to see the sights — and sees them!

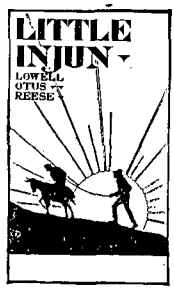
$2.00

DEEP FURROWS

By Robert Welles Ritchie

The story of how a man who had failed in New York City went out west and found himself again by wrestling with the land. A story which will sound the depths of human experience.

$2.00



LITTLE INJUN

By Lowell Otus Reese

In this collection of breezy Western tales, many of the characters reappear. They are largely stories of small town and mining life, full of humor, action, and the tang of the wide open spaces.

$2.00

THE UNKNOWN PORT

By Christine Whiting Parmenter

Here is an attractive neighborhood tale written around a small teashop in a New England seaport town. It is charmingly done, and will leave a fragrant memory.

$2.00

Order From Your Bookseller

Thomas Y. Crowell Company
393 Fourth Avenue, New York

CROWELL BOOKS CROWELL BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

A New Novel by the Author of "The Nightingale: a Life of Chopin"

THE COUNTERFEITS

By MARJORIE STRACHEY

A young English woman's romance with a Russian officer. It is a psychological study told through exciting action and in an unusual manner. Instead of the usual triangle there are five persons involved, and the story in Russia is told in retrospect while the heroine moves through a later experience in London that is parallel at certain points to her former one, and finally merges with it.

Crown 8vo. **$2.00**

MEXICAN ARCHITECTURE OF THE VICE-REGAL PERIOD

By WALTER H. KILHAM

So many of the unfamiliar and curiously beautiful architectural jewels of old Mexico have been found and recorded that this book, even to the architect, comes almost as the revelation of a newly discovered land. The vitality and personality of Renaissance Spain with the added vigor lent by the entrance of the native Indian as craftsman and artist are here portrayed in a manner that will interest general readers as well as architects.

With 84 plates. 8vo. **$5.00**

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE SEA

By EDWARD KEBLE CHATTERTON

The dramatic rescues of ships' crews at sea within the last year are included in this book which re-tells the most heroic episodes of sea history. The chief example of recent rescues described is that of the crew of the British steamship Antinoe by the American crew of the steamship Roosevelt.

8vo. With Illustrations. **$3.50**

THE PROBLEM OF A WORLD COURT

By DAVID JAYNE HILL

Dr. Hill, well known as former Ambassador to Germany and an authority on diplomatic history and practice, was associated in 1898 with the beginnings of the World Court idea. He tells the story of its growth, and explains why the United States has been unable as yet to join in a great international undertaking which she herself suggested to the world.

Crown 8vo. **$1.75**

The Wonder Smith and His Son

Retold by Ella Young

Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff

Bit by bit, from remote districts of Ireland, where Gaelic is still spoken, Miss Young collected the fragments of the tales that have been handed down by word of mouth for more than a thousand years. She has cast them into a form that will make the legend with its imaginative, humorous fancy an authentic addition to our folk-literature.

Cr. 8vo. **$2.25**

Poems of a South African

By A. Vine Hall

"In Mr. Vine Hall, South Africa has a considerable poet. . . . Occasionally he takes us to the land of make believe, sometimes he is moved to rhapsody as he contemplates nature in her grandeur, and always he embodies the spirit which would make of South Africa the home where 'two sovran peoples blend their ancient fame.'" — *The Outlook* (London)

Cr. 8vo. **$3.00**

Coleridge at Highgate

By Lucy Eleanor Watson

"'Coleridge at Highgate' has real value. The author . . . certainly corrects the impression other writers have given of Coleridge's weakness. We learn here the severity of the heart trouble with which Coleridge had to contend, and we are made aware of his occasional capacity for self-control. . . ." — *Saturday Review* (London)

8vo. **$3.75**

55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ENGLISH MEN AND MANNERS

in the EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

By A. S. TURBERVILLE

From every page of this vivid book, from every one of its rare and striking illustrations, the men and women of a sparkling age step forth. It is a book absorbing to read and enthralling to gaze upon. Price $4.00.

ENGLISH WOMEN *in* LIFE *and* LETTERS

By M. PHILLIPS *and* W. S. TOMKINSON

This book, filled with countless beautiful and amusing illustrations, explains what has been the revolution that has occurred in the lives of the women of the last two centuries. Various aspects of domestic life are dealt with and there are chapters on education, on women in the professions, and the woman criminal. Price $4.00.

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES

By L. F. SALZMAN

Under the illumination of his skill, mediaeval figures, often cold and lifeless, become suddenly warm and human. Admirable illustrations help to make the Middle Ages live again. Price $3.50.

THE LEGACY OF THE MIDDLE AGES

Edited by C. G. CRUMP *and* E. F. JACOB

It provides authoritative reading full of fascination, and a wealth of illustrations of unequalled charm on the culture of the Middle Ages. A subject of great present-day interest. Price $3.50.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VERSE

Chosen by DAVID NICHOL SMITH

This book, which is bound uniform with The Oxford Book of English Verse, The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse, and The Oxford Book of English Prose, is confined to poems that fall strictly within the period 1700-1800. Price $3.75.
On Oxford India paper, $4.25.

CRIME AND DETECTION

World's Classics, No. 301

Twelve of the cleverest and most thrilling of the murder and mystery stories. Price 80c.

A DICTIONARY OF MODERN ENGLISH USAGE

By H. W. FOWLER

The easiest, cleverest and safest manual of correctness in speech and writing. It deals with every problem of speech and writing. Price $3.00.
On Oxford India paper, $4.00.

THE MILITARY GENIUS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By Brigadier-General COLIN R. BALLARD

A brilliant English general here proves by means of a most careful study and with the use of varied military charts, that Abraham Lincoln was a great strategist as well as a great statesman. Price $5.00.

CHINA AND HER POLITICAL ENTITY

By SHUHSI HSÜ

A Chinese scholar of politics and international law here discusses with candor and authority the relations of China to foreign powers. Price $2.00.

READERS' SERVICE

The Oxford University Press will be glad to send to book buyers announcements of their new books. Send your request to address below.

Ask your bookseller to show you these books.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

AMERICAN BRANCH :: NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from page XVIII*)

Dean Inge does not reveal an unexpectedly sunny disposition; but such topics as letter writing, American character, the rights of animals, and the Lambeth Conference do not lend themselves to quite the gloomy prophecy that is associated with his name. His is by no means brilliant or distinguished thinking. At its best — as an anti-Semitism — it is sensible and shrewd; at its worst it is that of the famous royal family the members of which were said never to have learned anything or forgotten anything. The postwar and post-revolution research into the original diplomatic correspondence, which has so profoundly altered the views of American historical experts like Fay, Langer, and Barnes on the origins and responsibility for the Great War, does not make Dean Inge so much as blink: for him the revisionist conclusions are "an entirely untrue legend" sedulously cultivated by the Germans. And the work of these experts must yield to "such unimpeachable testimony as that which we find in Ambassador Page's correspondence"!

One bright day an energetic college professor in California woke early, with the impression that she must go gunning — after American literature. The result is "The Frontier in American Literature" (Crowell), which lays low almost every famous author in our piteously raw country, from intolerable Cotton Mather down to "significant" Sherwood Anderson. With great persistence Lucy Lockwood Hazard has hunted from his lair every writer who presumed to delude the public; we have our eyes opened to the "femininity" of Hawthorne; the "sickly sweet, pallid waxen substance of southern literature" exemplified in Page, Allen, Miss Murfree, and others whom our poor old grandmothers found charming. Transcendentalism, in the persons of Emerson and Alcott, is brought down with something that is not bird shot. "It is time to decanonize Emerson" pronounces this woman professor, aiming from her bush of perfectly egoistic positivism. So she does it; as well as she knows how. Then up, and along the trail after "sentimental and commercial" Mark Twain and Bret Harte, worthless as truth tellers, brigands of the public common sense. But to save the readers of these chapters, which are evidently meant for the edification of college students, from despair, one rope of hope is thrown out. There is, seemingly, a group somewhere (presumably in California) of young Intellectuals, whose eyes are sternly fixed on Truth. From this group great things may be expected. After they have studied and digested this fine book.

No amount of adverse criticism directed at the life and works of Anatole France can shake our faith in one quality he possessed, the capacity of being, if not all things to all men, at least many things to many minds. His later pensive, sentimental mood is admirably displayed in Sándor Kémeri's "Rambles with Anatole France" (Lippincott). These were undertaken by "the Master" in the company of the author, an Hungarian writer whose real name is Mme. Georges Bölöni, and his doctor, Paul-Louis Couchoud. Because the book belongs to that considerable group of appreciative memoirs written by his disciples, it may be slightly discounted, perhaps, for moments of breathless enthusiasm. But the portrait remains, showing Anatole France, the great artist, late in life, suffused in the warm glow of an adoring follower. The translation from the Hungarian was made by Emil Lengyel.

"The tradition of serious journalism", writes Frank Moore Colby in one of his essays, "demands as a matter of course that a journalist shall conceal any tremor of indecision in regard to any subject that comes along, no matter how tremendous." Therefore, the matter at hand being a two volume edition of essays, notes, and comments by Mr. Colby, we state unequivocally that they are good. Mr. Colby is little known to the multitude, for he was a maker of encyclopædias, and even the best work of such men is anonymous. But were it signed one would hardly associate the staid pronouncements of this lexicographer with the mirth provoking style of such a clever essayist. The publication of "The Colby Essays" (Harper) serves, however, as a general introduction to a notable American man of letters who delighted in everything — from

(*Continued on page XXVI*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TALE OF GENJI
Part Three : **A WREATH OF CLOUD** : *Lady Murasaki*
The further adventures of Genji, resplendent and amorous prince of mediaeval Japan. $3.50

ANTHONY TROLLOPE
A Commentary
Michael Sadleir
'The last word on Trollope as a novelist and as a man.' — *London Outlook*. Illus. $5.00

THE OLD COUNTESS

A SUPERB NEW NOVEL OF ABSORBING INTEREST

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL'

Anne Douglas Sedgwick

A novel that equals 'The Little French Girl' in its superb delineation of character, its beauty of style, and its contrast of French and English traits, and surpasses it in power to hold and move the reader. $2.50

THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS
Luther Burbank with *Wilbur Hall*
Virtually an autobiography of the famous plant wizard. $4.00

FAMILY VIEWS OF TOLSTOY
Edited by Aylmer Maude
A significant group of essays which throw new light on Tolstoy's character and career. $4.00

LETTERS OF GEORGE GISSING
Edited by A. and E. Gissing
Form an illuminating supplement to "Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft." $6.00

HENRY JAMES
Man and Author
Pelham Edgar
One of the most trenchant and revealing studies that has yet appeared. $5.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To Sell Your Books in BOSTON—

Advertise in the "Book" Paper of BOSTON

Monday	**"Bookstall Gossip"** One or more columns
Wednesday	**"Book Section"** Two or more pages
Thursday	**"Bookstall Gossip"** One or more columns
Saturday	**"Book Section"** Eight or more pages

Boston Evening Transcript

Publishes more Book News and more Book Advertising than all the other Boston papers combined

National Advertising Representatives

CHARLES H. EDDY CO.
Boston New York Chicago

R. J. BIDWELL CO.
San Francisco Los Angeles

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Elmer Gantry

By the Author of Main Street, Babbitt, Arrowsmith ~ ~ ~

Don't depend on what other people tell you of it — read it yourself. $2.50

Chosen by the Book of the Month Club for March

Sinclair Lewis

Harcourt, Brace and Company
383 Madison Avenue, New York

FELIX RIESENBERG'S

East Side West Side

4th printing $2.50

NATHALIE S. COLBY'S

Green Forest

3rd printing $2.00

ERNEST PASCAL'S

The Marriage Bed

$2.00

MORRIS MARKEY'S

The Band Plays Dixie

$2.00

MALCOLM ROSS'S

Deep Enough

$2.00

LIAM O'FLAHERTY'S

Mr. Gilhooley

2nd printing $2.50

E. H. YOUNG'S

William

$2.00

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from page XXII*)
bonnets to bees, from the woman's club movement to subsidizing authors.

In his richly varied miscellany of short essays, dialogues, satirical observations on native phenomena, personages and events, reviews of recent books and plays, "Read America First" (Harcourt, Brace), Robert Littell depicts our contemporary life with trenchant and agreeable humor. Avoiding the temptation inherent in most of his subjects to attack with a bludgeon, the author either analyzes them with level tempered tolerance or burlesques them hilariously. A fundamental soundness of thought and freshness of viewpoint prevail in nearly every article in the book. Its contents originally appeared in "The New Republic", of which periodical Mr. Littell is an associate editor.

In his "Causes and Their Champions" (Little, Brown), M. A. DeWolfe Howe, winner of the Pulitzer biography prize in 1924 with his life of Barrett Wendell, and later arranger of Mrs. James T. Field's "Memories of a Hostess", proves once more his partiality for drawing rooms, élite crusaders, schoolmarms, and small talk. Not that Phillips Brooks, Clara Barton, Frances E. Willard, Susan B. Anthony, Booker T. Washington, Woodrow Wilson, Samuel Gompers, even "the Rockefellers" themselves, aren't just as worthy of thumbnail psychographies as more outwardly damaged souls. *Why not?* At any rate, undeviating regard for religion, Red Cross work, prohibition (theoretically), equal suffrage, race sufferance (or better), Wilsonian idealism, labor itself, and money demand our listing of them when they comprise the table of contents of the book at hand.

Bonnie Prince Charlie is the subject of Winifred Duke's addition to the ranks of fictional biography — or, if you will, biographical fiction — in "Heir to Kings" (Stokes). Occasionally she models her style too obviously on the Strachey-Guedalla model, and here she falls short; she lacks the sharp, incisive quality of these men. Where she is successful is in the spinning of a good yarn, the creation of a swaggering, romantic atmosphere with a distinctly masculine flavor, and in the achievement of a style that is both facile and robust.

Those who were entertained by the Chattertonian pseudo-memoirs of a Georgian young lady of fashion will find them, if anything, less racy, less characteristic, than the genuine reminiscences contained in "The Diaries of a Duchess" (Doran), authentic recollections of a gay eighteenth century wearer of strawberry leaves, a well known member of the late Georgian *haute volée*. To a chambermaid's gusto for the humanly intimate she joins an Elizabethan frankness in expressing her opinions regarding the men and women of her world. For Elizabeth Percy, Duchess of Northumberland, reflects without constraint the follies, foibles, and *joie de vivre* of her day. The volume contains copious editorial notes of James Greig, whose introduction sketches the Duchess in relation to her social stage, following a foreword biography by the present Duke of Northumberland. All in all, "The Diaries of a Duchess" will make the general reader feel he is acquiring cultural merit while deriving unqualified entertainment from what he reads.

We have read "A Musician and His Wife" (Harper), by Mrs. Reginald de Koven, with growing impatience. If the reader expects these memoirs to reveal a host of delightful facts about the composer of "Robin Hood" and other charming operas, he is sure to be disappointed. The reminiscences are almost entirely concerned with Mrs. de Koven's own experiences and achievements, social and literary. Perhaps we are a bit weary these days of the glittering, posturing charm of the nineties and prefer our description of *fin de siècle* celebrities in a slightly more realistic vein. Though the jacket note declares that this book reveals "some of the best and most interesting aspects of American life", we find in it far too much glorification of ball-and-fringe tradition. It smacks distinctly of the Little Rollo school of biography, whose ghost we imagined to be safely laid by a new and more vigorously critical appreciation of life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR GENERATION

by "One of Us"

Ideals and moral problems of young people in their teens, deftly analyzed by a clever young writer. $1.50

MALLORCA THE MAGNIFICENT

by Nina Larrey Duryea

History and traveler's record of the beautiful Balearic isles, inviolate and loveliest of human paradises. *Fully illus.* $3.00

COLLECTING HOOKED RUGS

by Elizabeth Waugh and Edith Foley

History of a rare American art, its origin, significance, and modern application. For amateur, collector and home craftsman. *Fully illus.* $2.50

New Books for Children

ADVENTURES OF PAUL BUNYAN

by James Cloyd Bowman

Fabulous and richly imaginative adventures of the great mythical American lumberjack with his giant blue ox Babe, woven into a consecutive story for young people. *Illus.* $2.00

GERVAISE OF THE GARDEN

by Edith B. Price

Delicate fantasy, mystery and delightful days on the New England shore. *Illus.* $1.50

CASTLE OF THE HAWK

by Katherine D. Cather

Princes and peasant maids in glamorous 13th century days among the Austrian Alps. *Illus.* $1.75

New Novels

THE ARDENT FLAME

By Frances Winwar

The immortal love of Polo and Francesca forms background for a lusty and gaudy medieval romance. $2.00

LORD of HIMSELF

by Percy Marks

"Good writing, good art, good storytelling — quite the best thing Mr. Marks has done!" — *Phila. Record.* — "A document of our own times, accurate, racy and distinguished by a comprehending sympathy." — *New York Times.* $2.00

BLACK BUTTERFLIES

by Elizabeth Jordan

A powerful story of youth's rebellion against established laws, told with deep feeling and understanding. $2.00

THE DARK FIRE

by Elinor Mordaunt

The sensuality of the tropics grips a white man, and a native woman betrays him with the sorcery of her love. $2.00

STRANGER FROM CHEYENNE

by Joseph B. Ames

Swift action and desperate hours in the Wyoming range country today. $2.00

THE CENTURY CO. · *Publishers of Enduring Books*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FORUM

Those Tabloids!

Two million people read the "picture papers" every day in the Greater New York area. And they read nothing else but! Sheiks and Shebas,—intellectual children,—you see them everywhere eagerly devouring the latest scandal: the Rhinelander affair, the Hall-Mills case, "Daddy" Rabbit-Man Browning and his marital woes, murder, rape, kidnapping, uncovered love nests,—these are "meat" for the tabloids. Sensations, vicarious experience, thrills,—Life! Are these two million Americans getting a dangerously distorted view of life? Or perhaps the tabloids are the finest flower of Truth in Journalism, after all. Read what Martin Weyrauch, Assistant Managing Editor of the *Graphic* and Oswald Garrison Villard, Editor of the *Nation* have to say in the April FORUM.

WHO owns Mexico's oil? Is Mexico giving the oil companies a square deal? Or do you believe in "Mexico for the Mexicans"? José Kelly, a Mexican labor leader and Frederic Rogers Kellogg, attorney for one of the leading American oil corporations discuss the problem in the April FORUM.

THERE are many other features in the same issue. As soon as the April FORUM is published,—on March 20th,—these articles will be talked about. FORUM articles always are,—and from Bangor to Seattle!

FORUM

A Magazine of Controversy · Edited by Henry Goddard Leach
Published at 247 Park Avenue, New York · 40c a copy; $4 a year

FORUM

JOHAN HULL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A beautiful book"—*Ellen Glasgow*

THE BEADLE

"But into all that he did there came a strange bitterness of spirit which drove men from him, and in the long Aangenaam valley there was no man who called him friend, no child who called him Oom."

"THOSE who read with wonder and delight Miss Pauline Smith's first book, that slim volume of short stories, THE LITTLE KAROO, may have questioned whether her remarkable talents would be as evident in a full-length novel. They have now their answer, and a most satisfactory one it is, for the tenderness and insight, the gift for vivid portraiture and for conveying atmosphere which were so marked in those strangely moving tales are here again manifested together with the power of construction and narrative strength necessary to sustain the longer effort . . . . . As a study of manners and a vivid record of an old-fashioned civilization still in being, but receding before the railway and still more before the automobile, the book is a delight."—***From an advance review in the Christian Science Monitor.***

by Pauline Smith

Just Published **$2.50**

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY *Publishers*
NEW YORK — — — — — — TORONTO

DORAN BOOKS

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IMPORTANT TITLES FOR SPRING

WILD ORCHARD *by* Dan Totheroh

A girl's soul, blossoming beneath the petals of the orchards of California: Trina, as lovely as the blossoms, and the shaping of her destiny as unmanageable as the limbs of the trees $2.00

PEARL HUNGER

by Gordon Young

The tale of a land where heat is supreme; where destiny is controlled by a woman's word; where Fate plays its cards with pearls for counters. $2.00

BILLY PADLEY'S WIFE

by Norman Venner

The catastrophe of being in love with one girl and supposedly married to another. An ingenious mixture of high comedy and first love. $2.00

IRONICAL TALES

by Laurence Housman

Pleasing satire and philosophy are combined in Mr. Housman's exquisite collection of fables. His unrestrained wit is delightfully framed by beautiful prose. $2.50

AMONG THOSE PRESENT

by Lois Montross

Short stories of deft quality and stirring content—Americana by a modern fiction master. $2.00

DIVOTS *by* P. G. Wodehouse

Only Mr. Wodehouse could have written DIVOTS. You'll laugh with him on the first green—and on every green, fairway and bunker till you've finished the course of Squashy Valley. $2.50

MARY WAS LOVE

by Guy Fletcher

He found the world hostile to ideals—his ideals of the memory of a great love. A poignant, lovely story with a rich vein of the gold of human happiness. . $2.00

RUTH'S REBELLION

by Achmed Abdullah

She was his private secretary. Then she became his wife. The new life was strange and strained—so she revolted. A rapid, rigorous novel by a master of fiction . $2.00

SELECTED LYRICS

by Amelia Josephine Burr

The finest poems of a greatly loved American lyricist. The work of Amelia Josephine Burr has won a notable place in the poet's corner. $2.00

WAYS OF LIVING

by J. Arthur Thomson

Dr. Thomson, in his collection of essays, divided society into three groups: individualistic, parasitic and cooperative. His explanations of conduct are unusual and intensely interesting. $1.50

FAMOUS CRIMINALS AND THEIR TRIALS

by Theodore Falstead and Lady Muir

From the world's underworld and from the world's society have been drawn the murderers and arch-criminals of the late Sir Richard Muir's note book . . $4.00

THE HEART CONTENT:

Lyrics of Life

by Douglas Malloch

The poet of famous optimism again presents a new collection of joyous and happy verse to his thousands of readers. $1.25

DORAN BOOKS

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lawrence of Arabia—

T. E. Lawrence

The figure of "T. E. Lawrence" has become one of the most famous in the small gallery of true heroes. An unimpressive, studious young man of twenty-six, he was rejected in the opening days of the war as physically unfit for service.

His unique genius directed his strange destiny. As an undergraduate at Oxford he had spent two years wandering up and down the Semitic east, in native dress; so that his knowledge of races and tongues landed him finally in the British intelligence service in Cairo.

Here he conceived his brilliant campaign and it was from Cairo that he vanished to lead the Arabs to victory.

"NOT SINCE THE GREAT ELIZABETHAN ADVENTURERS has such a tale been told."

By Himself!

REVOLT IN THE DESERT

by **T. E. Lawrence**

¶ The most spectacular and mysterious figure of modern times, he relates one of the strangest stories ever written. "With his own hands and in his own way," says George Bernard Shaw, "he exploded Turkish dominion in Arabia." He did more: he united under himself tribes and nations which had not joined together since the last Crusade; he led them in revolt to victory—the white genius of the desert legions.

¶ Matchless in its fierce action, the story of REVOLT IN THE DESERT is yet matched by the brilliant prose of its telling. Whether its tale is harsh, staccato, desperate in battle, or melancholy with the sombreness of the desert, its writing is classic. Few volumes have ever combined such fascinating qualities.

¶ Into the book has gone the spirit of this extraordinary man. Adventurer, poet, mystic, military genius—you must know him.

***De Luxe Edition:* (*Published March 18*)**
Strictly limited to 250 copies, numbered and signed by the publishers, printed on extra quality rag paper with 11 full size color plates and 9 monotone portraits—all by distinguished artists. *Quarto. Boxed. Net,* **$30.00**

***Regular Edition:* (*Published March 29*)**
Over 140,000 words; 360 pages, with 16 monotones of portraits by famous artists. *Octavo. Net,* **$3.00**

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY - - - *Publishers*
244 Madison Avenue New York

DORAN BOOKS

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He attacks the House myth!

WILSON or House—which was the Master Mind back of the famous Federal Reserve Act? "House!" says Col. House's biographer. Now Senator Glass vigorously refutes this claim in an outspoken account of the bitter fight for sound finance. "It is literally hardly conceivable that anything of any importance ever happened in connection with the Federal Reserve System without Senator Glass's knowing about it," says Mark Sullivan. Historical importance and dramatic human interest make this book the most sensational as well as the most authoritative record of an epoch-making financial reformation.

AN ADVENTURE IN CONSTRUCTIVE FINANCE

(An Account of the Federal Reserve System)

By SENATOR CARTER GLASS

Chairman, House Committee of Banking and Currency, 1912-1918
Secretary of the Treasury, 1918-1920

$3.00

IMPORTANT new fiction includes THE SEA GULL, *Kathleen Norris's* gorgeous romance of a lovely California girl ($2.00) . . . SPEAK TO THE EARTH, a grimly beautiful novel of the Western barren lands by *Sarah Comstock* ($2.00) . . . FOUR O'CLOCK, ten masterly short stories by *Mary Borden* that have set all London talking ($2.50) . . . FALLING SEEDS, a delightful novel of the younger set by Irving Cobb's daughter, *Elisabeth Cobb Chapman* ($2.50) . . . SACK AND SUGAR, the witty story of an unconventional English family, by *Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick* ($2.00) . . . and WHEN MANKIND WAS YOUNG, thrilling tales of prehistoric days, by *F. Britten Austin* ($2.00)

The outstanding biography is COLONEL BOB INGERSOLL, a spirited life of the great orator and agnostic by *Cameron Rogers*, whose "Magnificent Idler" caused such a stir last year ($2.50) . . . Critics say the most charming contemporary light verse—as well as many mischievous and revealing sidelights on the ladies—is to be found in SHE-SHANTIES, by *A. P. Herbert*, the famous A. P. H. of Punch ($2.00) . . . A book really worthy of Izaak Walton is *Frank Parker Day's* AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FISHERMAN, an account of the sort of life most of us would like to lead ($2.50).

Other New Books of Wide Interest.

A ROYAL ADVENTURER IN THE FOREIGN LEGION, by *H.H. Prince Aage of Denmark* $2
LOAFING THROUGH THE PACIFIC, *by Seth K. Humphrey* $3.50
OUT OF THE SEA, a Play by *Don Marquis* $2
WHITE HOUSE GOSSIP FROM ANDREW JOHNSON TO CALVIN COOLIDGE, by *Edna M. Colman* $5
TWELVE GREAT MODERNISTS, by *Lawrence F. Abbott* $3
THE RISE OF AN AMERICAN INVENTOR—Hudson Maxim's Life Story, by *Clifton Johnson* $2
COLOUR IN MY GARDEN, by *Louise Beebe Wilder* $3.50

Garden City, N.Y. **Doubleday, Page & Co.** Toronto

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APRIL, 1927 VOLUME LXV, No. 2

THE BOOKMAN

JOHN FARRAR, *Editor*

MOUNT ST. CHARLES COLLEGE LIBRARY HELENA

THE POINT OF VIEW

PADLOCKING FICTION

There are no books of fiction which a conscientious, law-abiding woman can read in which the characters are not drinking cocktails and smoking cigarettes. And the authors take every opportunity to make fun of prohibition. Prohibition is not funny; it is serious.

THUS a kindly old lady from Dubuque laments current fiction in a recent letter to the New York "Herald-Tribune". She goes on to suggest that it is about time "that the literary minds who believe in the Eighteenth Amendment should undertake the production of decent fiction that a Christian woman can read, instead of the kind in which young girls smoke cigarettes and so-called gentlemen drink whisky and soda". There surely must be, she feels, certain ministers who, "for the good of a great cause, might resign from the ministry and devote their talent to the regeneration of fiction".

What, pray, has she been reading? Perhaps "The Sun Also Rises", "The Red Pavilion", and "Hot Saturday". In these and a growing host of novels she will find all that she complains about, for there arise in our land a group of young men who insist upon chronicling our epoch, with all its inebriation and iniquity, and they do not hesitate to say that Hettie smoked if it was altogether probable that such a girl as Hettie would smoke. They have found rebellion against prohibition and they have put it down. There is just cause for complaint; the novels of our day are not tracts for prohibition. Neither are they designed to subvert the law. They could, in fact, be viewed as documents revealing the true state of affairs. Whatever the case, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will have no succor from Isa Glenn or John Gunther.

Of chief importance, however, are the innumerable books which fulfil the requirements of decent fiction. The naughty books are only now appearing; the nice ones have had the stage for years and have, indeed, produced the naughty ones. Is it possible that the lady has never read Harold Bell Wright or Albert Payson Terhune or Ralph Connor or Ethel M. Dell or Horatio Alger, Jr. or Gene Stratton-Porter or Thomas Dixon or Dan Poling? She

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has access to countless books which any Christian lady can read with impunity — books in which the violation of the Eighteenth Amendment is not condoned or else does not occur. Among magazines she has an equally extensive gamut to run before she lands among lewd writers. She cites "Harper's" and "Scribner's" as journals which are betraying the faith. But both these magazines are quite exceptional — the former is more or less an innovation in magazine publishing. There is much that is clean today, and there are many who want to read clean fiction. No two people, however, can write precisely alike and there is a growing race of novelists who are tired of water lilies and law enforcement. They write with more or less sincerity, and they find that large audiences await their words. All of which proves nothing save the old fact of difference in taste among writers and readers. The venturesome novelists are not bent upon subverting the Constitution any more than the more sedate novelists are primarily bent upon ushering in the millennium.

DISCOURAGING THE BACHELOR

NEW YORK CITY has more bachelors than any other city in the world. The Y. M. C. A. prepares to remedy this evil. Young men must be driven somehow into the blessed state of matrimony. So, synchronously with the drive of Anne Morgan and her coworkers to erect the world's largest clubhouse for women, the Y. M. C. A. decides that no single man can live within its walls for more than a year. Cynics might claim that the young women were preparing to flee to the National Woman's Association in order to escape the overflowing young men from the Y. M. C. A.

As a matter of sober fact, the Y. M. C. A. is pioneering in its recognition that modern city life is doing everything in its power to segregate the sexes, to make less likely the normal bringing together of young men and women. Every development of life seems to be further and further away from an encouragement of matrimony. Most business men will now admit that women are excellent in business; but most big employers prefer single women to married ones. It is practically impossible for a young man of no income except that which he earns to support a wife before he has reached the age of thirty; and what, meanwhile, are to be his associations with the fair sex?

Although the Y. M. C. A. may have brought public attention to a deplorable fact, it is of doubtful value to turn the young men out into cheap rooming houses and other clubs; for granted that the young men will want someone to make a home for them when Mother Y. M. C. A. fails them, where will they find the lonely ladies? Where will they find the money to make the home?

The old fashioned marriage bureau would be an excellent undertaking for the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., and kindred organizations to establish along with employment bureaus. If the Y. M. C. A. is really interested in the problem of our army of bachelors, why not now attempt to solve it instead of kicking the poor bachelor out the front door and, ten to one, into the arms of a mistress rather than a wife?

INTEGRITY OF PURPOSE

WHAT is a critic — of books — of life? Does a man who poses in such a rôle find at birth or at his major-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ity a tailor's measure which tells him the true length and breadth of the goods literature and living offer? "Integrity of purpose" might stand as one measure; but how long does it serve? It is all very well to swim a channel for the sake of mother, or for the starving babies; but who is to tell whether that was the real purpose of these gallant folk — except those folk themselves?

What is Dr. Frank Crane's standard of criticism? After reading the gentleman for five years, I defy anyone to find me a philosophy in his sermonettes. What does Arthur Brisbane really believe? Answer that, and you can dare the riddle of the Sphinx. Has H. L. Mencken or Henry S. Canby any set formula for judging a book? Has George Jean Nathan ever been consistent for more than a month at a time in his judgment of plays?

The nearest thing to standards to be found in journalism is that of the New York "Herald-Tribune", admirable if a trifle absurd in these days of shilly-shallying: *If its Republican, it's right.*

This is not a preachment for standards. It is an observation that with the breaking down of reticence and the overcoming of prejudice the standards of our fathers are vanishing. They were false standards, perhaps. But what happens to us when we say that any standard is false? If "integrity of purpose" goes by the board, as indeed it seems to have done, then whither blows the world?

Are we not all pretending? Don't we actually believe, believe in something, somebody, somewhere? We mock at home and mother. We reduce love to Freudian terms. We find patriotism a fetish and war the gesture of commercial barons. If we cannot believe in God, then why not admit that we believe in Mammon?

READABLE RELIGION

AUTHORITATIVE reports have it that there is today an unprecedented demand for religious books. A survey completed recently by the National Association of Book Publishers reveals that churchgoers and infidels are demanding more and more religious books. Strange? Not in the least. Waiving the question, What is a religious book?, we may note that there has been a widespread recrudescence of interest in religion, partly induced by the war and partly by the challenge which natural science has urged upon religious formulæ. It cannot be said that we are in a great spiritual awakening; it can be said that we are on the verge of an intellectual awakening as regards religion. Time was when religious books reposed upon musty shelves, just as did the toys of Little Boy Blue when he went away and left them there. Or, time was more recently when religious books served only the ministerial class.

All that is past. Laymen are reading the secrets of religion. Ministers are still reading. Teachers are preparing with texts and with collateral reading. More important still, the great unwashed throng is scrambling for books that deal with religious problems and achievements.

What is the explanation, apart from the new and rather academic interest in religion in general? By no means a negligible factor is that religionists have learned, have been compelled to learn, to make their subject interesting. Religionists are learning to write; they are vitalizing their material; they are dramatizing their characters; they are taking account of the great necessity of never being dull in what they say. This, as much as any other one factor, accounts for the growth of a really im-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

posing body of religious literature in America and abroad. A generation ago religious books were dull or, let us say, recondite. Take Bledsoe's "Theodicy" — a monumental piece of philosophical writing, but singularly ill fitted for the stomachs of unbelievers. The result of such books was a small and erudite market which in turn produced more limited and erudite books.

But today: Take Fosdick. Where is an atheist who writes better? It is not so much because Fosdick is modernist that he has succeeded, but because he is interesting. Or take the gloomy Dean of St. Paul's. Or take Adolf Deissmann or Paul Hutchinson or Kirsopp Lake or Gaius Glenn Atkins or George Stewart or A. Wakefield Slaten. Here are men who know what interest is and who know how to exhibit religious ideas to modern readers. In them we have most of the explanation why religious books are being read. If they continue in the present able manner and if their successors are half as good, we may expect a religious literature that will be altogether as worthy and as readable as secular literature is now.

THE MODERNS RETALIATE

LAST week there came to our attention a set of questions which Irving Babbitt of Harvard had asked his graduate students in a course on comparative literature. They were terrible. We managed to pronounce most of the names about which the professor inquired. Beyond that we dared not venture. The only way the average bustling editor could take such an examination without complete ignominy would be to spend the three hours allotted in devising questions which Dr. Babbitt could not answer. To do this would, of course, be extremely difficult. Where the academician had asked about Descartes, we should have to ask about the influence of Hawthorne on Bromfield. Where the questions called for information about antiquity, we should have to quiz back relentlessly about modernity. It is dreadfully probable that the Harvard man and his students know more about the contemporary than the average critic knows about antiquity, but a set of questions would be worth risking.

Because the man who deals with the writing of today cannot without special preparation answer a set of Harvard graduate questions, does it mean that the apostles of classical literature are more erudite? Not necessarily. Always there will be a certain enmity between classicists and journalists. Historical knowledge seems more impressive than contemporary knowledge. Hence, the pedagogue will regard the voracious reader of current fiction as superficial; the voracious reader will regard the pedagogue as a pedant who prowls irrelevantly among the books of ages gone. To be sure, the reader of moderns will envy the reader of ancients and feel some guilt and trepidation in the presence of scholars. Yet, on other occasions, he will feel audacious and look with some measure of contempt upon those who have a minute knowledge of Montaigne but do not know Elinor Wylie from I. A. R. Wylie.

After all, as Ruskin said, "Do you not know that if you read *this* book, you can not read *that* one?" We live in an age of unprecedented fecundity. So many good books are being written today that one hardly dares predict which of them will be studied in the comparative literature classes of the future. To keep abreast of these

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

books, to know at least the five or six young novelists which each season yields, to be conversant with the sociological as well as the technical aspects of modern fiction; in short, to keep both eyes open in the dazzling carnival of modern letters, requires full time. If a man reads Virginia Woolf or Harvey Fergusson or any number of a score of significant writers, he will not, unless he is subsidized or especially gifted, read Diderot or Descartes or any number of a thousand important fellows who have already achieved literary respectability. If he reads the moderns, he may lack profundity, but he will not lack sport. And he will know many of the joys which buoy the scholar. It is quite as adventurous to discover Elizabeth Madox Roberts as it is to discover Homer.

ART AMONG ILLUSTRATORS

ANSWER this: Why is it that an illustrator may spend his life skilfully illustrating popular but poor stories and yet never be known beyond his colony, while a popular writer may have a following like Valentino's? Why is Raleigh not so popularly esteemed as Ben Ames Williams? These are posers to which we can find no satisfactory reply. Perhaps it is because illustrations serve an ancillary function; perhaps it is because illustrators possess humor and humor is never considered so noble as lugubriousness; perhaps it is because many of those who draw for the magazines have substituted photography for art and have thereby queered the others with the public. Most likely, however, the obscurity of illustrators is due to the fact that many of them are more nearly artizans than the writers. Their work is consequently not recognized; its qualities are more esoteric and less generally appreciated.

Editors of fiction magazines have of course long known the commercial value of illustrating. Students at Columbia recently avowed that they were guided in fiction reading mostly by the author's name, but next by the pictures accompanying the story. If the artist has elected to draw an old lady sitting lifelessly in the parlor with the village parson, and neglected to draw the same old lady as she tumbles down the back stairs a few paragraphs later, the author's name may not suffice to elicit interest. Manifestly the illustrators are important from the commercial angle; the fact to be noted here is that, not only are they as important as the writer commercially, but they are often more advanced artistically. Raleigh may do a perfectly bad story, yet his work has that incult strength and excellence of characterization which will perpetuate his name long after the magazine and the writer have slipped into limbo. Whatever place pencil or pen and ink work for magazines may have in the hierarchy of art, the fact remains that in technique, dissatisfaction, and sincere creative purpose, some of the best artists of our day have been and are illustrators. Henry Raleigh, Frederic R. Gruger, James Preston, and Wallace Morgan rate recognition quite as much as the experts of any field. Yet, compared to Dreiser, Cabell, Lewis, and Anderson, their reputation is as Sergeant York's to Napoleon's.

A TEAR FOR CONVERSATION

EVERY now and then some wag arises to mourn the death of conversation. The younger generation, it seems, is chiefly responsible. Pleasure

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mad, these young people run helter-skelter through the land, barking inanities and pulling vulgar jokes, so that the faculty of converse has just the same as atrophied. They are no longer content to sit placidly on the horsehair sofa reading Holland's "Bitter Sweet" and turning through the family album. They no longer have the gift of serious palaver.

The truth is, as everyone but the wags knows, that our young folks are not at all responsible for the moribund state of talk. The young people are victimized by the very factor that causes it all: the celerity of our age. There is no time left for longwinded conversation and, in consequence, the act of friendly talk becomes undignified — a practice proscribed as a waste of time when there are matters of cosmic import calling for attention. Hence, in college, the man who talks becomes a wastrel and in the end spends dad's money without getting anything to show for his four years' absence from productivity. Calculus and corporation law are legitimate; vocal fretting over one's destiny is illegitimate. Then, in spare time, there is the school's aggregation to bellow for. But, praises be, not even our regimented system of education has stamped out talk entirely. Obviously no class is ever so well attended as the college bull pen. In its sessions education goes on apace, and despite the honest efforts of the elders to direct the mind to more important things. Most gratifying it is to note Corey Ford's frank admission that, in retrospect, he values most highly his hours spent at one of Childs' restaurants when he and his fellows ought to have been studying.

It is among the old folks, however, that conversation is on its last legs, and for much the same reason that it fares badly in college — the competition for time is too great. Can it be that reading is replacing talk? One gets that impression on a commuter's train or on a subway, for a car with its newspapers held aloft looks like a bannered suffragette parade. Yet the more one reads the more one wants to talk. It isn't that we are devoting our energies to more important pursuits. It's simply that we glory in our serious minded attention to business — whether it be writing novels or selling Marlboroughs to men who are leaders — and talk becomes an illicit and ungentlemanly practice. Too, when one has talked all day to delicatessen owners or stock prospects, one is ready for bridge or wine in the evening. No, there isn't much that can be done toward reviving talk through complaint or exhortation. Our failure to talk well and intelligently inheres, as the communist would put it, in the fundamental nature of our economic organization. Who knows but that the overthrow of our capitalist society would bring in a golden age of palaver?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CURIOUS BUSINESS OF BEING A PREACHER

By Gaius Glenn Atkins

THE business of being a preacher is the most curious business in the world, though I suppose no man considers his own trade a curious one even if it be curing pearls or bootlegging. I think also that when preaching ceases to be a curious business either to the preacher or to the congregation the power of it will begin to be lost. It is the wonder of it which gives the preacher a saving awe of his own words and his congregation a saving reverence, not for him, but for the strange thing which is happening before them. And the greatest of preachers have supplied no explanation at all of what compelled them to do so curious a thing — save that God had laid hold on them.

The trade of the preacher is seemingly in words. He has other avocations: trying to get the pew rentals up and the temperature of heated parishioners down; organizing men, women, and children into new forms of intriguing and often quite unnecessary activity; seeing in succession a thousand people scattered over a hundred square miles of city; being respectful to his ecclesiastical superiors and doing proper team work with Conferences and Conventions and General Assemblies of the First Born and others; burying the dead and marrying the living and baptizing the fruit of their union; hearing gravely the complaints and unhappiness of all sorts and conditions of people and having nowhere to take his own save to the Throne of Grace, and his wife — such things as these, I say, and the like are the avocations of the minister, but his true vocation is the merchandizing of words.

Of course he is not alone in this, for this is also the proper trade for the poet, who is if anything more hampered than the preacher, since his words must rhyme or scan and be offered in jeweled settings. There are also many others, who do not need to be mentioned, trading in words. It is said to be one of the oldest crafts in the world, and it could not outlast empires and perpetually renew itself unless there were some timeless reality at the heart of it. Those who are craftsmen in words do contribute to life, since, as it was wisely said so long ago, men live by words as well as bread. For words are more than symbols: they are keys to unlock the doors to the inner lives of men and a way for man to reveal himself to others and ships to carry the commerce of the imponderable. Those who make a trade of words, if they deal in honest goods, may prove in the end to have been the merchants of a true treasure.

But the preacher deals in strange wares. His words are words of faith and quest and wonder dealing with regions beyond demonstration of sense; words upon whose thresholds the speculation of the philosopher halts are his assumptions. He has for a task somehow to make real, to such as care, a reality which may be the baseless fabric of a vision or else the only real reality; by all the tests of the objective — save what happens to the souls of men — he may never, from first to last,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

know which. And yet he must speak, always, out of the profound persuasion that, whether he know or not, the things whereof he speaks are true. Otherwise he is undone. He seems supported by manifold extraneous supports: by the church and her confidence and, if need be, by her authority; by the habits of the devout; and by historic faiths and such things as are so integral a part of the order of life that if they were to dissolve it would be as if Orion and Pleiades were lost from the winter sky. But he knows better: he knows that he has no support save his faith, his intuitions and his insights; that, though all his comrades confirm his position and approve his wares, preaching is the loneliest business in the world, and though he be cowled or mitred he has no authority save the authority of what he says — and the mind of his hearers to accept it.

The preacher has sublime audacity. He pours out his heart into the void and calls it prayer. He lays down the law of God for men, though being a man of like passions with them. He directs the dying toward eternal issues and no word comes back whether he has guided or misdirected them; still the living trust him. If he should see himself, strangely remote to himself, not as a preacher in a pulpit but as a man set between other men and the ultimate mysteries of life, I wonder could he go on.

What brings a man to a task like this? Mostly the things that cannot be told at all. I would no more generally trust any preacher's statement, made twenty years after, of why he became a preacher than I would accept his statement, twenty years after, of why he married his wife. Like Augustine or John Bunyan he will magnify his own unworthiness for the greater glory of God, or he will magnify his self dedication for his own greater glory; and he will certainly see it all, as he cannot help doing, from the end and not the beginning. Very likely, and maybe unbeknownst to themselves, young men choose the ministry as they choose any life work — if they have any choice at all — because it offers them a compelling medium of self expression. But why any man should find in preaching the most satisfactory medium of self expression goes deeper.

Inheritance contributes of course; the preacher like other men is made by the confluence of many elements, and great preachers by rare ancestral combinations. The really great preacher is almost as uncommon as an artist, poet, or musician of the first rank. There is necessary to his business an unusual balance of imagination, emotion, and the power to think and organize thought. The preacher is usually a man of full vitality and facile mental coordinations. It is not the ease of preaching which makes preachers long lived — as if they did not work so hard as other men: they have a stored force to begin with which would make them live long in any vocation.

Environmental influences cooperate with heredity: some complex of forces guides a man toward his work, usually not without his struggling against them. I recently asked a group of students in preparation for the ministry to tell me why they chose this vocation. The majority of those who replied confessed to a period of struggle — as against God. Something of this is doubtless due to a natural feeling that preaching is self sacrifice and a hard fate economically which any youth would do well to avoid if he could; but it is deeper rooted than that. It is a subconscious protest of the self which loves certainty and security and proved ways, against

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a lonely adventure of the spirit which cannot even be kept private but must be carried on in public and burdened not only with the preacher's destiny but the destiny of those who trust him. Yet some nebulous sense of a message which the world needs and he is charged to deliver is the essence of the call. The anointing of a prophet is commonly a matter he cannot explain to his own satisfaction or anyone else's. And it is in the final issue of it *a postiori* as much as *a priori*. If he should turn out to be anointed he is, and you may explain it as you please.

An element of struggle is involved in the call. A summons which lays upon a man to carry on the most intimate processes of the inner life as a profession, to make the personal impersonal and the impersonal personal and to offer his voice and his vision — if he have one — as a gleam and accent of the Holy Ghost, is a call against which anyone would protest. Unless he protest, he has never heard it. The Hebrew prophets did as much.

The professional schools to which he goes do what they can to train him and make somewhat hard going of it. They are not now agreed as to what they ought to call themselves. They used to be Schools of Theology — but in certain quarters that designation is out of favor. Some call themselves Divinity Schools — though how there could be any Divinity School but life only God knows — and others compromise on Schools of Religion. Any name is right or wrong as you please.

I would not underestimate what the school can do. It can make the student familiar with the literature in which he finds his basal subject matter, train him a little in the sound use of words and the structure and organization of his sermons, and supply him with a reasonable amount of material to keep him going a bit after he leaves. It may exercise him in uncomfortable ways in preaching and correct his more evident mannerisms. It may help or hurt his soul. It may ground him in the history and mechanism of the organization with and for which he is to work, suggest social applications of the Gospel he is to preach, and afford him three years of quickening contact with others of his kind and the run of a good library.

All this is a good deal, but it never goes to the root of the matter. A preacher is the most self trained man in any vocation — save poetry — and his training lies deep; in the caught gleams of ineffable truth now seen, now lost like Francis Thompson's hid battlements of eternity, in strange and prescient tendernesses for the travail of humanity, in the passion for goodness and love, in hot flashes against evident wrong, in mystic longings for God and some understanding of the ways in which these may be satisfied, and in some growing assurance that he can put something of this into words when the time is come to do it. And when such a ferment of the will, the mind, and the emotions is come to a reasonably creative state, he is ready to begin.

I suppose no son of Adam has such joy in any first things as a preacher has in his first church. Give him four walls and a roof and a steeple and he will make the pomp of the Kremlin and St. Peter's ridiculous. He may grow hard and worldly later, but in his first pulpit he is the most other-worldly creature, ever awed by the wonder of his own ministrations. Nevertheless he has given hostages to fortune and his entanglement has begun.

A preacher without a church is the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most pathetic creature alive. I doubt if any man out of a position is so patently adrift in the universe, nor do I know anything to take the place of a church for the preacher. Isaiah and Amos seemed to get on without one, yet they lived in a more casual world than ours and Amos at last might fall back upon his herds. But the contradictions of a preacher's life grow out of his ecclesiastical relations notwithstanding. Pegasus might as consistently be harnessed to a milk wagon. For preaching is free and vital, the commerce of the preacher's mind with truth and his soul with God; or else it is a fire to be rekindled, by the magic of words, upon the altars of another soul; or else brooding tenderness or holy wrath; or the vision of a diviner order. Why should such light and music as this pay the janitor and keep the building in repair and balance the treasurer's budget and build other churches in far Cathay?

Why should it be a denominational asset and carry denominational promotions and be viséed by Bishops and set to the frozen tempo of creeds and wear a white necktie and a collar which buttons at the back? Yet it must and it does.

Preaching needs to be conditioned by life, by responsibility and wearing detail and doorbells and the trustees' budget, for it is a human enterprise among human conditions. If it does not stand up against the drive of life, it can have no power over life at all. But I do not see how you can record the outcome of even poor preaching in statistics or weigh it against ecclesiastical revenues. The protest of the preacher against all this is something more than the impatience of an impractical man with a liking for meditative peace. It is a sound instinct that here are two interests going in more or less contrary directions. Earlier prophets disliked ecclesiasticism also, and said so in no measured terms.

But preaching must be creative, and since for a long time now the church is the manifest thing it is asked to create, there must be a sound reason for it. I suppose it is because preaching grows out of the deepest human interests and must return to them again. A church is more than an organization; it is a human comradeship needing comfort and quickening and some changing of sordid currencies into heavenly treasure, some interpretation of transient experience into timeless meaning and some felt nearness to God. Any preaching which is not kept close to such things as these loses force and direction. Great preaching follows the contours of great experiences, and unless a preacher keeps close to the fortunes of all sorts and conditions of people for a long time he becomes, for all his brilliance, a wandering star.

The preacher's relation to his subject matter is equally curious. He has seemingly rigid controls: tradition, the historic creeds, accepted theologies, the technique of his profession, denominational standards and authorities, the Bible, and his congregation. He is pretty sure to be headed off if he trespass in any direction — save up or down. But as a matter of fact those are not his actual controls. He does not commonly trespass on them, not because he is forbidden, but because he does not know how, and generally does not want to. He works in entirely subjective regions save when, in some hard driven need for a congregation, he takes his topics from the headlines of the newspapers and undertakes to make the kingdom of this world his own. But his true business is with the imponderables, and though he maintain

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

himself by arguments, his arguments will rarely convince a man who is not convinced already. His preaching reflects the situation.

He begins commonly where he left off in the Divinity Schools. He is full of the latest understanding of the great doctrines and the last communiqué from the front and he is eager to share his fulness with his congregation. He has besides a wonder, still undiminished, that he should be there at all and a haunting wistfulness that men should be persuaded by his Gospel. He may have creative faculties of his own. All this gives winning power to a young man's preaching. He may be crude, and he commonly is, but he glows with the sense of discovery and his people glow with him.

The challenge of ingenuity and invention in dealing with texts is commonly a second phase. There are texts enough, and each one is a discovery or a window or a gleam of celestial light, or a trumpet call or a song. The ripening power of the preacher exults in its mastery over them. This is the golden period of his early maturity, if there be any good in him at all. Books are still suggestive, poetry is a region so near his own. Imagination and facile diction wait upon his mental eagerness which an ample physical force empowers. No one has a right to underestimate the range and inventiveness of a great preacher's mind during this period of his development.

Then something happens: there is no longer anything entirely new. In twenty years a preacher will have preached a thousand sermons, say eighty volumes. A novelist of absolutely the first rank — Balzac and one or two others — is equal in creative fecundity to eighty volumes. But to say that the average preacher can do eighty volumes without rank repetitions and the exhaustion of his own creative contributions to his subject matter, is to claim the impossible.

I doubt if a preacher after he is forty five ever preaches an entirely new sermon as long as he lives. I could not get a group of preachers of unusual distinction to whom I said as much the other day to agree with me. They all protested — being generally over forty five. One of them claimed an entirely new approach to his task after forty five; but I was not convinced — I had heard all of them preach. A middle aged preacher will naturally amplify germinal material and take new lines from old beginnings, but any intelligent hearer who knows his basal philosophy, the organization of his mind and his range of applications, can tell how any sermon of a man he has heard for five years is coming out after the first ten minutes.

What will the preacher himself do as some slow sense of all this grows upon him? That depends, and the situation of the American pulpit today reflects his expedients. He may borrow, beg, or appropriate. He may move on and do it all over again. He may tap a deeper vein or thin out. He may take to devices and announce bizarre topics. He may by the time he is sixty fade out of the picture.

If a ministry were permitted to take its natural line at this point it would become increasingly educational, for the teacher may repeat himself at least until the lesson is learned. Sound preaching is half teaching anyway, and after twenty years an intelligent man who has spent his lifetime in study should be a good teacher, dealing with free ranges of thought and inquiry on the social and ethical side of life. Many preachers manage a sound intelligence

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

along a wide front. But no congregation wants to be taught too much; that is not what its members come to church for.

In preaching, as everything else, life is the ultimate master; and a preacher, for many reasons, should be more sensitive to the lessons of life than anyone else. In the final phase of his preaching the preacher should become more and more the interpreter of life in terms of a few great values and the ultimate and simple relationships. Life is too big for our dogmas and too simple for our doctrinal complexities. Its gains and losses, the mutations of its hopes and the play of light and shadow across its multicolored texture, its loves, its tasks, and its old, old interests finally assert themselves over everything else, and the preacher should know it all. He has had the common experiences of life himself and shared every phase of them, from triumph to tragedy, in his pastoral relationships.

So he will begin at last to interpret life as he knows it, and ask nothing more than to help a little those pilgrims of time with whom he travels toward some fortunate issue of their common pilgrimage. If he has lived unselfishly and borne bravely and seen a little into the deeps of things, all his gift of words is but to make the unseen more near to be felt and faith and hope and love the true enduring.

He naturally becomes a mystic, since a mystic, for all the baffling uses of that word, is a man who sees in human life an aspect of the infinite mystery to be taken and enriched and lived out in some sense of fellowship with God. But a preacher will preach that only as the understanding of those to whom he speaks sustains him and their need controls him. Here a deeper entanglement shows itself. Such preaching can never be sensational, nor advertise well, nor finance great budgets, nor support the always growing machinery of his church and denomination.

The style in which such things are talked about will become simple. Rhetoric is an impertinence in the face of joy and sorrow and wonder and wistful knocking at the door of the unseen. A preacher also needs an unfailing faith to face the actualities of a world like ours without feeling, even at his bravest and best, some sense of arresting contrast between his Gospel and the world of history and, in his more despondent moments, some cold touch upon hidden sources of his faith — or without hearing a voice which whispers, "Dreamer, why dream so long?"

What all this does to the preacher's own soul is too deep a matter to be discussed here. He may become self assertive, or alternate between a glory of self confidence at 10.30 A.M. Sunday and a mind to write his resignation on Monday at 9.45. The fact that he usually wears well and ripens well is an achievement for which, I think, a preacher should have more credit than he usually gets.

Unless a preacher live and die in one parish, which is not common, he does not share that cumulative rounding out of his life work which other men enjoy. He does his best work when virtue passes out of him and is lost — often beyond recovery — in the lives of others and the adventures of the ideal.

He lives best as he keeps the springs which feed the hidden places of the souls of others, and he ends, as he began, a lonely adventurer in the regions of the spirit. That was the insistence which made him a preacher — his cross and his crown.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SECURITY OF ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

By Grant Overton

IN what seems to be the only interview with the American novelist, Anne Douglas Sedgwick — I do not find the date, but it was after the success of "The Little French Girl" — the following question was asked:

"Have you rules for novel writing? Any credo?"

She answered that she could think of no rule, at least none she could formulate, going on to say:

"Life, more abundant life, is the chief thing one can ask of a novel; and it is because in Tolstoy the sense of life's depth and abundance is given so matchlessly that I care for him so much.

"Dostoyevsky is as great, perhaps, and perhaps more sublime, but he does not affect one as having the same security of outlook.

"A novel should have this security and be sober and beautiful if possible. I care very much for form and unity — though I am aware that they are difficult to perceive in Tolstoy. And a novel should not be sentimental or affected or dull — that is all I can find to say of the should and should not."

"Security", in the sense of a secure outlook, is not a usual word in such a discussion. There is often talk of "perspective", but perspectives change. They change from the sentimental closeups of scenes in Dickens where we see the actual tear course down the life sized cheek (what a marvelous caption writer for the movies Dickens would have made!) to the discreet fadeouts of Michael Arlen and the nervous fixations of John Dos Passos in that novel of utterly unrelated perspectives, "Manhattan Transfer". Perspective is simply a point of view; security of outlook is a point of view that may also be regarded as reasonably safe from successful assault. It varies with the writer, of course; and in the case of a given author, shifts from book to book. It has, I suspect, more than a little to do with that other prescriptive phrase of Anne Douglas Sedgwick's about "more abundant life". Perhaps we may define it as a spiritual adequacy to the matter in hand. So defined, I think, it becomes easy to say instantly of any particular novel whether the security be there. "The Old Wives' Tale"? Overwhelmingly, yes. Theodore Dreiser in general? Yes. Willa Cather? Yes. "Manhattan Transfer"? No. And so on. It is but just to acknowledge that there are outstanding writers, like D. H. Lawrence, to whom the notion of security of outlook would be abhorrent; who, if they thought they had it, would throw it overboard. Their conception of spiritual adequacy is animating, not encompassing. They see things live, move, take color, die, and it is sufficient to represent this vitality; no emotion exists apart from it, none persists after it. I do not say that they are not right, but we shall have to leave them out of this discussion.

We can do so without prejudice since, for all their stir, they are still in the minority; the majority of novelists continue to subscribe to an older creed. That creed holds the novel to be, in the words of Joseph Conrad, "a conviction

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of our fellowmen's existence strong enough to take upon itself a form of imagined life clearer than reality". Reality, you see, is not enough; something must be infused into it; wine must be mixed with the water; and what shall that be unless it be a wine of wisdom from the mind and the heart? It can be nothing else, and its adequacy, alas, is too often not enough.

The security of any writer can be, at best, only from book to book. There will be the books that were comparative failures, the moments of insecurity which may even invade the execution of a novel generally wise, generally sustained. In the case of an author who has practised her art for thirty years, like Edith Wharton or Ellen Glasgow or Anne Douglas Sedgwick, there will be a certain amount of work to be passed over. It cannot be otherwise. The point lies in how much there is to mention, how many a book there is still to talk about. In the case of Anne Douglas Sedgwick at least five volumes force our attention and consideration, or reconsideration. And, comparatively, that's a good deal.

One of the five is her new novel, "The Old Countess" — but I had better introduce a little system into this article. I will therefore begin by stating the facts — they seem to be really very little known. Anne Douglas Sedgwick was born March 28, 1873, at Englewood, New Jersey, the daughter of George Stanley Sedgwick and his wife, who had been Mary Douglas. As a child of nine she was taken to England. Her recollections of America before that age are pretty dim. Something of New York and of the home at Livingston on the Hudson remains. "I see a starry scintillating sky on a snowy night, a Christmas tree, and the orchards and gardens where I and my sisters played in summer — but nothing distinctive or typical. Much clearer are the pictures of a visit to southern Ohio, to my mother's family, during the life in England, so very different are they from the pictures of the middle west that I find in modern American novels. Sobriety, sweetness, tradition, are the things that best fit my memories of my grandfather's and grandmother's Ohio home, an Emersonian flavor, a love of books and of nature. I spent hours reading in the library where the Memoirs of the Duc de Grammont, forbidden, reposed on far high shelves and there were bound volumes of Addison's Spectator and Littell's Living Age. I remember being taken by Grandfather one night to watch by lantern light the emergence from its case of a locust, frail, green, exquisite. An immense and beautiful catalpa tree showered white and pink flowers on the roofs of the verandas. There were dear old negro servants. Then, at fourteen, it was England again."

England meant the London of Gilbert and Sullivan premières, Langtry, buns, muffins, rolls, hansom cabs, and fogs; also walks with a governess in Rotten Row and frequent visits to the National Gallery and the old South Kensington Museum. In short, "the London that I try to evoke in the first chapter of 'Tante'".

But at eighteen it ceased to be London and became Paris. "I studied painting for five years, never working very hard, I fear, and with no special talent, though I did exhibit a pleasant little portrait of my sister in the Champs de Mars salon." She made her début as an author in 1898, at twenty five. "I turned to writing quite by accident. I had always told long, continued stories to my sisters and these developed into novels, and it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anne Douglas Sedgwick

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was one of them, 'The Dull Miss Archinard' — a very feeble little affair that I trust no one will ever wish to reread — that was shown by my father to a publisher" and thus became her first book. A few years later, when she was twenty eight, she revisited America for the first time since her childhood, paying two visits of six months each, "seeing America with a foreigner's eyes, perhaps, but with an American heart". She saw (remember this was in 1901) New York, Boston, Washington, southern Ohio again, and "the beautiful New England country". Her main emotion was one of exhilaration and happiness. She had made American friends before and made many more now. "Almost always I find all Americans lovable."

Her first novel had been followed the next year by one that is still sometimes remembered, "The Confounding of Camelia". Since then, except during the Great War, there has been a book about every two years. "I have very few ideas — perhaps one in two years." The next landmark in her life was her marriage in 1908 when she was thirty five years old to Basil de Selincourt, of an old English family of French descent. "A Fountain Sealed" had appeared in 1907; the first novel to appear after her marriage was "Franklin Winslow Kane" (1910), which is also, I think, the first book we must discuss.

After the publication of "The Little French Girl" Hugh Walpole put himself on record (January 7, 1925) regarding the novel of Mrs. de Selincourt's which was first brought out when Mr. Walpole was twenty six. He said, fifteen years after that first publication:

> "Franklin Winslow Kane" seems to me the best of all Mrs. de Selincourt's books and in my humble opinion better a good deal than this last successful one. It is an unforgettable book because it enshrines a beautiful character who is never betrayed by sentimentality, who is gentle without being effeminate and brave without being arrogant. I have had a kind of personal feeling about Franklin ever since I first met him. I remember him as I do very few characters in modern fiction. The book is Franklin and Franklin is the book, and it seems to me that by the creation of this character Mrs. de Selincourt will live. He will be passed on from friend to friend and handed down as a living witness of what the twentieth century could produce in the way of gentlemen when it was put to it.

The story deals with Althea Jakes, an American who spends most of her time in Europe; Helen Buchanan, of a Scottish family; Gerald Digby, an old friend of Helen's; and the American Kane. Kane is an inconspicuous young man who has paid suit to Althea for fifteen years. Althea and Helen develop an accidental acquaintance into a friendship. Helen has always been in love with Gerald but that attractive person is drawn to Althea, and the first climax of the novel is reached in a scene between Franklin Kane and Helen. It opens with Kane's words, intimating something he is not supposed to know, "I have been crying, too." After the engagement of Althea and Gerald the hardly expected happens: Kane, who has always stood in the shadow of a fortune, inherits it and becomes actually very rich. This disturbs Althea, who has always had plenty of money but who cannot help feeling that Franklin has had all along an importance which she has overlooked. The immediate importance, however, lies in the fact that Franklin can be seriously considered by Helen when he proposes marriage. He does propose it and she assents. She is in no sense a mercenary person; singularly honest, she has the directness, force, and character of the aristocrat by birth. Beside her Althea is only a carefully

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

synthetic product of carefully glued conventions and attitudes. But the engagement of Helen and Franklin is the signal for panic in the other camp. Gerald rushes to Helen and reproaches her until she turns on him. In the end Althea is about to marry Franklin Kane and the prospect is that Helen and Gerald will come together. It is pleasant to note that in preparation for the expected marriage Franklin Kane had planned to settle half his large fortune on Helen and that he does not entirely retract this gift.

If we want perfect security of outlook in a novel we shall find it here. Mrs. de Selincourt is more than adequate, spiritually and otherwise, to these four people. She says, in that most unmistakable way of all, the way of depiction, that Franklin Kane and Helen have stuff in them which Althea and Gerald haven't. She says that physical attraction is a dubious substitute for wearing quality though even sensible women prefer it. She says that Franklin and Helen would have been supremely happy together simply because each knew how to value the other. She says that to end her novel where most novelists would have ended it, with the coming together of Helen and Franklin, is too easy, and stands no chance to drive home the somewhat bitterish lessons to be derived from this particular form of "imagined life". If, when she is finished, she is not clearer than reality to the reader, then he is one who can learn only from life itself and solely by the impact of a most personal disaster.

Although Mrs. de Selincourt came to full stature with "Franklin Winslow Kane", it was reserved to her next novel, "Tante" (1911), to make all the noise. And this is easy to understand, because the portrait in fiction of a great artist in all his egocentricity and selfishness is always a matter of sensational interest. As regards "Tante", the figure of Mercedes Okraska is supposed to have been built up in part from the singer, Patti, and in part from the pianist, Teresa Carreño. It probably derived only inessentials from either, but there is no question that Mrs. de Selincourt contrived to do a certain type of supremely gifted woman in as representative a fashion as Sinclair Lewis is sometimes supposed to have done the American business man with his "Babbitt". Afterward Ethel Barrymore contributed her ability as an actress to the novelist's voluminous detail. "Tante" remains the most substantial document Mrs. de Selincourt has given us, but it offers two serious objections. The first is that its texture and the stuff in it, like a heavy brocade, spoils the appetite for so many novels of 1926–7; the other is that when you have begun reading you must needs stay up all night.

By general agreement there is no major work after "Tante" until the appearance of "Adrienne Toner" in 1922. Half of this long interval is easily accounted for; the war brought preemption of mind and energy. "I was saturated with France during the three years that we were there — not in *our* hospital, as was magnificently said in an article, but in a hospital organized by friends of ours." This saturation was to produce "The Little French Girl" and the new novel, "The Old Countess". Meanwhile "Adrienne Toner" dealt with an American as Mrs. de Selincourt had not dealt with one since "Franklin Winslow Kane". To quote her again: "I am, of course, especially interested in the subject of the American in Europe, as Henry James was; and this is perhaps why I am so often spoken of as his disciple (for all my admiration of him

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I have never thought of myself in that category). And of course I am especially interested in types whose conduct and difference makes them stand out against the European background, types like darling little Franklin Winslow Kane or Adrienne Toner."

The heroine of "Adrienne Toner" is observed through the eyes and mind of a man who begins by hating her, by being, mostly passively, her enemy; who ends by loving Adrienne and suffering a desolation of loss when she cannot accept his devotion. Nor is Oldmeadow's intense dislike in the early part of the story that kind of irritation which presages a strong attraction later on. Not at all. To Oldmeadow the girl is a creature of alarming power over others and of those good intentions which must carry themselves out no matter how much harm they do. As Oldmeadow sees it, Adrienne has come between those approaching lovers, Nancy and Barney, and has married Barney. Next, she has induced Barney's younger sister, Meg, to run away with her lover on the ground that love must not be a furtive thing. Nor is this the end of her mischief, as Oldmeadow sees it. He is far too hostile to Adrienne to be cynical about her.

The complete revolution in his attitude must sound incredible outside the pages of the novel, and perhaps it lacks thoroughgoing credulity in them. Of course Adrienne herself undergoes great changes; the meeting is a meeting halfway. I do not know, however, a single other living novelist who would have essayed such a *tour de force* as Mrs. de Selincourt, much less have managed it. There is plenty of "security of outlook" here, and any doubts we may have are never doubts as to the author's most utter comprehension of her people.

Two years after "Adrienne Toner" came "The Little French Girl". One feels less need to dwell on an author's best known work. I suppose there is extant no better novel contrasting French and English traits and attitudes, although curiously enough another woman novelist — and one who may also be at least partly claimed as an American — produced at about the same time a novel which dealt shrewdly with the same contrast. I refer to Susan Ertz's "Nina". William Lyon Phelps found as a solitary flaw in "The Little French Girl" the fact that Mrs. de Selincourt made Alix too wise, too much of a paragon. Perhaps this is explained by another portion of that interview — granted to Esther Forbes, by the way — where Mrs. de Selincourt said: "My husband and I think France the most beautiful country in the world — though I confess that one may have moments of monotony between Calais and Paris and Paris and Bordeaux! My mind is still very full of France and I have always read a great deal of French and think as easily in French as in English — although my accents, often my genders, leave much to be desired. The contrasts and clashes between English and French life are still uppermost in my mind."

Whether or not her love of France is responsible, the over-accentuation of which Professor Phelps mildly complained is still more noticeable in Mrs. de Selincourt's new novel, "The Old Countess", just published. Her Marthe Luderac is possibly not too good to be true, but she is certainly too good to be true in a novel. But you will not know what I am talking about, so let us to the story in brief.

Dick Graham is a painter. He is working and he and his wife, Jill, are spending a part of each year in Buissac,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the Dordogne River. They are very young, completely happy, and have delicious times together. With great significance Mrs. de Selincourt "plants" in the first chapter, by a conversation between the old Countess, Madame de Lamouderie, and Dick the fact of the Dordogne River's dangerous spring floods. Almost immediately we are introduced to a young Frenchwoman, Marthe Luderac, who figures as a protégée of the Countess. It is not without significance, either, that Dick and Jill, discovering a cemetery and wandering among the graves, first encounter the name "Marthe Luderac" on a tombstone. (It is *so* easy to let you make a wrong inference. Perhaps I should say at once that this story has nothing in common with the play, "The Captive" — and equally nothing in common with Wilkie Collins's grand yarn, "The Woman in White".)

What follows is essentially simple: Dick falls madly in love with Marthe Luderac in the flesh. The rôle of Madame de Lamouderie is somewhat that of the chorus in Greek tragedy, although the Countess is an occasional actor in scenes of the story and to some extent an instrument of destiny. But the triangle is the thing. A man and two women — old, old situation — what can Mrs. de Selincourt do with it?

She can do a good deal. She can make Marthe a person of beauty, force, and noble character, and she does, or, it may be, overdoes. She can make Jill utterly brave and unimaginably loyal and unflinchingly able to support the truth. She can make Dick no less decent than he always has been but only hopelessly blinded to what Jill is suffering and must suffer, only the incorrigible wilful little boy which most stalwart men are. And having from the outset introduced the fateful tones of inescapable destiny, our novelist can develop her simple but undeviating tale to a climax that shakes you with horror and pity. All these things she can do. . . .

You will gather that this is no piece of "light reading"; it is, in fact, an unsparingly honest and thus a hopelessly tragic story. But it is not a tragic quality that will make the book unpopular. I have convinced myself by sufficient evidence that the tragic action and even the unrelievedly tragic ending are not fatal to a story's chances with the body of American readers. What, above all, the body of American readers (and especially women) demand is depth and intensity of characterization. If that is present readers will accept a tragic ending, however shaken by it, because to them it will be the one true ending. They are not looking, most of them, for a "literature of escape" but for a literature of reconciliation and understanding. They have heard that "to know all is to forgive all"; and while they are not prepared to accept the second clause they are brave toward the first.

In "The Old Countess" the reader is pressed against the iron spikes of tragedy yet they are not driven in. There can be no happy ending for such a tale, but Mrs. de Selincourt has done what she might to mitigate the cruelty. The little drama of three is brought to a sudden close and an epilogue offers us a glimpse of two of the actors a couple of years afterward. This last scene is the only unconvincing one in the book. But who could have written a convincing scene? We are still under the convictions that the story has established, and two years have not elapsed for *us*. We still remember how Dick, admitting that not one woman in a thousand would be capable of it, asked

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jill to remain his wife while he took Marthe as his mistress. It may be that Jill remembered no longer; her power to accept was so great. Too great! Is it possible that in her recognition of Dick's childishness she forgot that he was her husband?

At fifty four Mrs. de Selincourt has great novels ahead of her. It is easy to see her, in the mind's eye, thinking them out beside a tea table placed in an English garden. "She sat serene and upright. The coil of white hair, the purple eyes, the pink and white smoothness of her molded features gave her a statuesque air that was dispelled by her smile and by the gentle irony of her conversation." I find I have said nothing of her tastes. In literature the Russians have always been her favorite novelists; she much prefers them all in French. At eighteen she read Tolstoy's "War and Peace" and it is still her favorite novel. Of modern American writers her favorite is Willa Cather; she particularizes praise for "A Lost Lady". She likes Edna St. Vincent Millay and Vachel Lindsay ("The Santa Fe Trail" and "The Chinese Nightingale").

As a rule she writes in the morning, for two or three hours, at her home in the country. She works at a large table looking out at the garden and spends valuable minutes watching the birds. Birds are a hobby with her, though she loves all animals. "My passion is my little dog, a marvelous little Pom who hunts across the fields like a terrier and is yet the most sensitive, delicate and exquisite of creatures."

Her books always start with a person, a person who is always imaginary although traceable often to memories. "I usually see faces very clearly and after a scene, also always imaginary, perhaps a room where my people are, the background arises to fit them and the situation to express them. I never begin with a biographical sketch. I have the story as a whole in my mind before I begin to write — what it is to mean, and end in; and I usually start with the first chapter and write straight through, going back in loops to rewrite and going forward to grasp essential scenes that often rise up dominatingly and can't wait until their time comes. The key scenes are thus usually written before the book reaches them and give me points to work to. I write and rewrite three or four times and, of course, the book is often greatly altered before I am finally satisfied that I have done with my idea all that I can do."

ORBITS

By Hamilton Eames

THE insistent sweeping of the patronizing sun;
The voyage of the chilly, secret moon;
Man, with his small circle just begun,
And love? Well, love was born too soon.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FAUNTLEROY PLAGUE

By John Nicholas Beffel

SENTIMENTAL persons recently tried to obtain consent to erect a monument to Frances Hodgson Burnett in Central Park. Mrs. Burnett, who was distinguished chiefly for writing "Little Lord Fauntleroy," died in 1924; in late years she had been living obscurely in a Long Island village. But the Manhattan park commissioners would have none of it. There were too many statues in Central Park now, they explained; space must be left for grass and trees.

That was the ostensible reason; that was diplomatic language, uttered by polite public officials. But those of us who remember the social and spiritual effects which the Fauntleroy theme, as novel and drama, wrought upon this fair land, can well believe that there was a deeper and far more significant reason for the attitude of the park commissioners toward the monument project. It is likely that among the commissioners is one man, or more than one, who in his day was a victim of the Fauntleroy plague.

By the term "Fauntleroy plague" I mean, of course, the vogue of long curls, velvet jacket and pants, lace collar and cuffs, and velvet tam-o'-shanter which was fastened upon thousands of helpless small boys in the United States following the appearance of Mrs. Burnett's story in book form and upon the stage.

The central figure in that story was a New York City boy who was brought up under glass, as it were. His name was Cedric Errol, and his father, dead several years, was the son of a crusty old earl in England. Cedric's manners were unbelievably angelic. Aged eight, he spoke for the most part in precise academic English. Invariably he addressed his remaining parent as "Dearest". He looked like a girl in Reginald Birch's numerous drawings for the book, and in the original stage production the part was played by a girl. Incredible as it seems now, both book and play got across big. It was a sentimental period. Great numbers of mothers gushed over Little Lord Fauntleroy, characterized him as a darling, and wept over his being taken from his American mother by the hard-hearted earl.

Eighteen eighty seven saw publication of the novel, and the play was put on in the States in 1889, having already been produced in pirated form in London. Designers of juvenile wear perceived their opportunity. They were quick to place upon the market costumes for boys patterned after the garb worn by Cedric upon the stage. The thing caught on; it swept the country like wildfire and its effects continued for ten years. Other manufacturers climbed on the band wagon. One turned out decks of miniature playing cards bearing pictures of the characters in the play. Perfumes were named for Little Lord Fauntleroy; a song was written about him; statuettes in his likeness came onto the scene, in metal, plaster, and chocolate; and toys bore the name, first expensive and then cheap ones.

But the chaste attire and the long curls of Mrs. Burnett's darling survived

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

longest. If in truth such garments and such curls adorned the forms of the younger sons of the nobility in England, it was a strange manifestation for this republic, boasting as it did of democracy and assailing the artificialities of the high hat families of the old world. American kids mostly were as now rough and ready youngsters. Putting one of them into a Fauntleroy outfit was equivalent to placing him in a straitjacket.

That costume was inherently a Sunday institution. It meant staying in the house or going to church or Sabbath School and being decorous at every step. One could not conceivably romp in those clothes, nor play games; one must stay clean. True, the little lord did romp in velvet and lace in the book and play, but it was not a practical idea; for normal Americans of the new generation the Fauntleroy garb was a psychological wall between them and freedom of the spirit.

Inevitably the soul of many a boy in the nineties was seared by this weird pestilence. Its contagiousness was heightened by maternal pride. Matrons dressed up their unwilling sons in the way of Master Cedric, and fondly exhibited them as one might a blue ribboned dog. Thus bitterness was kindled in young hearts, and respect for mothers fled from many a home. The proud matrons felt that the Fauntleroy scenery displayed their offspring to splendid advantage; other mothers effused over the unfortunates, and applied purely feminine adjectives to them; and no self respecting boy likes to be spoken of as "beautiful".

Naturally thousands of boys who were thus humiliated raised their voices in rebellion. They hated the clothes and they hated the curls that went with them and they hated life itself. But for the most part the doting mothers were firm.

Mrs. Burnett's juvenile hero appears to us now as a curious anachronism. Clad in raiment associated in the average American mind with European royalty, and with flowing tresses and bangs, he was nevertheless portrayed as running footraces with a bootblack and other roughnecks, and as being intimate with a Yankee grocer named Hobbs. Also he was shown as a universal favorite with bricklayers and other workingmen.

But there was no mistaking the real attitude of independent American boys toward the Fauntleroy getup. Invariably, on the streets, luckless youngsters were met with the epithet "girl-boy" and kindred taunts from others who had escaped the plague. Neighborhood gangs delighted in throwing mud (and snowballs in season) at the plague victims, and governesses and nurses were kept busy protecting their charges from onslaughts by robust small democrats who resented the outcroppings of caste symbols in this republic. If mud or snowballs were not available, the gangs utilized old eggs, lemons, and stones. But mud was their instinctive medium of expression; it gave the most notable results.

While the Fauntleroy pestilence spread to almost every town upon a railroad in the United States, its effects were in greatest evidence in the larger cities, particularly in Boston, New York, and Chicago. Many victims were to be observed in Beacon Street and on Boston Common and along Fifth Avenue, while in Chicago they appeared in profusion on Lake Shore Drive, since known as the Gold Coast. And at the World's Fair in the Windy City there were great numbers of them. The Fair served as a far carrying vehicle of the contagion. For women from the provinces, seeing countless city boys garbed in the manner of the little

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nobleman, gathered that this was "the style", and hastened either to purchase garments in kind or to fashion homemade ones in imitation.

On the roof of the Children's Building at the Exposition was a playground including a spacious pond in which toy ships were sailed. Two boys from neighboring families met alongside this pond on a morning in October, 1893. One wore a costly Fauntleroy suit, the other a homemade imitation. The first boy began to pick flaws in the other's appearance. No. 2 told No. 1 that he looked like a sick baboon. They made faces at each other, and promptly came to blows. Their parents or guardians were not in sight, and adult bystanders refrained from interfering. When the fight ended the clothes of both combatants were in shreds, and the one with the homemade suit had pushed his adversary into the pond. Both lads were crying. At this juncture a policeman appeared.

"Get out of that water!" he commanded. "What's the matter here?"

"He made fun of my clothes", said the dry boy.

"He made faces at me", said the wet one.

"Go home, both of you, and be ashamed of yourselves", the cop ordered.

"Well, I feel better now", said the wet boy, as he dried his tears. "I put that kid on the bum."

In Davenport, Iowa, in the year of the Burnett play's opening, an eight year old burned down his father's barn because he was compelled to dress up in Fauntleroy fashion. In Madison, Wisconsin, a kid with brick colored curls battled in vain to be severed from them. After he had been inserted forcibly into velvet jacket and pants, he walked up to a policeman in front of the principal hotel there and deliberately kicked the bluecoat in the shins to call attention to his plight. In Worcester, Massachusetts, another victim of the plague traded off an expensive Fauntleroy suit to passing gypsies for some old clothes bearing patches which the local sufferer considered admirable. And in Lexington, North Carolina, Roswell Robbins, son of a prominent lawyer there, snipped off his golden curls with a pair of scissors and cut away a large patch on his head in emulation of his father's bald spot.

Stephen Crane was holding forth in Albany, New York, in those days. He had a heart full of sympathy for youngsters who anguished in black velvet and lace. Out walking one day, he came upon two boys from nearby homes attired in the detested garments and with long flaxen twists of hair falling to their shoulders. Obviously they were unhappy, tears welling in their eyes. It was a Saturday afternoon, and other kids were playing in old clothes in a vacant lot where circuses usually were set up.

"You kids would be good looking if you had your hair cut", said Crane.

They beamed upon him. "We know it", one of them answered.

"I'm going to help you out of your trouble", Crane went on. "You take this money and go down to Jake's barber shop and tell him to cut your hair and do a good job of it."

So they hurried down to Jake's and chose to have their locks shorn with clippers. Afterward, they went home exultantly — and almost broke up two homes. One mother fainted at the sight; the other had hysterics. When the first had recovered, she fared forth to find Crane and denounced him, asserting that he had ruined her life. He contended that he had done a shining public service. The woman went away weeping. Her husband averred that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his son now looked like a convict, but he was secretly pleased, so the legend runs, and sent Crane an anonymous box of cigars with a card inscribed: "From a grateful public."

Crane had a day spoiled for him in Chicago in 1895 by encountering a flock of Little Lord Fauntleroys in front of a church. Another day was spoiled for him when some book reviewer declared that the boys in his "Whilomville Stories" were of the Fauntleroy type. Crane wrote to the reviewer saying: "If the Whilomville Stories seem like Little Lord Fauntleroy to you you are demented and I know that you are joking, besides. See here, my friend, no kid except a sick little girl would like Lord Fauntleroy, unless to look at Birch's pictures for it. The pictures are all right."

Simultaneously with the wide flow of sentimental praise for Mrs. Burnett and her hero, there was a strange kickback. At the height of the Fauntleroy play's box office success, there appeared in many American newspapers and magazines biting comment concerning the author and her ways. These were generally unsigned, and they became so distasteful to Mrs. Burnett that she was driven to writing indignant answers to the press.

It was asserted by the journalistic gossips that she was an eccentric dresser, and specifically that she was given to wearing Kate Greenaway dresses "of vivid silk belted under the arms with wide sashes". It was said that she was harsh to women, and was constantly surrounded by an army of young men. It was declared that her younger son was "a sturdy rollicking chap who fights his nurse, throws stones at cats, and makes faces at little girls".

To these accusations Mrs. Burnett replied that she did not wear Kate Greenaway dresses, described her manner of attire, and argued that it could not be truthfully described as "eccentric". She had numerous staunch women friends, she insisted. It was true that she was constantly surrounded by an army of young men; but that army, she explained, comprised a total of two young men, aged twelve and fourteen respectively, who were then interested mainly in solving the problems involved in the study of French and Italian; and she admitted that she was popular with that army.

But of all the gossip about herself and her family, Mrs. Burnett was hurt worst by the charge that her second son threw stones at cats, fought his nurse, and made faces at little girls. Never had he done such unkind things, she affirmed; never had he been "cruel to an animal or brutal to a woman of any size since he was born".

Nowhere in the record is there any illumination of the motives behind all this talemongering about the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy". But if we consider the pain which that story brought to a vast portion of the American populace, it is logical to suppose that those tales were set afloat by anti-sentimentalists as a backfire against the Fauntleroy clothes, the Fauntleroy curls, and the upstage words and tones which came from the lips of the little lord across the footlights. If one views them as a device for subtle revenge, it is easy to understand the origin of the anti-Burnett paragraphs in the press. Mrs. Burnett's sons were named Lionel and Vivian. It is the latter who was alleged to have thrown stones at cats.

Louis Wolheim, who played the title rôle in "The Hairy Ape", remembers a New York City incident of those days in which he took part — not as the pampered child. On a dull hot summer day, says Wolheim, a bunch of everyday kids including himself were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

leaning against an empty building on Lexington Avenue above Twenty third Street, hoping that something would happen. And presently something did.

A boy from a rich family in Gramercy Park came along all togged out like Little Lord Fauntleroy. His face was flushed. Looking neither to right nor left, the rich boy marched straight ahead. He had the bearing of one carrying a heavy load of emotion. Immediately the everyday kids began to scoff at him.

"Pipe them shoes!"

"Look at that lid!"

"Get on to the shirt front!"

To all this the dressed up boy made no answer. His fists were clenched, his lips tightly closed, and he kept moving onward.

But finally one of the gang yelled:

"Hey, kid, who cut your hair?"

And then the rich boy turned, and said through set teeth:

"My mother, *God damn her!*"

From royalties on book and play Mrs. Burnett gleaned a fortune. For a long time several companies were producing the piece in various parts of the country. When the author died at seventy five Wallace Eddinger, who as a child played the rôle of Little Lord Fauntleroy, explained that he was "one of eighteen originators of the part". Elsie Leslie was Fauntleroy in the initial production in this country, and Master Tommy Russell was an early portrayer of that character.

Whether or not Mrs. Burnett was an eccentric dresser in the nineties, her attire in her latter days gave rise to a good deal of comment on the occasions when she appeared in public. One who observed her in her seventies said: "She crowns her venerable head with the coiffure of a Titian of twenty, and arrays her body in sky blue, plumes and wampum."

IF I WERE GOD

By Marjorie Hillis

IF I were God, I'd match each spirit
To the body that would bear it.
If I made an ugly body
Then a stupid soul should wear it.

Souls like streaks of shining silver
Should be sheathed in loveliness;
Never should a fragile spirit
Droop beneath a heavy dress.

God is wise. And yet, I wonder
If this point is underrated.
Surely, souls should match their bodies.
Mine are very badly mated.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MENTAL PATIENT AND THE LIBRARY

By John E. Lind

ONE of the popular pictures of an insane person is that of a vacant faced individual counting his fingers all day long, or engaging in some similar occupation. This is a third hand idea; a writer hears of such a case, or he imagines that the *modus dicendi* "losing one's mind" is to be taken literally and that a person either has all his mental faculties, or none of them. He then introduces a crazy person into one of his stories and pictures him as employing himself all day in some such way as finger counting. This story is read by thousands who have never seen a mentally ill person; they form a corresponding association of ideas which they in turn transmit in conversation.

With such an idea of mental disorder, the average layman reacts in a curious fashion to the mention of a library in an insane asylum. His first expression is to the effect: "A library; what for?" His next idea is that it might be well to have a few books for the amusement of such of the patients as could be trusted not to tear them up—a few picture books perhaps, and primers.

Nothing could be further from the real state of affairs. The circulating library in a large insane asylum differs very little in its content from the library in the average neighborhood, except that in the asylum there is a comparatively greater demand for books of a more serious sort; books on mathematics, philosophy, astronomy, and biography are more popular than in the ordinary library.

Let us consider a specific case. The St. Elizabeths Hospital in Washington, D. C. has about 4,000 patients, of whom about one fourth are women. About two thirds of the male patients are from the army and navy and hail from all parts of the country. The other thousand male patients and most of the women patients come from the District of Columbia.

The circulating library at this hospital has at present about 10,000 volumes. About 400 new volumes are bought every year and about 300 donated. The library subscribes to thirty magazines and eight newspapers and receives a great many old periodicals from various sources. Those patients who have parole, or permission to walk about the grounds unattended, come to the library and select their own books. The male patients as a rule refuse to be waited on except by a female attendant, and vice versa. Several times a week selections of books are taken to the various wards and the patients encouraged and aided to choose those most suitable to them.

Books of reference, such as encyclopædias, are always in great demand. By their aid, patients often engage in vast research undertakings which are never destined to be published. One patient spent several years going through the Encyclopædia Britannica, working eight hours a day. He was especially interested in the ages at which famous men had attracted attention by their achievements. Thus he found some geniuses who even before their teens had produced works of merit. Next came a list of the thirteen year olds who had done likewise; those

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of fourteen; and so on up. He never confided his thesis to the hospital physicians, but it was believed to be the arrangement of a scheme whereby the energies of an adolescent could be directed scientifically into a certain channel one year, another one the next, and so forth, the choice of activities for the current year depending upon the particular expressions of their genius great men had exhibited in their corresponding year.

This reminds one of the man (who is not in an insane asylum) who withdrew himself from the world for several years and spent ten hours a day every day dealing out hands of cards. He kept records of all the hands and at the end of that time knew just how often certain combinations appeared. Any poker player could have told him a straight flush appears once in ten million hands in a gentlemen's game.

Several little books dealing with the fourth dimension are in constant demand, never remaining on the shelves longer than a day or two. Perhaps indeed it requires a particular mental twist to understand this subject at all. Certainly we have known precocious children who shot through school three grades at a time and were deep in the fourth dimension while their chronological colleagues were studying the batting averages; these phenomena usually spent the rest of their lives in an insane asylum.

Einstein's theory of relativity was eagerly welcomed by the hospital population, and the type of patient who had been dwelling in the fourth dimension turned to him. In fact, there are a number of patients in the hospital who can explain Einstein to you, and you will understand it just as well as if you read it from the book.

These books, as well as other works in higher mathematics, are drawn in general by two classes of patients. First, those who actually had a gift for mathematics and who retain much of their comprehension of the subject in spite of their mental illness. Such a patient, dear reader, understands at a glance problems in calculus that you or I could not master in a week's study, and logarithms are his daily playthings. Then there is another type of patient who shows a groping toward something apart from and beyond the realities of daily life. Just as he is not satisfied psychically with the drab existence — the rising, eating, sleeping, and working — but develops a fantasy life in which he can disport himself, so he cannot content himself with ordinary subjects but must wrestle with higher mathematics. The touch of mysticism about such terms as the fourth dimension and curved space appeals to him also. It is another manifestation of that human factor of which the public has heard so much in recent years, the inferiority complex. These patients realize dimly their essential inadequacy and attempt to compensate for it by mastering subjects which baffle the ordinary man.

The librarian of the asylum must have an inexhaustible fund of patience, tact, and kindness. She must dissemble her astonishment at all sorts of strange requests, humor patients who are irritable and endeavor to guide them to books which will be really entertaining and of some benefit to them. This is, however, difficult to do in some cases, especially when the patient's own choice is governed, not by any literary preference, but by some obscure inner necessity.

There is one patient who will have no books but those of a dark red color. One by one he is reading all the books in the library of that shade — fiction, history, biography, everything. Since

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this is a fairly popular binding, he has a large field which he is cultivating methodically. No one knows why he should select this color and no other.

In the case of another patient, however, the reason is not far to seek. This old man always walks to a particular corner of the library, selects a book from a certain shelf and carries it away. A few days later he will return and get another book from the same shelf. Not long ago the scheme of the library was changed and an entirely different class of books appeared on the old man's favorite shelf. A day or two later he came into the library and took a book from the same shelf, returning it after a few days as usual and taking another one.

It was found that the main library room reminded him of the sitting room in the house where he lived for thirty years with a devoted wife. In this room, in a corner resembling the one in the hospital library, was a little bookcase and on a certain shelf of it a row of books which had been his wife's favorites when she was young. When she became ill her mind failed a little; she would fancy herself a child again and call for her books. So one by one he would take them into the invalid's bedroom and read them aloud to her. Then she died, and later he came to the hospital to live, a feeble, harmless old gentleman who still thinks the row of children's books is in the sunlit corner near where the canary sings and that his wife is waiting in the next room for him to read to her.

The most popular book in this Laputan library is the Bible; although philanthropically disposed individuals and societies are constantly presenting copies they disappear and are never returned. The next in demand are dictionaries, and the third arithmetics. These three kinds of books can never be kept long on the library shelves. Those patients who have a religious turn of mind take the Bible; the imaginative, literary type the dictionaries; and the practical, materialistic patients make away with the arithmetics.

Many books are lost every year, not through failure to return them but on account of their defacement by patients. In some cases this consists of profane scribbling, but in many instances it takes the form of marginal annotations against passages supposed to refer to the individual case of the patient. A patient who comes across a statement in any way at variance with his delusional ideas may mark it with an exclamation or interrogation point, just as some borrowers from a community library cannot refrain from registering their disapproval by stenciled comments.

The librarian in Laputa must expect to be called by all sorts of names, according to what events and persons of other days she recalls. There is an old doctor who still dresses in the frock coat and gold chain of his pre-asylum days. He comes briskly into the library, with outstretched hand. "Why how do you do, Mrs. Foster, how are you today?" (Mrs. Foster is far from her real name.) "You have been very ill indeed, but you are very much better now. Getting along nicely indeed." Then he stands for a minute, twists his watch chain and clears his throat. "Well, I'll run in again tomorrow." The librarian asks him if he would like to have a book. "Ah, yes, a book; well, yes, you might give me something of the sort." So he takes his book and trots out with the manner of one who has many calls to make.

There are other patients who linger for a while, inquiring about mutual acquaintances of whom the librarian has

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never heard; and the patient who asks for several books by a mythical author and is finally satisfied with one by a real writer. There is a patient whose demands had to be gently deflected from books to old periodicals. He looked upon himself as a second Messiah and always referred to himself as "he". It was found that when he borrowed a book he carefully and neatly cut out the initial letters wherever the word "the" or "she" occurred, probably assuming that they were typographical errors.

Those of the patients who prefer fiction run very true to the type of the client of the ordinary library. Dickens, Conan Doyle, Dumas, and E. Phillips Oppenheim are in great demand. George Barr McCutcheon, Harold MacGrath, Robert W. Chambers, and Harold Bell Wright have their host of admirers here as everywhere. Juvenile books—that is, those which are so labeled—are also read by even the adult population. Books of boys' and girls' schools, boy scout stories, tales of adventure among cannibals, searchers for secret cities, any tales in fact of derring-do by land or sea, never lack readers. Just as in their mental illnesses these persons have escaped from the world of reality into a world of fantasy which is more comfortable and often more exciting, so in such tales of romantic life, adventure, and mystery they are able to lose themselves for a while.

To a certain type of mental patient, indeed, the library is invaluable. That is the sort of person to whom books have always been friends, counselors, and havens. Such a one, when mentally ill, turns from people and seeks books. Especially is this true when those terrible depressions which sometimes accompany mental illness begin to lift. Then these patients seek the library, they renew acquaintance with the old friends they knew in their childhood and live again the days of their youth. Gradually they win back from the depths into which they have been cast. Through the world of romance and fantasy they come again to the world of reality and make contacts with their fellow men.

And so the library in Laputa continues its work. It is easy enough to laugh at the eccentricities of some of those who frequent it; the amount of effort which is wasted yearly by some of its patrons in the collection of useless data would set up any research laboratory in business; but the amount of good it does in alleviating the afflictions of thousands of the mentally ill is not to be reckoned in exact terms.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEDULOUS APINGS

By Emanuel Eisenberg

With Sketches by Clarence Day

MRS. DALLOWAY

(As transplanted to New York through the kindness of Virginia Woolf)

IT was impossible to stay in on such an afternoon. Besides, she was uncertain whether Richard would be home for dinner that evening — if he came, she would buy some canned soup. Canned soup was good enough for anyone.

And why, argued Clarissa Dalloway, should I stay in when I am simply dying to walk; when the sun is strutting through the sky with the superb insouciance of a theatrical villain; when I must have sufficient reflections in a day to comprise a volume.

She went out, gaily, proudly.

It was nearly thirty years (she thought, turning into Fifth Avenue at Seventy second Street) since she had first felt this craving to mingle randomly with all sorts of people, deliberately abandoning her individuality, yet retaining it by virtue of perfect self knowledge. Thirty years ago — could it be so long? might not time be a false conception? — she had passed down this same way (a cloud was passing over the sun, but it would soon emerge scintillantly triumphant) and ecstatically recalled passages from Swinburne; Symons; Wilde. Now all these new poets, these cerebral cacophonists, were seeking to usurp the public ear. She couldn't understand them; they were beyond her.

"Heavens, I'm getting old!" she suddenly cried aloud.

But to whom? Into what consciousness had the words been absorbed? A statement had issued from her, but it was incorporeal, it had no reality, simply because there was no one to hear it and comment upon it and forget it.

Thus do we live, lost in the labyrinths of inchoate thought — wandering painfully; tremblingly aware that we are approaching light; and then, when we come forth, rapturous and weary, there is no one to greet us. We have foreseen a glorious reception, but we find only the clear air. For we have again effected the eternal delusion: the puerile vision of an affinite mate. We are egoists all. When we reach the light we want to bask in it completely alone, yet we fear solitude, so we mechanically search for a companion, knowing well that once we are in a group or even with a sympathetic friend we will merely smile politely and discuss the possibilities of the next day's weather. Thus do we create untruths concerning the innate sociality of man; thus do we evoke a mystical paragraph.

Central Park is serenely majestic, mused Mrs. Dalloway (seating herself on a bench where a dowdy mother was rocking a carriage), in midsummer. There is in it a pure hauteur that is gracious without condescension, that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unbends to me and to the dowdy mother beside me. . . .

Becky Steinblatt rocked and rocked the carriage with fanatic regularity. Oh the baby must sleep; must cease its jangling crying. Under her breath she muttered a weird formless chant:

ye sweh aven obana nas
weh aven obana nas tod ay

Like a sluggish volcano the song slowly erupted from her, its lava searing the ambient ether. It seeped into the brain of Clarissa Dalloway —

ye sweh aven obana nas
weh aven obana nas tod ay

and she shuddered as with shock. There was tragedy here!

But Becky Steinblatt paid no heed; she kept swaying; rocking; chanting. Oh why didn't the baby sleep — it wasn't fair that other babies (but how could she know?) should instantly succumb and hers cry on and on. Life was wrongly arranged; sleep was ill divided. And why didn't that middle aged woman stop staring at her?

God, it was awful; awful. .

Clarissa Dalloway suddenly rose and walked swiftly away. She must not look at the woman again; not listen to the tragedy in her song. She must walk — walk . . .

Out through Sixty third Street; up the avenue to Seventy second; then to her house.

(She had decided to return and make her own soup, for was he not her husband after all and did he not abhor canned soup? If it was good — as it would certainly be; she was so adept by now — he would smile tenderly and inquire whether meat had gone up since last week. Surely this was deep living; surely this was appreciation.)

Anyway, she told herself, while cooking I can accumulate fully as many introspective divagations as while walking.

And indeed she did.

THE JOURNEY OF FESLIN

(A symphonic poem in the manner of Conrad Aiken)

Preface

THIS is a biography of a soul in quest of the higher symbolism. Feslin is not a man but Man. His journey on the subway is not, of course, to be taken literally. It represents the span between two realizations, the meeting place of darkness and light. The subway itself stands for the cosmos: Feslin is delving into the pit of the earth with groping helpless hands. As for the exact measure of accomplishment when he emerges at the desired station — who knows? Who cares?

"Central Park is serenely majestic, mused Mrs. Dalloway"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Part I

The hidden gods rumble subterraneously

1

Wrapped in the intricate snare of writhing shadows,
Feslin dreams alone.
Gliding squares of jet are conquering sunlight
And bathing the room with their shimmering monotone.

"Feslin, the night comes near with wary fingers,
Slyly seeking to smother the day's tense brilliance.
Rise from your dreams before the subtle twilight
Has dimmed you completely. See how the growing moon
Trembles in youthful ecstasy. Too soon
Will it have risen to silver maturity—hasten!
Clutch the elusive motes of sun that crouch
Dazzlingly over the floor;
Blend them into a potent rod and chasten
The greedy grasping night. Then may you garner
The day's rich lore."

(A further serpent of darkness winds its pathway
And Feslin's hands move softly.)

"Feslin, wisdom and beauty lie waiting, waiting,
But neither may be possessed without a struggle.
Breezes are born in labor, thoughts begotten
In wrenching anguish. Therefore arise from dreaming
And voyage into the realms of your subconscious."

Ever devoted Freudian, Feslin rises
To heed the counsel of his inner voices.

2

What is the day but pointed flames of singing,
What is the night but resting place for song?
Song never dies, though chaos pour forth its vapor
And grief assemble in a desolate throng.

See how the trees sway lithely in quivering abandon
While cool winds flurry past in rhapsodic haste;
And on the sand the tortuous waves creep warmly —
Is it not all a song that is never effaced?

Beauty and wisdom lie waiting, waiting . . . Darkness,
Why do you freeze to black from kind, liquid blue?
There is a shuddering beam as yet unconquered . . .
Am I alive or dead? I leave it to you.

Part II

Feslin, having paid his fare, enters the uptown express train

1

Turbulent smears of purple and red and green surround me,
Brushing their vague convolutions into my vision;
Staccatos of sound shrill their torture edged lances
Into my ears; a torrent of odors foams thickly
Up to my nostrils and swirls in unbearable quickness . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why am I here? Why are the lights
so grimed and muddied?
And you there, why do you smirk, why
are your eyes avaricious?

"May I come in?" I murmured

You are only a harlot, a harlot with
eyes that are sunken
And mouth like an open wound.
Away from me . . . leave me
. . .

2

Last night, I remember, I murdered
somebody — a woman.
I crept up into the room as softly as
dewdrops
Dripping into the hearts of sleep dead-
ened flowers;
And there they were together, my wife
and her lover —
He stretching across my armchair and
smoking in comfort,
She moving about and making a meal;
each moment
She'd rustle over and kiss his forehead.
I lingered
A while on the threshold and finally
couldn't bear it:
I coughed politely. She blanched as
pale as a morning
Untouched by sunlight. "May I
come in?" I murmured,
My mouth fixed in a rigid sneer. She
screamed. Her lover,
Bewildered by the sudden invasion,
rose quickly.
"Oh, do remain seated", I smiled.
Then, swift as lightning,
I turned to my wife and gripped her in
violent embrace,
Throttling her grimly the while she
kept slipping, slipping.
Do you doubt me? Look at my hands,
the blood's still on them.
You needn't flee me — I'll always
know where to find you. . . .
A pity I killed her: she had such
beautiful eyebrows.

3

Among these restless people, which
Am I? That woman with the rich
Complacentness revealed in smiles
And exercising myriad wiles;
That child whose eager innocence
Can scarcely fathom the immense
Magnificence that men call life;
That harried, dimly drooping wife
Whose face is twisted in a gaunt
Despair because she cannot vaunt
Of having triumphed: which of them
Am I at heart? Is each a stem
Within my spirit's garden? Oh,
If only I could surely know.
The glass there mirrors all of us
And we are blurred in tremulous
Confusion. . . . Is that I? In sooth,
Myself, the introspective youth!
These windows should be cleaned, for I
Am highly apt to amplify
(Being a psychoanalyst)
The visions that I see in mist.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Part III

He emerges from the meeting place of darkness and light

1

I hear that Samson has been stricken blind.
Strange that such godlike brawn should be bereft
Of strength wherewith to execute its aim
And leave him now a groping prey to instinct.
Poor man — his staring sockets must be filled
With doubly blinding tears. I wonder what
Delilah does outside of sympathizing.
I always thought that woman was a fool.
She lured him with her beauty: now he's lost
The means of seeing it, and she'll be lost.

Well, let her be unhappy. She deserves it.
I always hated parasites — don't you?

2

SUBWAY GUARD:

Feslin, the station approaching is Ninety sixth Street;
I make this announcement generally to the crowd,
But only for you does it hold a recondite meaning:
Interpret it, Feslin, but only within — not aloud.

FESLIN:

Beauty and wisdom lay waiting, waiting . . . neither
Could be possessed without a struggle. . . . Speak plain,
O Guard. Have I fully gained them, or even found them?
Tell me concisely, shall I go on or remain?

SUBWAY GUARD:

Beauty and wisdom are only abstractions, Feslin. . . .
If this is really your station, then go, I entreat.

FESLIN:

Yes, I shall leave to publish my psychic deductions:
A symphony out of a train ride . . . truly a feat!

A REMINISCENCE

(In the manner of Marcel Proust)

ALTHOUGH we waited an incredibly long time before Aunt Jennie, who was socially inclined and could therefore never be induced to regard

"Foolish child, are you not being given the opportunity for detailed psychological observation?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prompt arrival as a matter of convenience rather than of fashion, finally came, we were nevertheless able to beguile the time with comment on the predicament into which the Winters (ostentatious folk, Aunt Alice would petulantly assure you: but their elaborate gaudiness inwardly amused her) had fallen. Aunt Alice had a thousand stories to recount on the apparently incessant perpetrations of her maid Sophie, but she straightway abandoned the domestic theme when she heard my mother mention the Winters episode and turned toward the stiffly dressed assemblage (it was my fifteenth birthday) with that swift possessive aggressiveness which marked her as a central figure and which seemed to announce the absurd futility of competition or disagreement with the definitive critical pearls she was about to cast before our swinish minds (the metaphor is hardly extreme, since she firmly believed anyone who thought differently from herself an idiot — while she could be the very epitome of amiability if the conversation dwindled to a simple exchange of news).

We all knew Aunt Alice's opinion of the Winters' delightful, to me, irresponsibility, and we naturally — almost automatically, though it was difficult to behave automatically in her electrifying presence — assumed the attitudes of children listening to a parental lecture: bored at the patent sameness of thought, yet terrified lest the diction verge into unprecedented violence or switch off into a new, more menacing direction entirely. It was impossible not to listen and fully as impossible to pay any concentrated attention, for we were all uncomfortable to the point of disgust (it was nine fifteen; the hired girl, Bessie, had come in twice to inform my mother that she would not wait a moment longer, and my mother

"Carrying on a flirtation with a shy young girl"

had both times emerged flushingly victorious through a lavish expression of appreciation coupled with a promise of increased remuneration) and had little desire to assent submissively to the dictatorial outbursts of a forensic tyrant. Uncle Henry was the only perfectly-at-ease person present; he sprawled without appearing unceremonious, puffed at his superannuated pipe without creating any atmospheric disturbance, smiled without suggesting scorn or skepticality or rudeness. In the greatest crises he maintained this air of detached tranquillity — whether it was assumed or innate was not easy to say. The night his daughter Emma died (his wife, Rose, never failed to speak of it whenever his placidity obtruded so far as to make him the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

subject of discussion) his eyes were almost transfixed in a look of amazed distress, yet his actions remained as regular as before, and he never released the slightest moan or sigh by way of betraying his feelings. . . . My mother, nervously conscious of her position as hostess and anxious to avoid the tedium that Aunt Alice, who was her sister and to whose domineering she had bowed for forty years, invariably spread, walked gracefully over to the corner where Uncle Henry was seated and solicitously inquired whether Rose (who, much to everyone's disappointment — for she was indeed a "scream" and always "kept things going" at family parties — had failed to attend) was seriously ill; and he smilingly explained for the third time that evening that it was nothing but a headache, that she would surely be well by the next morning. Aunt Alice, hearing the word "headache", sharply turned to Uncle Henry and demanded, with a rigid expression which she imagined to convey interested anxiety but which resembled nothing so strongly as annoyed contempt for anyone who could have been so unscrupulously reckless as to fall ill without previously requesting an oral catalogue of her medicinal panaceas, "What did she take?"

Uncle Henry, like a judge loath to pronounce a death sentence and yet eager to have done with it as briefly as possible, smiled apologetically and attempted to seem utterly casual, as if he were saying just what was expected, whereas he knew perfectly well what was coming. "She took a Seidlitz powder."

"A Seidlitz powder!" snorted Aunt Alice. "Aspirins are the only thing for a headache; and believe me, I ought to know — what with the splitting ones I get."

"Well, what's good for one isn't always good for another", interposed Lucy Miller mildly. Mrs. Miller was a neighbor; she spoke with a saintliness which implied that she had no reason other than altruistic for intruding in petty human affairs and which additionally intimated that God was on her side.

"Nobody gets worse headaches than I do", flared Aunt Alice: and then, with a startling inappropriateness which somehow served to strengthen her rash contention, began to speak of the time her Celia had had the grippe and how she cared for the unfortunate child. My mother's roving eye this time alighted on me, sitting alone like the child I was and the genius I was to become; she came hastily over. Almost without hesitation I broke into complaints over the assemblage's preoccupation with everyone save myself, who was — even my mother had partly forgotten it — the cause of the evening's congregation; but she refused to console. "Foolish child," she rebuked, "are you not being given the opportunity for detailed psychological observation?" I rapidly looked at her (she was regarding me with that half proud, half rueful attitude in which I had caught her twice before: once when the principal of our high school had publicly presented me with a medal for having written the best essay on "The Value of a High School Education"; the second time when George Ryner, who wrote obituary items for the local newspaper — he was present tonight, carrying on a covert flirtation with my cousin Bernice, a shy young girl of nineteen — had told her that there was unusual literary talent in me and that I was certain to be renowned some day. Without feeling any great love for me, she seemed to experience a wistful regret at the thought of being estranged

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from me by my writing, for she had small sympathy with books. . . . Suddenly I heard her whisper, "Don't you think" — and she had the air of a poor swimmer in an indoor pool who, though aware that the shallowness of the water renders drowning practically impossible, is nevertheless afraid to venture into the deeper sections of the pool — "don't you think", she repeated for the benefit of forgetful readers, "you had better close the parenthesis?") and sighed in martyr-like resignation to my fate.

It was ten o'clock now. Almost with the striking of the hour came a long confident ring at the bell, and we all rose relievedly, knowing it to be the indomitable Aunt Jennie, who would come late even at the cost of great trouble to herself and who had never been known to arrive earlier than three hours after the stated time. Just as we were walking in to dine, I clutched my mother's arm. "I shall never", I said fiercely, "get all of these memories into a single volume."

She smiled with indulgent sweetness. "Write a dozen, darling", she murmured fondly.

EMILY DICKINSON

By Leonora Speyer

A BEE flew past Saint Peter,
Who stared to hear its drone;
Who gazed with mild severity
At the small wings' temerity
Zigzagging round the Throne.
A bee in highest Heaven!

But ah, that evening's leaven,
With honey thick bespread,
And tasting far the sweeter,
The greedy cherubs said,
With sticky fingers snatching,
Much as on earth they do;
(As did the Babe Jesu,
And His grave Mother watching.)

A bee flew into Heaven.
Holding his keys, Saint Peter
Stood wondering as it flew.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MINORITY RULES

By Edward L. Bernays

THOMAS JEFFERSON said that the world was made, not for Cæsar, but for the common man. The contemporary common man, however, shows no sign of giving three whoops in East New York whether it was made for him or not. Cæsar leads him along by the nose.

Universal literacy was supposed to educate the common mortal into control of his environment. Once he could read and write he would have a mind fit to rule. So ran the democratic doctrine. But instead of a mind, universal literacy has given him a rubber stamp, a rubber stamp inked with advertising slogans, with editorials, with published scientific data, with the trivialities of the tabloids and the profundities of history, but quite innocent of original thought. Each man's rubber stamp is the twin of millions of others, so that when these millions are exposed to the same stimuli, all receive identical imprints. It may seem a wild exaggeration to say that the American public gets most of its ideas in this wholesale fashion. But to say so is merely to state a fact that is as real as it is unrecognized.

The mechanism by which it is done is propaganda—propaganda, that is, in its broad sense of an organized effort to spread a particular belief or opinion. The extent to which it shapes the progress of affairs about us comes as a surprise even to well informed persons. Nevertheless, it is only necessary to look under the surface of newspaper headlines for a hint as to its authority over public opinion. Page one of the New York "Times" on the day these paragraphs are written contains eight important news stories. Four of them, or one half, are propaganda. The casual reader accepts them as accounts of spontaneous happenings. But are they? Here are the headlines which announce them: "Twelve nations warn China real reform must come before they give relief", "Pritchett reports Zionism will fail", "Realty men demand a transit inquiry", and "Our living standard highest in history, says Hoover report".

Take them in order: The article on China explains the joint report of the Commission on Extra-territoriality in China, presenting an exposition of the Powers' stand in the Chinese muddle. What it says is less important than what it is. It was "made public by the State Department today" with the purpose of presenting to the American public a pleasant picture of the State Department's position. Its source gives it authority, and since opposing points of view—of which there are many in China—are with one exception absent, the American public tends to accept and support the State Department view.

The report of Dr. Pritchett, a trustee of the Carnegie Foundation for International Peace, throws cold water on Zionism. It is an attempt to find the facts about this Jewish colony in the midst of an Arab world which is, to put it gently, restless. When Dr. Pritchett's survey convinced him that in the long run Zionism would "bring more bitterness and more unhappiness

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

both for the Jew and for the Arab", this point of view was broadcast with all the authority of the Carnegie Foundation, so that the public would hear and believe. The statement by the president of the Real Estate Board of New York, and Secretary Hoover's report, are similar attempts to influence the public toward a definite opinion. One presents a studiedly doleful picture of New York's transit troubles, and the other a rosy one of prosperity under President Coolidge.

If it is objected that these four specimens are not propaganda, that objection rests on a false notion of what propaganda really is, and an ignorance of the depths to which it has penetrated into public affairs. Thanks to the war, we have an idea that propaganda is the effort of some reprehensible person to poison our minds with lies. But propaganda is something far more subtle, more intensely powerful, and more vital than the mere spread of misinformation. The most effective propaganda, indeed, is that which enlarges and presents the truth so that an indifferent public will understand it and accept it.

A single news story like those mentioned above seems unimportant by itself. But the events those articles describe, the like of which can be found on any first page in the country, bear the same relation to the science of propaganda that a single railroad tie bears to the entire stretch of track from New York to San Francisco. Modern propaganda is a consistent, enduring policy of creating or shaping events to influence the relations of the public to a given enterprise. Perhaps "public relations" is a more accurate term than propaganda.

It cannot be too sharply emphasized that this practice of creating circumstances and of stamping a desired picture into the minds of millions of persons is far more common than the stampees realize. Virtually no important undertaking is now being carried on without it, whether that enterprise be launching a book, building a cathedral, endowing a university, marketing a moving picture, floating a large bond issue, or electing a president. Sometimes the desired effect on the public is engineered by the professional counsel on public relations, and sometimes it is attempted by an amateur, whose work is usually less efficient. The important thing is that it is universal and continuous; it is regimenting the mind of the public every bit as much as the War Department regiments the bodies of its soldiers.

The amazing readiness with which large masses accept this process is probably accounted for by the fact that no attempt is made to convince them that black is white. Instead, their preconceived hazy ideas that a certain gray is almost black or almost white are brought into sharper focus. Their prejudices, notions, and convictions are used as a starting point, with the result that they are drawn by a thread into passionate adherence to a given mental picture. It was only necessary for the Scopes trial to dramatize the battle between science and an old theology for the embattled mountaineers of Tennessee to shut tightly whatever openings were left in their minds. They became proof against the scientific wickedness that sought to corrupt the state from the outside, and one and all resisted the "new" doctrine with a unity and doggedness that brings to mind the word "phalanx" — though a phalanx is not a unit large enough nor powerful enough to describe the vastness and toughness of the group mind when united about a single idea.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So vast are the numbers of minds which can be regimented, and so tenacious are they when regimented, that a group at times offers an irresistible pressure before which legislators, editors, and teachers are helpless. The group will cling to its stereotype, as Walter Lippmann calls it, making of those supposedly powerful beings, the leaders of public opinion, mere bits of driftwood in the surf. When an Imperial Wizard, sensing what is perhaps hunger for an ideal, offers the common man a picture of a nation all Nordic and nationalistic, the common man grasps the picture which fits so neatly on his prejudices, and makes it his own. He buys the sheet and pillowcase costume, and bands with his fellows by the thousand into a huge machine powerful enough to swing state elections and to throw a ponderous monkey wrench into a national convention.

All propaganda is not evil. There is good and bad propaganda, just as there are good and bad politicians, or books, or peanuts. It must be remembered that the word "propaganda" had its origin in an endeavor to spread nothing more reprehensible than Christianity. It came into general use long after it was first applied to the commission of cardinals charged with management of Roman Catholic foreign missions.

While some of the descendants of these original propagandists may have sold themselves to the devil, many have remained righteous. Given our present social organization, approval of the public is essential to any large undertaking. Hence any laudable movement is lost unless it impresses itself on the public mind. Charity, as well as business and politics and literature, for that matter, has had to adopt propaganda, for the public must be regimented into giving money just as it must be regimented into fighting a war. The Near East Relief, the United Jewish Charities, the Federation of Charities in New York, and all the rest have to work on public opinion just as though they had pieces of Ivory soap to sell. We are proud of our decreasing tuberculosis rate — but that too is the work of propaganda.

The fact remains that, good or evil, propaganda is always with us. In fact, its use is growing as more and more its efficiency in gaining public support is recognized. One professor in Columbia University is so convinced of its efficacy that he assures his students that if martial propaganda were administered skilfully to the United States for only three weeks, the temperature of the entire country would be raised to the point at which it would willingly go to war, flags waving and orators orating.

Even if this professor is unduly pessimistic — and that remains to be proved — his opinion reflects a tendency that is undoubtedly real. Propaganda does exist on all sides of us, and it does change our mental pictures of the world.

If this means anything at all, it means that anyone with enough money, or enough influence, can lead the public where he will, at least for a given time and a given purpose. Where then does this state of affairs leave the common man for whom the world was made?

In the first place, it is clear that society is returning to its historical balance — if indeed it ever left it. Formerly kings were the leaders. They laid out the course of history by the simple process of doing what they wanted. And if nowadays the successors of the kings, those whose wealth or intelligence gives them power, can no longer do what they want without

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the approval of the masses, they find in propaganda a tool which is increasingly powerful in gaining that approval. Propaganda is here to stay.

In the second place, since propaganda is not necessarily evil, it is only the misuse of propaganda that is to be feared. But there is an automatic check on the misuse of propaganda — its limited power. Propaganda cannot be really successful in regimenting the public unless it sticks to the truth. If it strays into untruth, the course of events will show it up, and its power will end. If on the other hand it seeks only to magnify a truth of which the public is unaware, and subsequent happenings show it to be the truth (as the decrease in deaths from tuberculosis has done), it will find its strength reenforced and its support more enthusiastic.

It makes no difference, then, if the tabloids with muck and murder, and the advertisers with their slogans, standardize the minds of the millions. What matters is that the independent minority must realize what is going on, and that that smaller mass which is capable of thinking for itself must be unified, propagandized, and standardized into independence. The common man is content to let his affairs be run for him; let the intelligent see to it that they do the running.

If we seek a commercial sample of this process of regimenting the group mind, there is an enlightening one which took place in 1925. For several seasons the cloche hat, the small, simple felt with little or no trimming, had been the only woman's hat in style. The effect was to run the American millinery business dangerously near the rocks. Dealers in ribbons, flowers, feathers, hair braids, and similar gadgets used on the gayer headgear were in despair; several firms failed and others ran at a loss. The trade called in a public relations counsel, who improved on what his predecessor of only ten years before would have done, by ignoring local publicity stunts for an attack on the source of the trouble.

He sent abroad to get from the leading milliners of Paris photographs of the many styles of broader, decorated hats being made there, and then used the spring exhibit of the Eastern Millinery Association to launch large, trimmed hats as very much the thing to wear. Having secured his hats, he turned to his public, the hat using women. A committee of artists and art critics was appointed to select the fifteen most beautiful women available, young women not only good to look at but able to wear the new wide hats with a flair. Finally, a committee of society women was chosen to pick the most beautiful hats as worn by the young women. From these sources the public took its cue. It saw that the subtle winds which blow the chance of fashion were turned toward large, trimmed hats — and it wore them by the thousand.

It is certain that these thousands of women were unaware that they had literally been made to enlist in the large-hat regiment. They thought they were obeying the whims of an unintentional Dame Fashion, instead of an intentional one. Through the substitution of a directed for a haphazard fashion, an entire industry was saved from ruin.

The success of the various books loosely classed in the Outline category, offers a case, showing how the minority point of view is more broadly appealing than it hoped to be. H. G. Wells's "Outline of History" created such a storm of interest because of its new and controversial treatment of history that it reached a far wider public than

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a history ordinarily would have. Other sagacious publishers and authors realized that they could capitalize on the stereotype of an Outline book created by the first one. The public was ready to accept histories, biographies, scientific works, written with the human interpretation Wells had made acceptable. And we find today that serious works in these fields have encroached on the territory of fiction's best sellers — an "Outline of Literature," an "Outline of Science", "The Story of Mankind", "The Story of Philosophy", the "Microbe Hunters".

In biography, the recent enormous popularity has been due to the propagandizing effect of Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria". Another interesting literary example is the minority movement of psychoanalysis, which, starting with a small group of half a dozen scientists in Vienna, widened its influence in larger and ever larger circles until today the psychological novel, biography, and history all have responded to its impulse.

The cross word puzzle books are an example of a minority idea capturing the public mind. While the social and educational implications may not be so far reaching as in the case of the Outline, who can gainsay the advantages of adding "ibex" and "emu" to the vocabulary?

A startling illustration of this propagandizing influence is the growing number of people subjected to a new point of view in their magazines, as a result of the "American Mercury" success. This magazine, starting with a circulation of 15,500 in January, 1924, reached a circulation of 105,000 in December, 1926. Such continued growth proved to the editors of other quality magazines that its policy of militant truth appealed to a large discriminating public. Whereupon they in a sense modified their point of view to correspond with "The Mercury", subjecting a larger public than originally anticipated to this new point of view.

Even contemporary art has been presented to the United States with the technique of propaganda. Fifteen years ago this country cared even less for modern art than it does now, but a small interested group decided to change that. Walter Pach, together with several other artists, hired a hall — the Seventh Regiment Armory — and filled it with modern pictures. Through sheer force of numbers the artists sought to convince the public that there were modern pictures as well as old masters, and that these modern ones amounted to something. The same definite, psychologically correct effort must be made if anything smacking of the highbrow is to be presented to the public. Mr. Woodward's biography of George Washington, differing as it does from the schoolbook story about the hero with the cherry tree, does not take with the country at large. Let it be attacked, however, by some clergyman, or some angry Daughter of the Revolution, and the public becomes aroused. A fight always holds its interest. And once the public is interested, the truth can be presented to it. The more there are interested, the better, for the force of numbers tends to be an enlarging snowball. Once it is known that "The Story of Philosophy" is a best seller, it becomes a still better seller.

We can best explain, perhaps, by glancing backward over the last century or two. In the good old days when kings were kings, Louis XIV made his modest remark, "*L'état, c'est moi.*" He was about right. Within certain limits, whatever the State of France did was what Louis XIV

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wanted to do, for the State of France and Louis XIV were pretty much one and the same. So much so, indeed, that the nearest approach to state buildings were the royal châteaux.

But times have changed. The steam engine, the multiple press, and the public school, that trio of the industrial revolution, have taken the power away from kings and given it to the people. The doctrine that the king, the state, and the earthly voice of God were identical gave way to the doctrine that the voice of the people was the voice of God. Whatever the truth of this belief — which becomes increasingly unpopular with the doctors of political philosophy — the people actually gained power which the king lost. For economic power tends to draw after it political power; and the history of the industrial revolution shows how that power passed from the king to the bourgeoisie, and in smaller measure to the proletariat. Universal suffrage and universal schooling reenforced this tendency, and at last even the bourgeois stood in fear of the mob. For it promised to become king.

In this century, however, a reaction has set in. The minority has discovered a powerful help in retaining control of the mob — the mob, that is, not so much in the economic as in the mental sense, though the two often overlap. It has been found possible so to color the mind of the mob that it will throw its newly gained strength in the desired direction. Given the present structure of society, this practice is inevitable. Whatever of social importance is done today, whether in politics, finance, manufacture, agriculture, charity, education, or anything else, must be done with the help of propaganda.

But if it is really so easy to stain the public mind to a desired tint, is the prospect cheerless? We do not believe it is. Small groups of persons can, and do, make the rest of us think what they please about a given subject. But there are always opponents and proponents of every propaganda, both of whom are equally eager to convince the majority. So that the majority in reality has its choice of action for every subject. Propaganda is not always so correct as it is effective. But the minority which uses this power is increasingly intelligent, and works more and more on behalf of ideas that are socially constructive. Intelligent people are recognizing the difficulty of convincing the public of facts that are against its own interests.

In the active proselytizing minorities in whom personal and public interests necessarily coincide lie the progress and development of America. Only through the active energy of the intelligent few can the public at large become aware of and act upon new ideas, usually good, occasionally bad.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW SEASON IN FICTION

By Isabel Paterson

ALTHOUGH the vigorous and slightly embittered impulse toward satiric realism which has dominated postwar fiction is by no means exhausted, a tentative survey of the first novels of 1927 seems to discover that other points of view are beginning to attract the novelists. The list of current and forthcoming novels is extraordinarily varied; it includes a little of everything: sentiment, romance, smart sophistication, æsthetic detachment, old fashioned melodrama, impressionism and expressionism, cinematographic effects, rustic simplicity, savage irony, exotic fantasies, drab sociological studies, historical and "problem" novels, and a vast quantity of acceptably contrived stories of the type designated "the literature of escape", intended to entertain without calling for any intellectual exertion on the part of the reader. There doesn't seem to be any main current or tendency. And there is no obvious, phenomenal "best seller" in sight, nothing that promises to create a sensation. But until all the returns are in, there is always a chance.

Sinclair Lewis's "Elmer Gantry" may prove to be the big event, of course. The theme and treatment, as announced, leave the matter open for speculation. It is a vitriolic exposure of the psychology and methods of a modern Tartuffe, an evangelist of the blatant, self advertising species, aware of his own hypocrisy. Nobody can portray a "type" better than Sinclair Lewis; his astonishing gift of caricature, which never slips over the line into burlesque unintentionally, has been amply demonstrated. The book is said to be brutally clever, and it is bound to provoke much critical discussion. It is a long novel, crammed with episodes and characters. And it might be supposed that a novel dealing with the universal question of religion cannot fail to find a multitude of readers. But the highly popular religious books of the past have been serious, pious to the verge of smugness. "Tartuffe" was suppressed in its time; "The Damnation of Theron Ware", though brilliant and vital enough to have survived its day, was not exactly popular in the large sense. "Elmer Gantry" may be; but if so, it must break all precedents. Anyhow, it seems to be the one designedly "devastating" novel of this spring.

Anne Parrish's "Tomorrow Morning" is a realistic presentation of obscure, frustrated lives; but it is sympathetic to the verge of sentimentality. An Australian story, "Working Bullocks", by Katharine Susannah Prichard, is said to be in the same genre as Ellen Glasgow's "Barren Ground", though the scene is set in the Antipodean backwoods. Mary Badger Wilson's "The Painted City", described as "drypoints of Washington life", is more like an acid etching of the narrow lives of petty office holders in Washington.

May Sinclair, who has always regarded modern life through the rose colored spectacles of a romantic, in that she sees her characters as governed by their own personal emotions rather

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than by any sociological compulsions, has created another temperamental English family in "The Allinghams". It is concerned with the adolescent years of six brothers and sisters. In her recent novels she has carried artistic economy to the point of asceticism, but she is always capable of surprises.

After "Lolly Willowes", one may be certain that Sylvia Townsend Warner's work will not fail of elegance, sly humor, and curious erudition, in spite of the uninviting title of her second novel: "Mr. Fortune's Maggot". The central character is a South Sea missionary, whose lifework was crowned by the conversion of a solitary heathen! The spiritual awakening of a man of forty is the theme of Alice Brown's "Dear Old Templeton". It sounds a little like Zona Gale's "Preface to a Life" — but a theme is only a point of departure for a novelist.

It doesn't matter what a book by James Stephens is "about"; the elfin gaiety and quaint wisdom of his unique genius transforms whatever he touches. His "Etched in Moonlight" is listed as a collection of short stories or sketches.

"From Man to Man" (or "Perhaps Only"), a posthumous work by Olive Schreiner, is an unfinished and decidedly "dated" novel of the nineties, in which a wronged wife and a ruined girl are the principal exhibits. Olive Schreiner's feminism was old fashioned and melodramatic even from a contemporary standpoint; yet there is a compelling quality in her undisciplined ardor.

For the first time in I don't know how many years, G. K. Chesterton offers a full length novel, "The Return of Don Quixote". Naturally, the hero is a champion of the author's own peculiar theories of Catholic mediævalism. Gertrude Atherton has gone back a couple of thousand years in history to find an extremely modern heroine for "The Immortal Marriage", which is based on the love story of Aspasia and Pericles. Francis Brett Young tells the story of one woman's life in two volumes, and calls it "Love is Enough". All his work is characterized by a restrained romanticism.

In "The Old Countess" Anne Douglas Sedgwick transports a young Englishman and his bride to France, and involves their destinies with that of a sophisticated "little French girl". David Garnett is more whimsical in his choice of Paris as the ultimate goal of an English clergyman's daughter, whose flight from the stagnant peace of her father's rectory furnishes the story and title of "Go She Must". This is a very short novel, which produces the strange effect of a highly dramatic episode witnessed from a distance, through some chill crystalline medium.

Virginia Woolf works out the complex relations of an oddly assorted English family living in the Hebrides, in "To the Lighthouse". Her last novel, "Mrs. Dalloway", was a rarely delicate and subtle psychological study; nobody who read it will be likely to overlook its successor. It may very well be among the best sellers.

Though "The Happy Tree" is Rosalind Murray's first novel (so far as I know), its pensive charm may be a passport to popularity. It is the story of a woman of forty, for whom love and youth and joy were banished from the world by the war. "Mr. Gilhooley", by Liam O'Flaherty, is a robust, sardonic tragedy of derelict souls in the slums of Dublin.

A new novel by Edith Wharton, "Twilight Sleep", is announced tentatively; perhaps it will not appear until autumn. It is described as a tale of new New York, concerned with the children of the triumphant outlanders

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who captured society, by the power of their wealth, a generation ago. Booth Tarkington, in "The Plutocrat", is not quite successful in his apotheosis of the new-rich middle westerner of today, whom Tarkington compares to the imperial Roman overrunning the effete civilizations of Europe in a mood of exuberant good nature.

An unusually large number of important foreign novels are scheduled for spring publication. Joseph Delteil treats the Great War as if it were a mediæval legend, in "The Poilus". Sigrid Undset's epic trilogy of fourteenth century Norway is brought to a conclusion in "The Cross". André Maurois has an extensive study of the French bourgeoisie, entitled "Bernard Quesnay". The gradual rise to wealth of a Russian peasant family turned merchants, and their subsequent disintegration through luxury, is the subject of Maxim Gorky's "Decadence", which covers the last thirty years before the Great War. Jacob Wassermann goes back to the dark and dreadful period of the Thirty Years War in Germany for a background to "The Triumph of Youth". University and political life in Germany fifty years ago supplies the material for "The Mad Professor" by Hermann Sudermann. Blasco Ibáñez evokes from the dusty files of history an extraordinary figure, Pedro de Luna, in "The Pope of the Sea".

With "Mother and Son", Romain Rolland continues the story of a French feminist who chose to bear an illegitimate child rather than marry the lover who had been unfaithful to her. "Bella", by Jean Giraudoux, is a *roman à clef*, based on the rivalry of two important French families in politics and industry. "Ariane", by Claude Anet, is a study of a highly temperamental Russian girl in Paris.

A mystical pessimism is the keynote of "The Magic Mountain" by Thomas Mann, which surveys the world of today through the mind of a young German scientist exiled by ill health to a Swiss sanatorium. Klabund, in "Brackie the Fool", also holds the mirror up to mankind, in the hands of a symbolical, inspired zany. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice", by Hanns Heinz Ewers, is a sardonic study of religious hysteria in an Italian village. Knut Hamsun's "Mysteries" is also a picture of a village turned upside down by the advent of an uncanny stranger. Arthur Schnitzler has written a "dream satire" which he calls "Rhapsody". "Uncle Angel", by Panait Istrati, is labeled the story of "an apostate Job". And there is the difficult case of a noble family living on an island in the Danube where Hungary, Servia, and Roumania meet, which is called "Denied a Country".

Pauline Smith's "The Beadle", though it is a novel of South Africa, brings to mind the strong simplicity of Knut Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil". Or it might be compared to "Tess of the D'Urbervilles", since the heroine is a girl betrayed by her own innocence; but Andrina is saved in the end by her sweet integrity. The primitive existence of a community of back veldt Boers, who have preserved the traditions and customs of the pre-industrial civilization of the old country almost intact, is depicted with sympathy and apparently effortless skill.

"The Giant of Oldborne", by John Owen, is the pathetic story of a circus freak unhappily endowed with a sensitive and affectionate nature. The homely wisdom and strength of an American farmer's wife supplies the subject of "Jen Culliton", by Nelia Gardner White.

For contrast, there is a representa-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive group of the consciously sophisticated novelists, led by Michael Arlen. His "Young Men in Love" includes in its characters a Kansas girl, "queen of the London stage", and an English patrician beauty; which accounts for the title. There is also a great financier, and various "golden lads" and smart dowagers. It is just the sort of thing Michael Arlen can do, and nobody else, for if others could they would.

Beverley Nichols, who published his reminiscences last year, he being then twenty five, also takes his hero for a tour of Mayfair, in "Crazy Pavements", which ought to be a pleasant champagne cocktail in fiction form, to judge by his previous performance. And "The Hoop", by J. C. Snaith, follows the fortunes of a prima donna who rose from the London slums to the boards of Covent Garden. "Latterday Symphony", by Romer Wilson, is a very queer little novel of two hopeless lovers sighing in vain after an unresponsive lady of the highest fashion. Lois Montross laughs at the artistic attitudes of Greenwich Village, in "The Talk of the Town", by bringing a lady elocutionist from Illinois to the Village in search of recognition for her special form of self expression.

As a promoter of innocent merriment, P. G. Wodehouse is unequaled. He has a novel called "The Small Bachelor". His name is a sufficient guarantee; and besides, nobody can describe a Wodehouse novel. He has an uncanny knack of exposing human nature in its moments of lofty and unpremeditated idiocy, which reduces me to tears of solemn joy. Perhaps George A. Birmingham surpassed Wodehouse in his best novels ("Spanish Gold", "Lalage's Lovers", and "General John Regan"). Though "The Smuggler's Cave" is not Birmingham's best, it has its high moments. Magdalen Hall-King (Cleone Knox, of "The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion") has written a lighthearted spoof on the stodgy, standard British autobiography, in "I Think I Remember". In American, Ethel Kelley writes of the comedy ensuing from the marriage of an heiress with her chauffeur, and calls it "Home, James".

Burton Rascoe's "Gustibus", which is positively promised for this spring, gives the lowdown on what a young man thinks about. Mostly, it's a girl, but art, literature, philosophy, money, and such lesser affairs intrude; the underlying idea is behaviorism on the higher levels of action. "On Such a Night", by Babette Deutsch, dramatizes the reactions and interactions of contrasting personalities at a house party.

"The Marionette", by Edwin Muir, shows the development of a boy's imaginative faculty. In "Little Pitchers", by Isa Glenn, a rather cheap marital tragedy is revealed through a small boy's half comprehending perception of it. I don't know what "One Crystal and a Mother", by Ellen Du Pois Taylor, means, but Ford Madox Ford commends it. Ludwig Lewisohn, in "Roman Summer", takes a middle westerner abroad in search of self realization. A woman's slow emancipation from the cramping influence of her Puritan ancestry is traced by George F. Hummel in "Evelyn Grainger".

"Passing the Love of Women", by Joseph White, is a tale of two brothers bound together by the weakness of one and the strength of the other. "Your Cuckoo Sings by Kind", by Valentine Dobree, depicts the unfolding of a girl's soul at the awkward age. Edna Bryner traces the adjustments of family life, in "Andy Brandt's Ark", from a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

decidedly original approach; she takes a woman back, after fifteen years of absence, to rediscover her parents and brothers and sisters as quite different individuals from the persons they had been during her childhood. And in "The Admiral and Others" Peggy Temple, herself a girl of twelve, gives her impressions of the adult world. "Shule Agra", by Kathleen Coyle, works out the problem of a rich and cultured Irish lady who married a mechanic.

The younger generation isn't ready to retire yet. Philip Gibbs covers the general strike and other English domestic difficulties in "Young Anarchy". "Pilgrims", by Ethel Mannin, concerns a young man in search of beauty in this materialistic age. "These Frantic Years", by James Warner Bellah, sends a young man from New York to Paris and the Riviera, presumably on a like errand. "The Longest Shadow", by Jeffery E. Jeffery, is a rather jumbled tale of a liberal English youth born into a Conservative English family and escaping from it after a prolonged struggle.

"Enter, a Messenger", by Richard Blaker, is described as a love story. Blaker's two previous novels gave great promise. Their special quality is hard to define; he has an unusual insight for human motives, a kindly sense of irony, not enforced but deduced from the way things do really happen. He is a realist who knows that emotions are also real. When he finds himself fully — that is to say, develops his special technique, as Virginia Woolf has done — I expect a really notable novel from him. "Enter, a Messenger" may be that.

Other novels which I take to be love stories are "Midsummer Music", by Stephen Graham; "Rogues and Vagabonds", by Compton Mackenzie; "Mary was Love", by Guy Fletcher; "Clad in Purple Mist", by Catherine Dodd (author of "The Farthing Spinster"); "The Goose-feather Bed", by E. Temple Thurston; "The Proper Place", by O. Douglas; "Shadows Waiting", by Eleanor Carroll Chilton; "Laurel and Straw", by James Saxon Childers; "Dream's End", by Thorne Smith; "Daphne Adeane", by Maurice Baring; "Young Malcolm", by George Blake; "The Delectable Mountains", by Struthers Burt; "Doomsday", by Warwick Deeping; "A Shadowy Third", by Elizabeth Napier; and Christopher Ward's "Starling", which is the story of a woman, smothered by the atmosphere of great wealth, who escapes to find love.

More specifically preoccupied with family life is "Red Damask" by Emanie Sachs, an analysis of a conscientious and rather self righteous woman. E. F. Benson's "Pharisees and Publicans" is a humorous but unsparing portrait of another narrow and domineering wife who drives her husband to revolt. For myself, I find much enjoyment in these quiet and leisurely dissections of petty souls in which Benson excels. "Pa", by Margaret Ashmun, is a family tragicomedy. "Pressure", by Margaret Culkin Banning, shows the effect of community forces on individuals. "The Pendulum", by Mrs. Burnett Smith, swings against complacent conventionality. "This Day's Madness", by the author of "Miss Tiverton Goes Out", depicts a girl's revolt against family traditions. So does "The Malletts", by E. H. Young.

"The Case of Bevan Yorke", by W. B. Maxwell, will probably be like his other novels, a generous but quite palatable slice of Victorian sentimentality. And it need hardly be explained that Robert Keable's "Lighten Our Darkness" narrates the troubles of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a young man in holy orders seeking a way out. The business woman gets her innings, with "Lions in the Way" by Hughes Mearns and "The Up-Grade" by George Gibbs.

At least seven American historical novels are promised. Thomas Boyd reaches the Civil War, with "Marching On". So does Morris Markey, in "The Band Plays Dixie". "Islanders", by Helen Hull, is of the women who stayed at home in New England when their men went to California in Forty nine. "Sword and Candle", by Sidney Herschel Small, goes with the Spanish expedition of 1781 which resulted in the founding of Los Angeles. "Migrations", by Evelyn Scott, recreates the antebellum south. Edgar Lee Masters's "Kit O'Brien" is a boy who grew up in Lincoln's country in pioneer days. I suspect that the hero of James Marshall's "Ordeal by Glory" may be the late Governor Altgeld, Vachel Lindsay's "eagle forgotten".

"Brother Saul", by Donn Byrne, and "Dawn", by Irving Bacheller, are both romances of the first years of the Christian era. Marie Conway Oemler has taken an episode from John Wesley's sojourn in Georgia as a starting point for "The Holy Lover".

There are two Napoleonic novels: "Glory", by Léonie Aminoff, the seventh volume of an interminable series; and "The Empress Might Have Been", by Octave Aubry, which fictionizes Napoleon's amour with Marie Walewska. Dimitri Merezhkovsky, in "Akhnaton", goes back to ancient Egypt for his story.

Novels of exotic or oriental flavor are not lacking. "The Wreath of Cloud", by Lady Murasaki, continues the amorous and other adventures of that engaging Japanese Don Juan, Prince Genji. "The Son of the Grand Eunuch", by Charles Pettit, recreates the court of the old Empress Dowager of China. "Flower Phantoms", by Ronald Fraser, is pure fantasy. Eden Phillpotts in "The Miniature" has the Olympians observing evolution. "The Honorable Picnic", by Thomas Raucat, and "Lotus of the Dusk", by Dorothy Graham, are stories of the European colonies in China and Japan today. Julia Peterkin's "Black April" is said to be a rather remarkable study of southern Negro life on a plantation; there are no white characters in it. "Lud-in-the-Mist", by Hope Mirrlees, is apparently in the vein of Walter de la Mare, an exploration of a "country of the mind".

There is a sociological flavor to "The Yankee Passional", by Samuel Ornitz, in which three Maine men descend upon the sinful New York of the nineties. "East Side, West Side", by Felix Riesenberg, is a scrambled melodrama of New York now. Martin Mills in "The Aristocrat" offers a "memoir of a social climber". Upton Sinclair paints political graft in "Oil". A British officer in India is the principal figure in "An Indian Day", by Edward Thompson. James Stevens enlists a Kansas Methodist boy in the A. E. F., in "Mattock". John Cournos discusses the incompatibility of art and marriage, in "O'Flaherty the Great". L. M. Hussey's "Odalisque" narrates a series of disastrous disillusionments, experienced and occasioned by a South American girl in Caracas and New York.

For harmless distraction there are always such novels as Kathleen Norris's "The Sea Gull"; Hallie Erminie Rives's "The Magic Man"; Archibald Marshall's "That Island"; Anthony Pryde's "Rowforest"; Berta Ruck's "Her Pirate Partner"; Helen R. Martin's "Sylvia of the Minute"; Owen Johnson's "Children of Divorce";

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stephen McKenna's "The Secretary of State"; E. Phillips Oppenheim's "The Interloper"; Ethel M. Dell's "The Black Knight"; and Richard Connell's "The Mad Lover".

And finally, there are the adventure yarns, which grade rather better than usual: "Pearl Hunger", by Gordon Young; "The City in the Sea", by H. deVere Stacpoole; "Sir Percy Hits Back", by Baroness Orczy; "Corsican Justice", by J. G. Sarasin; "Back of Beyond", by Stewart Edward White; "The Marquis de Bolibar", by Leo Perutz; "Path of the Sun", by R. W. Alexander; "The Drums of Aulone", by Robert W. Chambers; "The Bird of Fire", by Maria Moravsky; "The Tavern Knight", by the indefatigable Rafael Sabatini; "Once in the Saddle", by Eugene Manlove Rhodes; "Sunny Mateel", by H. H. Knibbs; "Saint in Ivory", by Lorine Pruette (the heroine is Saint Genevieve of Paris); "A Blade for Sale", by David Lindsay; "The Schooner California", by H. B. Drake; "Galleons Reach", by H. M. Tomlinson (the first novel by the author of several delightful travel books); "Ulysse and the Sorcerers", by Marius-Ary Leblond; "Horizon", by Robert Carse; "On the King's Couch", by Octave Aubry; "Wreck of the Redwing", by Beatrice Grimshaw, whose South Sea Island stuff is always good; "Ardent Flame", by Frances Winwar (Paolo and Francesca again); "The Dark Fire", by Elinor Mordaunt; "The Lost Adventurer", by Walter Gilkyson; "Moonraker", by F. Tennyson Jesse (the exploits of a female pirate); and Frederick Niven's "Wild Honey", which contains as much truth as fiction, being a recreated memory of tramping through the northwest thirty years ago.

CHIMES

By William Alexander Percy

HER shadows are rimmed with silver,
And there is wild beautiful sunlight in her anger;
Her injustice is some virtue in excess,
And the dapple of dew is on her passion.
Because of her I am like the morning for laughter
And like the morning glory vine for innocence;
Rain washed leaves might fillet my forehead
And a dream could hover there.
Always I seem to be lying
On the green soft meadow of the world
Beneath the blue bell of heaven where the birds hurry,
Repeating lauds and magnificats and glorias:
The blue bell of heaven is pealing,
The blue bells of the morning glory ring out hosannas,
It is Easter morning
And my heart is a steeple with chimes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PAGING JOHN HARVARD

By Ethel Kelley

SCENE. A table for two.
Persons of the Drama. A Semi Precious Novelist. A Man.
Time. Tea time.

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST
(*Pouring*). How many lumps?

THE MAN
Two.

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST
Cream?

THE MAN
Please.

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST
Good of you to come. I don't often send out an S. O. S., but this time I was entirely — entirely —

THE MAN
Nonplussed is the word.

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST
(*Seriously*). Nonplussed. I took on the assignment blithely enough. It seemed simple. The editor of THE BOOKMAN asked me to write a short article on the kind of man I would rather go out to dinner with. A college man — if so, what college?

THE MAN
Harvard, Yale, or what have you?

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST
Well, there is Princeton.

THE MAN
(*Quickly*). No, there isn't.

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST
I've always understood that you had no education whatever.

THE MAN
I've done my best to convey that impression.

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST
I have a nose for the selfmade man.

THE MAN
And eyes. And hair. I beg your pardon. I was just doing my stuff.

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST
Don't apologize. I can always use lines like that. But what the juice am I going to write in this alleged article? Who would I rather go out to dinner with after all? A Harvard man? If so, why?

THE MAN
Why indeed?

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST
A Yale man once broke that fragile toy — my heart.

THE MAN
What has become of our little boy blue since he kissed them and put them there?

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST
But it always seemed to me that his technique was bad — or at least that he was too technical.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MAN

A Harvard man has the art that conceals art?

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST

Has he?

THE MAN

I'm asking you.

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST

I've got to be serious. I thought I'd begin with a paragraph or so about the psychology of America being adolescent psychology —

THE MAN

Why?

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST

I feel so silly trying to answer a questionnaire of that kind. I thought I'd explain that we were a nation of professional adolescents, given to thinking and speaking as adolescents and —

THE MAN

You would.

THE SEMI-PRECIOUS NOVELIST

How shall I get to the Harvard man, then?

THE MAN

Not by wearing your art on your sleeve.

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST

(*Giving him a look calculated to show that she does not even hear him*). I like a man to come out of New England.

THE MAN

(*Muttering*). As long as he comes out!

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST

I might make the point that a Harvard man always tries to conceal his college, and a Yale man to exploit it —

THE MAN

But what has that to do with the way he makes himself agreeable at dinner?

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST

Everything. The type of man whose instinct is to conceal those things that might possibly be used to his advantage is — is —

THE MAN

(*Helpfully*). A psychological snob?

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST

(*Firmly*). A provocative experience.

THE MAN

And why?

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST

He makes for enhancement of a woman's value. He flatters her. Now, if I were going to dine tonight with a Harvard man, I should know I was going to dine with somebody who would make me talk, and make me feel as if my conversation was the most interesting thing in the world.

THE MAN

Why not?

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST

A Yale man would make me feel that his conversation was the most interesting thing in the world.

THE MAN

God forbid!

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST

If I were going to dress for a Harvard man, I should put on the most well bred clothes I own.

THE MAN

(*Appraising her costume*). Gun metal stockings — a cloudy little hat, with a tawny wing —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST
(*Flattered, but trying not to show it*). I should dress to challenge a Yale man — hit him between the eyes with a flash of crimson — a glimpse of gold —

THE MAN
Tell me, do women really rouge their knees?

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST
Yes and no — That's another point I can make. A Harvard man can be audacious without offense.

THE MAN
That academic detachment.

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST
A Harvard man is the only man that really has it. He can tell any woman *any* story without making her feel she ought to stop him.

THE MAN
I know a story.

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST
Tell it to me.

THE MAN
Later.

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST
Of course, in the mere matter of ordering a dinner, a Harvard man is the only connoisseur in America.

THE MAN
What would he order?

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST
It would depend on the woman. An artist gauges the dinner by the person who shares it. Shall we let them take away the tea things? I suppose they want to set the tables up for dinner.

THE MAN
First, cocktails?

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST
Cocktails. Those cream of something cocktails.

THE MAN
(*To the waiter*). Crème de Cocoa — rather dry.

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST
Then perhaps oysters cooked in the shell, with a bit of spinach.

THE MAN
Soup?

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST
No. Then mushrooms *sous cloche*. Squab with green peas.

THE MAN
(*To the waiter*). Do you understand? (*To the Semi Precious Novelist*). Filet Mignon?

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST
Perhaps. And a green salad — mixed green — with parsley, and dressing made on the table. All Harvard men can make salad dressing.

THE MAN
(*To the waiter*). Tarragon vinegar — and bring a fresh cut lemon and a clove of garlic. We'll choose our ices later. We may want a savory instead.

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST
When deferred to, you'd order what a Harvard man expected you to, and what a Yale man didn't expect you to. That is, if you were trying to please.

THE MAN
You'd try to please a Harvard man.

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST
It would be my instinct.

THE MAN
But you'd expect him to know when

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you were expressing a preferred taste and when you were living up to an ideal.

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST
Exactly. That is what would prove him. A spurious Harvard man would stand or fall at just that point.

THE MAN
(*Beckoning to the waiter*). Change that order. Sea-tag oysters, plain. A Porterhouse steak, rare — string beans, baked potatoes — large coffee, with —

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST
Of course, all that education can do is to give you the finest use of your natural advantages. If I merely say that Harvard best develops a man's sensitivity and social consciousness —

THE MAN
I'll say, Thank you.

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST
(*Great light breaking upon her*). You aren't — you can't be — you never told me —

THE MAN
You told yourself. Drink your nauseous cocktail, my dear. After all, there is only one college that would produce a man capable of ordering it for you —

THE SEMI PRECIOUS NOVELIST
Paging John Harvard.

BIRTHDAY SONG

By Dorothy Sohm Metz

BRING me a gown
Of gold and red,
And the sun
To deck my dead.
Fold the hands
Of my smiling year,
Flushed with rose,
On her willow bier.

Sweet, sweet
Were her lips to me.
Sweeter still
Will her sister's be.

Pole the barge
Ere she be cold.
I may remember,
Growing old.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JEREMY AT CRALE

His Friends, His Ambitions, and His One Great Enemy

By Hugh Walpole

PART V

ALTHOUGH the Crale team received a fine uproar of welcome, it was nothing to the shout that greeted the Raddan heroes. The whole school was there behind the ropes from the oldest to the youngest. Some of them were very young indeed, piping and shrill voiced, dancing like little wild animals behind the bars.

Bunt was a touch judge and very important and highly colored. One of the Raddan masters, a young, serious looking man like a baby camel, was referee.

The whistle was blown and the game was started. A roar of "S-c-h-o-o-l" like the shriek of the wind fluttered the air. A moment later a scrum was formed in midfield. It was Jeremy's ball and he was shouting, "Left, Crale. Coming in left, Crale."

But he wasn't happy. Sometimes from the first blow of the whistle a kind of rhythmic content came and suffused him. Everything was going to be perfect time and harmony, like a piece of beautiful music. It was not so today. He was conscious of everything, the long level field, a hill shaped like a monkey beyond it, a cold piercing wind that had risen and now came dancing across the level as though especially to annoy him.

He knew too that it was a bad sign that he should be so unpleasantly aware of the Raddan Scrum Half. There were many different ways of being aware of the opposing Half and Jeremy knew them all. You could look at him and like him, think him a jolly fellow, want to get the better of him but have tea with him afterward. Or you could hate him at sight and with a cold steady enmity determine that he should be defeated. Or he could be a nonentity and not worth your consideration. Or he could be so fine a player and so completely on his game that you knew that it would take, as old Harry Vaughan used to say, "every grit at its grittiest" to get anything out of him. Or, in the first instant, you could discover that he was so bad a player and knew so little of the game that you would be able to experiment (Jeremy's greatest asset *and* greatest danger) to your soul's content.

All these were right ways to think of your opponent — the only wrong one was to funk him without faith or reason, and that was Jeremy's way today.

The Raddan Scrum Half was a thick strong boy with red hair and freckles. He had a very good idea of the game indeed. These were of course the days before the agile Wing Forward made the life of the Halves a devastating danger and an enterprising glory. But it mattered terribly how your Forwards played in front of you, and it was very plain in the first five minutes that the Crale Forwards were neither packing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nor heeling successfully. The Raddan pack got the ball four times out of five, and when the game had gone ten minutes the ball was out and away to the Raddan Three Quarters, who raced down the field with it as though there were no opposition at all, feinted the Crale Fullback, and sent in the Raddan Right Wing for an easy try which was directly afterward converted into a very pretty goal.

Raddan already five points ahead, and oh, the delight behind the ropes, the shrieks and yells and shouts of triumph! The bright red brick of the School itself seemed to catch a ruddier glow!

Jeremy cursed deep in his heart. This was a nice beginning, and, although he had not been to blame, all the team would share in the disgrace. Suppose they returned to Crale that evening defeated by twenty points or more! He had lost (as he always did when the game had lasted a minute or two) all sense of his own individual success or failure. The thing was a machine now and he was a part of it, but it was a rotten machine, creaking in every limb. No harmony, no rhythm, anywhere.

Now, however, Crale played up a little, the Forwards got the ball, and Jeremy had some work to do. He did it without sting or fire but he did realize that Stevens was a marvelous player! He *had* been right then in his instinct. Nothing could alter that now. Stevens was a *player!*

After twenty minutes (the game was half an hour each way) Raddan scored again, a scrambling try that was not converted. Eight points ahead! It was plain for all the world to see that the Crale Three Quarters were of no use at all, a miserable spineless lot. They stood bunched together or, when they did get the ball they passed straight down the field without gaining any ground and then tamely kicked into touch! They fumbled, dropped the ball forward, looked like frightened rabbits. It was lucky indeed that the Raddan Three Quarters were nothing very marvelous. One really first class Raddan Three Quarter and, birds and little fishes, the score they'd have run up!

So halftime came and the Crale team sucked lemons in a dejected backbiting group. It was then that Stevens sought Jeremy.

"That was a good save of yours just now."

Jeremy grunted.

"The Threes are *rotten!*" He spoke with the composure and indifference of a philosophic Brahmin.

"They are", said Jeremy disgustedly.

"Their Threes are rotten too", he went on quietly. "No good at all."

"Yes", agreed Jeremy.

"We'd better do a bit on our own. Play our own game. It's no use passing to the Threes all the time when they can't do anything."

"No", said Jeremy.

And, after the first moment of the second half, he was aware of the difference! The player of Rugby football must, more completely perhaps than the player of any other game, play for the team and not for himself, which is one reason among many another why Rugby football is the finest game in the world. But there always comes a time when the wise player, detecting his team's weakness and strength, must centre all his efforts toward a certain part of the field. And it may be, if the struggle chances for that day to lie in his own quarters, he must concentrate on *that!*

It was so today. Fortunately the Crale Forwards, stung by Bunt's angry

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

indignation, were playing now with some effect and were getting the ball with frequency. Instantly through Jeremy's young body there passed the sacred glow! His thought now was only for Stevens and Stevens's only for him! He was playing with a ferocious coolheadedness that was the mask of his game at its best. He was onto the ball like a dog on a rabbit; his hands were sure and safe, his passes swift as lightning and hard and true. He felt no pains in his body: he was not conscious of his body at all. He was down to every rush, had the ball up from the very feet of the Raddan Forwards, and, over all, had the glorious knowledge that Stevens was always with him, knowing what he would do before he was himself aware of it.

The complexion of the game was changed. The Forwards had been instructed at halftime that, since the Three Quarters were so weak, they were to run the ball themselves — and run it they did.

There came a glorious moment when Jeremy had the ball like an arrow to Stevens and Stevens swerving, feinting, was through the Raddan Forwards and (they were in the Raddan Twenty five) himself was over the line.

He kicked the goal. Five points to eight.

After that Jeremy and Stevens had it all their own way. They did what they liked. Stevens was for the first time on Crale's behalf the inspired genius that Crale afterward was so magnificently to recognize.

Even the Crale Three Quarters, during the final ten minutes of the game, woke up and achieved a run or two. At the blow of the whistle Crale was victor by eighteen points to eight.

The Raddan men were sportsmen. They were disappointed but chivalrous, and they had seen some great halfback play which they would not easily forget.

Bunt, orating his own men as they changed, bathed blissfully in the waters of his own enthusiasm:

Stevens was a revelation to him — yes, a revelation. In all his years at Crale he could not remember a better Stand Off Half. And Jeremy came in for his share: "You're a pair! Wonderful combination. You played like a young tiger that last quarter of an hour, Cole. Yes, upon my soul — never seen anything better." Bunt was at his best now, genuine, self forgetting, fired with the ardor and rigor of the game.

Yes, that was a good hour. The shower, the change, tea in the school hall with speeches and cheers and great enthusiasm; and behind it all the knowledge that the thing had come off, that a combination had been formed that might lead to great deeds, and that his chances for the First were now rich and royal!

But none of this approached the luxurious memory of that last half hour of play. *There* was the purpose and aim of life! That perfect coordination of thought and effort, that current of vigor that swept you forward beyond your own weak volition. Not that he thought of it like this. He only knew that it had been a perfect half hour, never to be lost or forgotten.

Of course Stevens was the hero of the day; but that was pleasant too, because Stevens took it all so decently with such quiet indifference, listening to Bunt patiently but with no elation, drinking his tea, saying but little.

Only once to Jeremy: "Good work if they go on playing us together."

To which Jeremy answered:

"Rather!"

And then climbing into the wagon-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ette again. It was dark, dark with a tumbling silver shadow of stars. The air was cold like a friendly slap in the face, sharp and lovely about your head as the wagonette moved off through the trees and started down the hill.

Oh, yes, Jeremy was happy indeed, and, squashed between Bunt and Merriman, they clattered through the stars. He'd like Uncle Samuel to know that he'd played well. He'd like to have the ball in his hands at this minute, to feel himself snatch it from whirling boots, to feel the rigor of the straight hard sting, to see Stevens catch it with that marvelous precision, one movement of arms and body and legs, the knowing instinctively what to do. . . . Oh, he was a player, that chap Stevens. . . . Jeremy licked his lips over him. Bunt was rambling on over any old thing. How black the hedges as they ran to meet you, smelling of leaves and rain, how faint the light upon the road, how bright the air like coin against your cheek! How squeezed too his body, aching a bit from sundry blows and kicks, between that ass Bunt and Podgy Merriman. He sniffed with his nose like a little dog.

Then someone began to sing:

Mr. John he was a gentleman,
A gentleman, a gentleman,
Mr. John he was a gentleman,
And so say all of us!

He hunted in the morning
When all the cocks were crowing,
He found the fox at evening,
So wise he was and *knowing*.
Mr. John he was a gentleman,
And so say all of us!

So fat he was and cheery,
So red of face and *beery*,
A gentleman at sight!
We hope he'll live forever
And meet disaster never,
And so say all of us!

(And now together!)

Mr. John, he was a gentleman,
A gentleman, a gentleman,
Mr. John he was a gentleman,
And so say all of us!

Jeremy, singing with full throat, marking the time, all unwittingly, on Bunt's stout thigh, thus saluted his perfect hour!

The term was now well on its way, and Jeremy's life was rich and varied. A small boy at a Public School may be said never to think, it being the deliberate purpose of his elders and betters to keep him out of mischief by drugging his brain with physical occupation. But Jeremy was not entirely the ordinary small boy; there was something in him, deep down, lying like a fish at the sandy bottom of a deep pool; and this fish, ever and anon, flapped its tail, opened its mouth to swallow an insect, and in one way and another showed activity.

Moreover, do what he would, he had a questioning mind. He would have preferred to be lazy, to be occupied only by his body, but other things, more uncertain and undefined things, would keep breaking in.

Certain things were, however, definite. One was that the match against Raddan had done him fine profit. In fact, the danger now was that enthusiasm would go too far. People would expect great brilliance — and, after all, the Raddan team had not been difficult to beat. In any case Cole and Stevens were down as the First Halves for the next school match — a game against a local football club.

Oddly, in this matter Jeremy's chief desire was to know whether that fellow Ridley was aware of his success. Here he stayed for no self analysis. He did not ask himself why this boy, to whom he had never spoken, about whom he knew nothing, was more important to him than any other boy in the school. He saw him every morn-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing at Chapel, and that was the only time in the day when he did see him. Ridley sat with the Sixth in the far section near the chief, and Jeremy could see him quite clearly from his own place in the middle of the building.

His further inspection of him confirmed all his first hero worship, but he could not have told you why. It was partly perhaps Ridley's reserve and dignity. He "walked by himself" but he never seemed lonely or conceited. He was austere but not superior. He had assuredly all the virtues that Jeremy himself had not. Although he was slim and pale he seemed strong and athletic, but Jeremy felt a little ashamed of his own enthusiasm for games when he looked at him. Ridley had plainly matters of far greater importance to consider.

Nevertheless, it did not appear that he would patronize you if you spoke to him. As he walked up Chapel with the rest of the Sixth after the remainder of the school were seated, he seemed to Jeremy to have more friendly dignity than any other boy there. He looked "an awfully decent chap" and that was the whole of it.

Jeremy had already set him up in his mind as a judge of right conduct. What would Ridley think of this? What would Ridley think of that? And strange though it may sound, it was nevertheless true that this boy to whom he had never yet spoken was influencing him more strongly, in the queer transition stage through which he was now passing from child to adolescent, than any other — save possibly Uncle Samuel — in all the world.

Another business of disturbing importance was this quarrel with Staire. What a foolish and tiresome matter this had become; and because it was foolish and tiresome, his dislike of Staire was, against his own wishes, aggravated. He did not want to dislike anyone, always for him a waste of time and temper; but he "wasn't going to stand" Staire's irritations, and if Staire wanted a row he should have one.

It was obvious enough that Staire wanted one, or, if not himself, at least his followers. Moreover, this new football success of young Cole's did not exactly delight Staire's heart. It was difficult for any boy as proud and as determined on leadership as was Staire to pass from the prominence of the cricket term to the insignificance of the football one. He hated it that he did not play football well, he who would lead at everything; and because he could not play it he defined it as something rough and rustic and fit only for boors.

He felt himself so superior to Stocky Cole that he could scarcely be said to dislike him, yet it was intensely aggravating that everyone else did not also feel his superiority as a natural and obvious thing. But he was not, at present, at least, as actively concerned in the feud as were his immediate followers, Crumb, Baldock, and the others. And Baldock and the rest he despised quite as thoroughly as he did Cole.

Meanwhile, underground the tide swelled. Every sort of tiny grudge, accident, joke, was drawn into the main current. And the small boys buzzed like flies.

However fervently Jeremy might wish to keep out of it, he could not. Word came to him that Baldock and Crumb were carrying on a fine bullying campaign among the infants. That was not his business; that was the affair of the House Prefects; nevertheless the good work was being carried on both in his name and Staire's, and the day might come when he himself would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be held responsible. Indeed, that day *was* to come. . . .

Altogether, unknown to himself, his dislike of Staire was every day increasing. He began to want "to have it out with him". They never spoke to one another, and it roused all his combative obstinacy when Staire passed him, head in air, scornfully mocking, murmuring to a chosen friend some sarcastic joke. Oddly too Jeremy felt himself, when Staire was there, to be something of that country clodhopper that Staire claimed him to be. Yes, "he'd like to bash the fellow's face in". He would some day.

More profitable than this irritating feud was his increasing friendship with Parlow. He was ashamed, in a way, to take advantage of Parlow's preference; it seemed a sneaky kind of thing to be let off when you ought to be punished; and, without being in the least priggish about it, he hated that Parlow should be unfair simply because he was beginning to like Parlow so much.

After the game at Raddan he came right to the front in Parlow's favor. Parlow was always proud of his Form and it pleased him greatly when any member of it won distinction. But Jeremy was also exactly the kind of boy that he liked, the kind of boy that he understood. He saw very quickly that young Cole had an instinctive care of beautiful things, that, although he was clumsy in self expression, shy of emotion, sensitive to "being different", afraid above all of any "soppiness" or sentimentality, his nature was the artist's whether for good or ill.

One afternoon he read to his class part of Arnold's "Balder Dead", the description of the funeral ship standing out at sea, the lines that begin:

But when the gods and heroes heard they brought
The wood to Balder's ship, and built a pile,
Full the deck's breadth, and lofty; then the corpse
Of Balder on the highest top they laid. . . .

He was himself carried away by the splendid lines and read on, forgetting the boys, lost in his own dreams, living his own secret life. Looking up at last, he saw Jeremy, his mouth open, staring into that other world where his own steps were, at that moment, treading. And he knew in that instant one of the joys that lighten once and again the schoolmaster's pilgrimage. It was characteristic of him that five minutes later he should be raging at Standing, his body trembling with passion, and that wretched boy shaking in front of him.

No boy in the Form grudged Jeremy his luck. Parlow was certain to have his favorites, and it was better that it should be young Cole who played football decently than some rotter who didn't know one end of a game from another. So was character estimated in the Middle Fourth!

The match against the local team took place and the school won with ease. Stevens played brilliantly and was the hero of the occasion; Jeremy did nothing especial and made one rather bad blunder. Stevens was safe for his colors and his rise had been as spectacular as anyone remembered; Jeremy was not only not safe, but in the match against Ulverstone for the succeeding week someone else was chosen instead of him.

The only pleasant thing that came out of this was Stevens's indignation. "They don't know a blessed thing about it", he said to Jeremy. "You and I are made for one another and you know it as well as I; but how are we ever going to settle down unless they play us together a bit? We will make the best school Halves in the kingdom

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a season. It's dead certain. Meanwhile, just because you hadn't a chance of showing off the other day they spoil the whole thing. I can't say anything yet, I'm too new. But you wait."

This was a long speech for Stevens and very agreeable. It was delivered quite impersonally. Jeremy might have been a useful piece of garden produce for any human quality he had for Stevens, but it was all the more sincere and honest for that. Stevens might not have charm, but most certainly he was honest. He never took the trouble to be otherwise.

But this dropping of Jeremy from the team made Jeremy rather reckless. He was not so foolish as to cherish the grudge of the neglected genius, but, supported by Stevens's opinion, he did feel that he had been too hastily dropped, and his wilder Robin Hood personality (so far this term kept under) poked up its green bonneted head. And since Providence is forever on the watch for the critical moment, so now it happened that there arrived a letter from Uncle Percy, and in the letter, marvel of all marvels, was a check for five pounds!

Now the story of Jeremy and his Uncle Percy has been told in another place. It is enough to say here that Uncle Percy was a Colonial uncle, that he had in Jeremy's lifetime paid only one visit to his fond relatives in Polchester, and after that visit (a very memorable one) had returned to his Colonies. Jeremy had not cared for this uncle and had, in consequence of certain unfortunate circumstances, made this plain. He had even refused a tip.

This refusal had, it seemed, rankled in Uncle Percy's heart; and although it was long ago, this letter and this beneficent present were a peace offering. It had all been so long ago, indeed, that Jeremy knew nothing but kind feelings toward his poor uncle; moreover he had, by this time, learned more efficiently the value of money.

This was indeed a wonderful present, and yet not quite so wonderful as it looked, because the check must be taken to Paddy Leeson and four out of the five pounds would be confiscated and added, in minute sums, to the weekly pocket money. But one pound remained — one pound with which Jeremy might do exactly what he pleased.

His natural tendency was always to give away everything that he possessed. He had in fact almost a mania in that direction. This was no virtue in him, but part of his own tendency to be most happy when those around him were jolly. Moreover, possessions checked his sense of freedom. All his life it was to be so.

There was therefore one obvious thing to be done with this pound — namely, to have a feast.

The feasts in those disorderly days at Crale were functions of a great ceremony and an abiding splendor. I fear that in these regenerate times of superior education they have been put down. I can only say that I am extremely sorry. They were in the first place historic, and went back without break for many hundreds of years. In the second place, they fostered the generous instincts in a boy's soul. In the third place, although they were of course against authority, they were also in a kind of way acknowledged and admitted, and so provided a very pretty picture of English Public School traditional morality.

They were dormitory feasts, and they were against authority in that if they were, by bad chance, publicly discovered they were publicly punished. They were acknowledged and admitted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in that the giver of the feast always asked of the Dormitory Prefect permission and sanction, which, if there had not been in that particular dormitory for some long period a feast, was always granted. Then, on the night in question, the Dormitory Prefect, secure in his cubicle, hid his ears under the bedclothes and so slept the sleep of the just and humanitarian philosopher.

Now Jeremy's dormitory had not held a feast for a very long time, those who were wealthy enough not being generous enough and those who were generous enough being, alas, not wealthy enough.

During any other time Jeremy would not have hesitated for a single instant; but now, at this so important moment in his career, he hesitated. About every feast there was always the glorious possibility of a row. Did not that possibility add salt of the finest to the savor of the feast?

Paddy Leeson might take it into his inquiring mind to make on this particular night his particular discovery. One could never tell how that queer thing, a Master's brain, would work. Any public scandal just now and Jeremy was a ruined man. He realized this quite clearly. He discussed the question with Jumbo and, in discussing it, discovered to his surprise that all was not well between Jumbo and himself.

His friendship with Jumbo had pursued always the smoothest courses; that had been one of its most pertinent charms. Jumbo had never known, apparently, what personal claims, personal hurts, personal grievances, meant. He had ever followed where Jeremy's stronger determination led him.

But now, quite suddenly, there was a difference.

Jeremy had begun, as they walked about Coulter's, by explaining his difficulties. Like many a dominating friend he had spoken as though there were but one interesting topic in the world, and that the one in which his companion must be absorbed as was he himself. Then he realized that Jumbo's excitement over the feast question was very slight indeed. Of course Jumbo was not in his dormitory, but surely he could not be so selfish . . .

"What's up?" he asked.

"Nothing. Why?" asked Jumbo, kicking the gravel.

"You're sick about something."

"No I'm not."

"Yes you are."

"I'm not sick." Jumbo raised his odd moonface countenance and plunged on clumsily into the so rarely visited jungle of his feelings: "It's only that you're changed, Stocky. It's this term. Since you've had a Study and played for the First. . . . Oh, you're all right. It would be natural for you to be swanky, but you're not, at least not more than anybody would be. . . . But you don't want me as you did. You don't want me to share in everything, you're getting more important and I'm not. And what's more, I never will be. I'm not the sort of fellow who will ever be important in anything. We don't think the same way about things. Last term you'd have been keen as anything on the rag with Staire. Now you seem to want to get out of it. I'm not the sort of friend you want any more and I'd rather not be with you at all than know all the time I'm not wanted."

Jumbo breathed deeply. This was a tremendous effort for him. He had never in all his life before perhaps made such an effort.

Jeremy was ashamed and confused. He put his arm round Jumbo's neck and protested most earnestly. But in his heart he knew that what Jumbo said was true. It had not occurred to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him until now, but — yes it was true. A number of things — Paddy's talk with him, Parlow's interest in him, this row with Staire in which he found no fun but only irritation, and, above all, his thoughts about Ridley — these things had, without his knowing it, carried him forward. There was something static about Jumbo; he was faithful and true but he was also closed to all development and would always be.

Jeremy was face to face for the first time with that tangled question of loyalty in friendship — loyalty which, because of old times, must be supported; but loyalty too in something from which the heart is gone.

Jumbo was apparently reassured, but, as he went off down the field, Jeremy felt an uneasy and self critical discomfort. Everything was changing, and not by his own wish. Yet, in the change, there was excitement too.

And so, to prove to himself if to nobody else that he was the same Jeremy who loved rags and rows and rebellions, he decided on the feast.

He appointed a committee of supplies, too, in addition to himself.

The broad division of expenditure was as follows:

Potted Meat	5/–
Sardines	5/–
Doughnuts, etc.	3/–
Chocolates, etc.	3/–
Marmalade (Large Pot)	3/6
Biscuits]	3/–
Sausage Rolls	2/–
	£1.4.6

Now the dormitory contained twelve boys, but of these the two new boys were appointed scouts, did not share in the feast but were awarded sweets and biscuits if they did well. Of the remaining ten, two were in the Infirmary with colds. That left eight, and of these eight one, Scholdz, a Jew, was "barred" and would not be invited. Scholdz was "barred" not so much because he was a Jew as that he was a worm, a sneak, a dirty skunk, a "scat"; and he was all these things because in his first term he had gone to Leeson and complained of the bullying. Better for him, as he now very thoroughly knew, had he suffered himself to be crucified in stern silence. And now a year of scorn and ostracism had reduced his soul to a fine state of crawling and subsequent sycophancy.

There were then only seven for the feast — the prospects were good.

The next step was to approach Malleson, the Dormitory Prefect. Malleson, who was a thin, lazy, dreamy boy with a soul sunk in chemistry, was not a difficult subject.

Jeremy met him coming up from Chapel. "I say Malleson — "

"Yes?"

"We want to have a feast on Saturday night. Can we?"

"No you can't."

"Oh I say — "

"What were you saying?"

Jeremy began patiently again:

"We want to have a feast on Saturday night. Can we?"

"Oh, a feast . . . " Malleson stopped, gazing dreamily across the fields. "What do you want a feast for?"

"My uncle sent me some money. We haven't had one for ever so long."

"Haven't you? . . . Oh well, I suppose if you want to make pigs of yourselves . . . "

That was enough. Rumbling out, "Oh, thanks awfully", Jeremy ran off. It was risky with a chap like Malleson. He would be sure to forget and suddenly appear in the middle of it and ask what all the row was about. No matter, Jeremy would remind him again.

Each member of the committee would buy a third of the provisions;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that no suspicions might be aroused in the minds of the authorities. They were not purchased until the afternoon of the day.

One detail remained. It was the tradition that at the feast there should be a story teller who, as in the palaces of Arabian potentates, should narrate thrilling events while the sardines, marmalade, and sausage rolls were enthusiastically enjoyed. The story teller's job was no light one, because he was compelled to be thrilling in a whisper. Compelled also to continue until everyone present was satiated. Often a new boy was chosen for this, but new boys, shivering with cold and nervous fears, were poor story tellers. Jeremy had a brilliant notion. He would see whether Marlowe — who, being a writer of romances, must *ipso facto* be also a narrator of them — would not honor them.

It was a delicate matter, because Marlowe belonged to another dormitory and any boy caught out of his own dormitory was punished terribly. But Marlowe's author's vanity was, as Jeremy knew, his weakness. Jeremy approached him with great tact. He spoke of Marlowe's genius, the necessity that it should be more widely known, and the especial quality of the sardines and the doughnuts.

Marlowe, who was greedy as well as vain, succumbed.

They went to bed on Saturday night, their nightshirts over their shirts and trousers. Long after Malleson (who had been properly reminded by Jeremy) had gone his rounds and all the House were sleeping, Marlowe, a shivering figure, appeared like a ghost at Jeremy's bed. Without a word, without a sound, the seven uprose, the Dormouse and the other new boy were dispatched by signs to the door to be on guard, and then — happiness beyond happiness — on Jeremy's bed were spread the already open tins of glistening oily sardines snuggled close together waiting their willing sacrifice; the great white pot of amber colored, smooth faced marmalade; the sausage rolls so coyly hiding their fragments of fragrance bearing sausage; the biscuits on a plate, the ones with pink sugar atop; the doughnuts, so soft and yielding to the touch, so amiable in shape, so deceptive in content; and last and worthiest of all, the thick bars of chocolate cream, the slabs of resisting Devona, the luxurious crunching slippery solidity of the immortal Bull's eye . . .

The seven huddled round the bed, their noses twitching, their eyes glistening, their young stomachs crying aloud. Only Jeremy was uneasy. He was aware that in the bed almost opposite young Scholdz was huddled, his bright black eyes closed, pretending in fine superiority to be sleeping but in actual fact conscious of every sound, bitterly unhappy because of his ostracism, his isolation — and his hunger.

He did not want to think of Scholdz. Why should he? Levi meant nothing to him. But no — he could not conquer his uneasiness. He slipped off the bed and, on naked feet, crossed the floor. He shook Scholdz's shoulder.

"You can come if you like", he said. Scholdz without a word, his little black head gleaming in the moonlight, was out of bed and had joined the others.

Then in a trembling sinister whisper Marlowe began:

"Once upon a time in the time of Charles I a lonely horseman could be seen spurring across the plain on a dark and stormy night when the wind was fearful and he could not see a step of the way but trusted to his good horse . . . "

(To be continued

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BIG BOY

By John Beecher

SKIRT turned you down
Because you worked in a steel mill?
Gave you the gate, laughed fit to kill?
Well, what do you expect?
You can't help that, big boy!

Burns on your eye,
On your arms, your chest, your hands?
Goin' to cry?
Them things an open hearth feller stands.
Damn, snap to, you, buck up!
Make the best of it, big boy!

Can't stand the work,
Back sore, shovel handle cuts like a knife?
How can you shirk,
You got to eat, ain't you, in this dirty life?
Hell, swing onto that hammer!
Put your back into it, big boy!

Hop on a freight,
Go some place where a man's got a chance?
That ain't your fate!
Weak head, strong back, and you got on pants.
Why you're as dumb as me!
What else can you do, big boy?

Wish you could die,
Wish 'twas pneumonia 'stead of smoke makin' you coughin'?
Wish you could lie
Under the ground in a varnished pine coffin?
Christ, you wish you was dead?
Huh! You ain't got nothin on me, big boy!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPRING ROADS TO CHILDREN'S BOOKS

By Anne Carroll Moore

Hound
My heart's delight
Moon white
Sun bright
Hound from Under-the-Sea
You left a King
To follow me.

HE oak-wood in the Gap of the Dragons had the redness of Spring on its branches. Midyir's queen came from the Sidhe-mound, lamenting—"

"Is the tale sorrowful?" asked the Gubbaun, the maker of worlds and shaper of universes, who had twice commanded his Son to "shorten the road" for him. "Story telling", the Son replied, "is the shortening of a road", and he began his sorrowful, joyful tale with its "joyful ending".

Long before they set forth on their journey to the strange far country of Balor, the Gubbaun had tested his skill in the use of the magic tools of his trade and proved himself a Master-Craftsman whose fame had spread beyond the Black Waters until it reached the Court of Balor of the Mighty Blows and stirred the mind of that terrible king. "Build me a dune", he said, "strong as the foundation of the earth; a dune with courts and passages and secret chambers; with carvings on the walls of it, and carved monsters in the crevices of it; a dune that climbs and blossoms in spires and twists and flame-like billowing curves and fantasies; such a dune as never from the beginning of days shaped itself on the ridge of the world. Gold ye shall have in plenty, and rich jewels and cloaks of honour. Ye shall stagger under the load of your riches. I Balor have said it."

The Master-Smith and his flute playing Son set to work with the help of djinns and dwarfs and giants and goat footed men, and demons of the air and fabulous animals and monstrous beings and strange beasts. And as the dune took shape and grew the Son of the Gubbaun wished with all his heart for a reed flute that he might play out his joy. But no reeds grew in Balor's desolate country and the desire grew stronger and stronger within him until at last he fashioned a flute of metal. One day, as he was playing upon it, a poor woman came and prayed for the "good will of his music" on behalf of her sick child who no longer had any "delight in life".

"I will make a Music of Delight for him", said the Gubbaun's Son. "I will play Strength and Joy." Every day after that he played until he played away the sickness. "He played until the child laughed and danced and tumbled over himself with delight." And the child, who could hear the stir of a bird's wing at the other end of the world, heard the whisper of Balor's plan to put the Master-Smith and his Son to death when the dune was finished—"lest the like of it be reared for another"—and warned them in time to make their escape or we should never have had the fine story of "The Gubbaun's Feast".

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ella Young says that it took her nearly twenty years to gather these fourteen stories of the Gubbaun Saor, which she has retold, piecing some of them together from mere fragments, in "The Wonder-Smith and His Son". It was in Achill Island that she heard the first one, told by an old man of eighty as he guided her along a wild promontory a thousand feet above the sea. He knew only two of the stories, but had heard that there were others. Then and there Miss Young made up her mind to get them. In her introduction she tells where she went to find them, and one begins to realize why the book is so spacious and clear sighted, so full of sunshine and beauty and world wisdom.

It is the distinctive quality of Miss Young's prose that it has been well hammered yet retains its living relation to things which still are, in nature or in the mind of man.

Refreshing to readers of any age living anywhere, the stories seem to me to belong in a peculiar sense to boys and girls who are growing up in great cities without seeing the wonder and magic of swift destruction and fresh creation. "Build me a dune [or a skyscraper]. . . . Such a dune as never from the beginning of days shaped itself on the ridge of the world" has no sound of strangeness to architects, engineers, and builders of a century of skyscrapers. Before skyscrapers came suspension bridges. The Master-Builder of the Brooklyn Bridge played the flute sometimes. One likes to think of that when crossing the "Bridge of-the-Magic-Web" and to remember also how he brought to a strange far country all the skill of his trade. Yet the first work that he did was raising canary birds to sell.

Boris Artzybasheff has let himself go with imaginative power and beauty of line in his drawings for this book as he did with Padraic Colum's "The Forge in the Forest". Original and forceful as the work of this young artist is, however, he is never out of harmony with the text he is illustrating. His decorations and cover design, and the typographical excellence of "The Wonder-Smith", make it a notable forerunner of well made books of 1927. The potential influence of such drawings and decorative designs upon boys and girls just entering the teens is incalculable, and the importance of their personal ownership of some of them cannot be too strongly urged at any season. The delicate line drawings for Margery Williams Bianco's Easter story for little children, "The Apple Tree", reveal still another aspect of Mr. Artzybasheff's work. The initial letters for this little apple-green book are fascinating to children.

Girls midway of the teens and many

From "The Wonder-Smith"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years older will find a book after their own hearts in Marguerite Clément's "Once in France". Out of French history and legend Mlle. Clément has recreated ten stories, giving to each of them the characteristic setting of the province or city to which it belongs, Brittany — Provence — Alsace — Touraine — Paris. Thoroughly French in conception, the stories were first written in English with an intimacy and charm born of familiar acquaintance with the American girls and boys of high school age to whom Mlle. Clément has told them. Not one of her tales is hackneyed. Joan of Arc's friendship for Heliote, the daughter of the artist of Tours, who painted her flag, brings her closer to the girl of our time than she has ever seemed before. It is Heliote, not Joan, who is the heroine of this story, and the drawing which illustrates it is of Heliote whose wedding chest was a matter of such concern to Joan that she wrote a letter asking her "good city of Tours" to give one hundred gold crowns to Heliote because the girl "wanted to buy so many things". "It is not every woman saint who remembers at the critical time her friend's need of towels", comments Mlle. Clément, and then she tells how true a friend was Heliote in Joan's tragic hour of need. Very poignant and beautiful is Mlle. Clément's rendering of this tale of her own native province of Touraine. It must have been deeply felt in her own girlhood to take on such life and meaning for other girls. I have said elsewhere that I believe this is the most important book which has been published for children and young people since the war, not alone for what it contains for English speaking readers in its own right, but for the influence it will exert upon the conception and writing of other books when it is translated into other languages, as it well deserves to be. I attach this importance to it because of the appalling lack of readable books concerning the lives of girls and women in general and its inevitable effect upon the quality of fiction commonly known as girls' books. It is high time girls and women were taken from the limbo of historical allusion and legend and humanized to the point of recognition by the girl of modern times; but it must not be forgotten that it takes the feeling of an artist to do this. Such work cannot be commandeered or serialized for the convenience of the trade. It requires a fine sense of drama and time enough to absorb the atmosphere in which the characters are to live again.

The old formula "give us another Louisa Alcott" will not do for the 1930's. We must go further back than that for a fresh start with girls. The Wonder-Smith's amazing and lovable daughter Aunya, who should have shared the title of this book instead of the Son, is closer to the sports-loving, out-of-door girl of today. She has all the cleverness of her father, with that ready wit and proverbial wisdom of her own with which Ella Young does not fail to refresh the jaded reader of what Miss Alcott herself characterized as "moral pap for the young". Aunya and the fascinating little Duchess Anne of Brittany led very different lives in their different worlds, but one feels the joy of life was keen in both. How good is a girl's life, the mere living, may yet be told with gusto in terms of our own day if we can but free ourselves from the "moral complex" in considering girls' books.

Eleanor Farjeon brought something of this lightheartedness and gaiety of spirit to her "Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard", a book much loved in the teens by girls who still care for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poetry and fairy tales. Of its stories "The King's Barn" (which I think the best one) will bear reading again alongside "The Wonder-Smith" and "The Princess Shepherdess" of "Once in France".

From "Once in France"

Miss Farjeon possesses the rare gift of creating fresh fairy tales as well as of reinvesting old tales with new life. I have long wondered about her as a person, but she has always been in Italy when I have been in England, and I know her only through her writings and as the granddaughter of Joseph Jefferson and the daughter of B. L. Farjeon, a popular writer of the post-Dickens period, whose Christmas books "Blade o' Grass" and "Golden Grain" bore fruit for girls in California. That she is companionable to children and understanding of childhood I was reasonably certain before I read the enchanting stories of her "Italian Peep-Show". No child should sail for Italy or remain at home without a copy of this book. I regret to state that the American edition will not be available until fall, but its publishers have consented to the reproduction of one of Rosalind Thornycroft's pictures. There is a picture in color for each story so entirely in the spirit of Miss Farjeon's text as to lead one to exclaim: "Who is the artist and how did it all happen?"

The artist is the mother of the three English children,

> Bridget, Chloe and Nan
> For Whom This Book Began.

They were all living together, at a villa in Fiesole, seeing and feeling what Italy is like. Miss Farjeon pulled her stories straight out of Italian skies and streets and palace towers and chance words of the old milkman and of Anina, the cook, who told her the King of Tripoli was to bring the *Pasta*, on a day when there was none in Fiesole. I shall have more to say of the King of Tripoli, for I think his story ranks with great stories for little children. The deep poetry of the world's need is behind all its gaiety. Yet the touch is as light as a humming bird's wing. "The Little Black Boy" out of "Songs of Innocence" called to me as I read of this black king, for Miss Farjeon has the power of evoking the pure joyousness of childhood for its own sake as well as the gift of capturing the essential spirit of the place she writes about, whether it be Fiesole in time of almond blossom or Hampstead Heath in May. With a thread of gold she has bound the stories together by her clear sketches of what she has seen and felt in Italy, giving truer impressions of Florence than are to be found in any conventional book of "other lands".

It was perhaps a little unfortunate that I should still have been poring over the lovely new edition of "Songs of Innocence", reproduced from one of William Blake's originals, when "Joan's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From "Italian Peep-Show"

Door" opened, revealing the unimaginative and far too numerous drawings for this book of verse. Such lines as

Blow the Stars home, Wind, blow the Stars home
Ere morning drowns them in golden foam. . . .

need neither picture of sunrise nor earth blown stars but the clear mirror of a child's mind.

There are fairies behind "Joan's Door", but it is characteristic of Miss Farjeon that she does not make them too common:

Don't go looking for fairies,
They'll fly away if you do.
You never can see the fairies
Till they come looking for you.

But there are plenty of things you may look for, such as cracks in the pavement, lost farthings, spring in Hampstead, and marmalade:

I simply can't *tell* you how glad I am
When the Marmalade is Apricot Jam.

Of course not! "She tells the truth about what she sees and feels", I said to myself, and closing "Joan's Door" very softly I stole away into "The House Without Windows" looking for "A Little Girl Lost". Eepersip Eigleen is her name, and if you would learn some of the rarest secrets of childhood you too will follow after this human child, who feels such joy in nature that she escapes from her parents and wanders away into the forest, there to make friends with a doe and her fawn. A dancing, singing, laughing child is this once lonely little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eigleen, who lived in a "brown shingled cottage on one of the foothills of Mount Varcrobis".

Authentic child imagination is here, with a felicity of phrase which will appeal to children and grown ups who, like Barbara Follett, have found life good before they were nine. "No books meant more to her between the ages of six and ten than 'The Three Mulla-Mulgars', 'A Little Boy Lost', and 'The Princess and the Goblin'", says Wilson Follett, her father, in a note telling how the story was first written as a present for her mother on her own ninth birthday, of the heartbreaking loss of the manuscript when the house of its printer burned down and its subsequent recovery by a feat of memory.

It is extraordinarily interesting and rewarding to the first American reviewer of "A Little Boy Lost" to trace the influence of W. H. Hudson's child story, written to please the child he once was, upon a living child who may fairly claim kinship with him. Eepersip lives a more ardent life than little Martin ever did. She is a strong, radiant little girl rejoicing in all she sees and feels, while Martin lived more remotely in the dreams wild nature brought to him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eepersip's pungent characterizations of her parents and their friends, the Wraspanes and the Ikkisfields, who are constantly making stupid plans to catch her and bring her back out of her wildness to their own way of living, may well give pause to the novelist who labors to invent situations and characters as children see them and to parents who are seeking light on education — their own, as well as their children's.

The first third of the book seems to me a unique human document, a spontaneous contribution to the literature of childhood produced by a child of nine. I think it will be enjoyed by many children if they can be brought into natural association with it, because Eepersip is such a living, lovable character, so definite in her movements of mind and body. Her capacity for running, leaping, tree climbing, dancing, and singing lends virility and charm to all her lovely companionship with the deer of the forest, the birds, the butterflies, the flowers and trees, whose life she has chosen to share. Even when most elusive Eepersip seems real. Her persistence and resourcefulness, and success in evading her captors, seem prophetic of the better day for girls in story books which has already come to the swimming, riding, walking, hockey playing, mountain climbing girls outside of books who, like Aunya, Daughter of the Gubbaun, still look to story telling "to shorten the road".

The Wonder-Smith and His Son. By Ella Young. With illustrations by Boris Artzybasheff. Longmans, Green and Company.

The Forge in the Forest. By Padraic Colum. Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. The Macmillan Company.

The Apple Tree. By Margery Williams Bianco. Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. George H. Doran Company.

Once in France. By Marguerite Clément. Illustrated by Germaine Denonain. Doubleday, Page and Company.

Italian Peep-Show. By Eleanor Farjeon. With illustrations in color by Rosalind Thornycroft. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Songs of Innocence. By William Blake. Facsimile edition, reproduced from an original in the British Museum. Minton, Balch and Company.

Joan's Door. By Eleanor Farjeon. Illustrated by Will Townsend. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The House Without Windows. By Barbara Newhall Follett. Alfred A. Knopf.

From "Once in France"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LONDONER

"Truth" Fifty Years Old — An Insurance against Libel Actions — A Thief and the Booksellers — A Beggar, and Beggars in General — The "Times Literary Supplement" and its New Baby — A Correspondence on Book Production — Translations — The Letters of George Gissing

LONDON, *March* 1, 1927.

AMONG the other matters which I should like to discuss this month is one which may not have been noticed in the United States. This is the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the English weekly periodical, "Truth". "Truth" is unlike any other paper, as far as I am aware, in either England or America. It is one of the apparently genuine antiques in the newspaper world. For instance, its cover design remains today exactly what it was at the time of the paper's foundation. Even "Punch" has made a concession to the development of modern printing, by introducing color into what was once plain black and white. Not so "Truth", the paper most frequently picked up by actors in scenes upon the London stage. The classic lady who adorns the cover of "Truth" is unmistakable, wherever she may appear. "Truth" has readers — I truly believe — who see no other paper whatever. I am convinced that those who live in the country very frequently decide which theatres they will visit upon one of their not-too-frequent excursions to the city. I am sure that these same people invest their money in accordance with the advice given each week by the financial experts of "Truth". As for all the tricksters and bucket shop dealers, they still live in terror of the paper which has exposed more of their number than any other periodical whatever. It is a proud record to be an indispensable paper; and "Truth" has another record of which it may well be proud. This is that it has changed its direction only three times — really, only twice — since it was established. It was founded by Henry Labouchere, the "Labby" of popular talk for half a century of political life. He was the paper's first editor, but he knew very well that he would not always be interested in controlling it, and so he immediately appointed one Voules to act as business manager. Voules quickly became acting editor, and he remained editor long after Labouchere had lost interest in his toy. He took as assistant Mr. R. A. Bennett, and Mr. R. A. Bennett, who for thirty four years has filled the editorial chair, is still editor, and seems likely to live forever, in order that he may never have a successor. All this time, as a very unboastful leading article in the anniversary number mentions, the paper has had a constant succession of distinguished contributors. It claims to have published the first short story of H. G. Wells, and it once enjoyed the privilege of having (for a very short period) Bernard Shaw as its art critic. And it is still as well written as ever. During the war its leading articles were more fearless and more candid than those of any other paper in London. They were admirable. In commenting thus upon the fiftieth anniversary of "Truth", I venture to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wish the paper a long life, filled with victorious resistances to the libel actions which gather around it year by year; filled, too, with its unceasing exposures of all those attempts to exploit the credulity of a guileless public. "Truth" has performed a very useful work in the past, and there will always be plenty of similar work for any periodical to do in ridding the world of social and financial pests.

* * * *

Among frauds which have been perpetrated from time to time at the expense of the unfortunate author there is one — happily for some years quiescent — which began some years ago to cause serious anxiety to all who deal in fictitious narrative. I refer to the bringing of libel actions by uninjured persons against novelists who had by accident chosen for some unpleasant character the names of those persons. This is a quite obvious danger, because there is no doubt at all that one must — if one tells the truth (as one sees it) — occasionally introduce into a novel some character who steps out from the narrow path into the fields of temptation. But in doing this one must take great care to give this straying character a name which could not by any chance belong to a real individual. Otherwise the real individual — if he happen to see the book — may bring an action for damages against the author for libel. This sort of thing really began to happen. No author seemed to be safe, for it is an extraordinarily difficult thing to choose for your characters names which have never appeared previously upon the planet. Some novelists used to get over the obstacle by making all their evil characters foreigners. Such men had Spanish or Italian names. Their Christian names became, rather monotonously, Jasper, Silas, Jonas, and so on. But as novels grew more realistic, it became the habit to give one's characters, quite deliberately, names which did not immediately carry with them the indication of born villainy. You could no longer tell a villain at sight, merely by seeing his name. It was at this point that the libel actions began. As I say, the peril has largely diminished nowadays, because our judges, on the whole, are in the habit of administering the laws with some wisdom and some restraint upon the more unscrupulous among action bringers. But though diminished the peril is not wholly extinct, and I reported some months ago that there was a movement toward the creation of a special form of insurance directed to the protection of authors from this particular abuse. The movement has actually reached a definite stage. The Committee of Management of the Society of Authors has been in communication with an eminent firm connected with Lloyd's, and a draft policy has been prepared and approved. For protection for twelve months against damages and legal costs resulting from actions for libel or copyright infringement up to a limit of one thousand pounds, the premium is to be £3.5s., but there is a chance that the premium would be lowered if there were a great demand for the policy. As an inducement to authors to spend good cash upon such an investment the cover is to include past works against which any claim may be made during the year. But on his side the author must guarantee to bear the first ten per cent of any claim. I shall be surprised if there is a great rush to insure, but the notion is ingenius enough, and for those who wish to sleep sound in their beds o' nights no doubt a policy will be a considerable comfort. After all, one never knows

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what may happen, and the alternative seems to be merely to label one's characters with numbers or signs. Unless, like Daisy or Demi (I forget which it was) in "Little Men", one "loves evvybody", and makes all one's characters paragons of virtue. By doing this one might, indeed, obtain revenue for rehabilitating any person whose reputation was slightly soiled. I wonder the idea has not already occurred to many novelists, sordid as novelists are as a class, and ready to write anything if only it brings in the ill gotten gains of literary prostitution.

* * * *

Talking about wickedness, I am reminded of an extraordinary true story which I heard the other day. A respectable seeming young man waited upon a firm of West End booksellers one Saturday morning lately, and asked to see copies of the Encyclopædia Britannica, 1911 edition. He chose a nice set, and proceeded to write a check for the cost, which was thirty pounds, while the books were being packed up. He then walked about the shop with the bookseller, had the books put into a taxi, and went off. The bookseller noticed that, as it was nearly twelve thirty, and a Saturday, the banks must just be closing, and so he held the check happily until Monday morning. Meanwhile the young man drove off to another second hand bookseller, to whom he explained that his sister had had two sets of the Encyclopædia Britannica given to her for Christmas, that the set he had with him was superfluous, and that he would like to sell it. He sold it for twenty five pounds, and went away. Within a quarter of an hour he returned to the shop. His sister, he said, was angry with him for selling the books, as she was bent upon keeping them. Would the bookseller let him have the set back if he returned the money and added a pound for the inconvenience which he had been caused. The bookseller agreed. The young man began to count out the money. "Oh, bother!" said he. "I seem to have spent some of the money you gave me. Look here, I've only got seventeen pounds of it left. May I give you a check for the difference?" "Certainly", said the bookseller. "Pray do so." The young man gave the seventeen pounds in cash and a check for nine pounds to the bookseller, took back the set of the Encyclopædia Britannica, and went away to another bookseller, to whom he sold the set for twenty seven pounds. His profit, within half an hour, was thus thirty five pounds, and the two booksellers who presented his checks on Monday morning duly received them back from their respective banks. They now preserve the checks as mementoes of a happy and profitable morning's work.

* * * *

Authors themselves have been having rather a bad time at the hands of a swindler who has been going among them with strange tales and getting money as the result of these tales. He mentions that he has been advised by so-and-so, another author, to apply to the person upon whom he is calling, that he is under the absolute necessity of getting to a distant spot, that he is a journalist who has been lured to London with evil results, and that if he can return to his native place (the aforesaid distant spot) he is sure of employment. I cannot say that the man or his story inspires confidence, but there the matter is. He is a shifty little fellow with a lisp and a slightly slobbering mouth. His eyes are like the eyes of wicked people in books — that is, they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are shifty, whereas when I tell a lie I always make a point of doing it with a brazen face, as I fancy most expert liars do — and his manner is bad in every way. But he has secured money. That is the prime thing. He has obtained money from authors. Why is this? Is it due to the generosity of authors? Possibly, a little. In my own case he got his money because I disliked him so much, and could not bring myself to endure his company for the time required for analyzing his obviously untruthful tale. He affected me as certain insects do — as slugs do, for example, or cockroaches — and I paid him money, in fact, to get rid of him. The police, I gather, are in search of this man, and I suppose they will catch him in time; but I wonder whether he is any worse than beggars of other kinds who pester writers without hesitation. My own mail is full, from day to day, of requests that I contribute to this or that charity, to the upkeep of this or that individual, that I read and criticize the manuscripts of strangers, supply mottoes for the enrichment of albums, and so on, and I am sure that with writers who are more popular than myself the nuisance must be endless. I know I have referred to this matter before, but when the abuse continues, and the trouble is unceasing, one's mind recurs to it as a grievance. Indeed, one is never free of it. The question is, Why are authors especially cursed in this way? Or am I wrong in thinking that they are specially cursed? I do not think I am wrong — except that of course wealthy people must be pestered to death. I am speaking of those who are not wealthy, but who need what they earn for their own purposes, and who work for their subsistence. Would it not be a good thing for the Society of Authors to establish a bureau to which authors could send all such applications? Or is the one plain method of dealing with the matter the wastepaper basket? If it is, then what happens to the author's self respect?

* * * *

I am informed that the "Times Literary Supplement" is in turn to have a supplement, which seems to me to be a very excellent sign of the prosperity of the "Times Literary Supplement", the circulation of which is now stated to exceed thirty thousand copies weekly. The news has sent my mind spinning back into the past, and I am reminded that once upon a time, when the "Times Literary Supplement" was in fact issued with the "Times", there came a day when the paper shed its parent and became "Literature", under the editorship of the late H. D. Traill. Or so at least it is in my memory. "Literature" was not a success — I think it became a fairly pallid periodical. And it certainly had to compete not only with "The Athenæum" but with the far more lively "Academy". (Not that "The Academy" in its earliest days was especially lively.) After it had been "Literature" for a time it perished as a separate periodical, and once more entered the sheets of its parent "Times". For some years now the "Times Literary Supplement" has been the principal literary journal in the British Isles — the principal journal, that is, devoted entirely to literature, without admixture of politics or general news. The supplement which it is now to launch upon the world is to deal with book production. The new venture will appear three times a year, with possible additions, and is to be under the editorship of A. W. Pollard and Harold Child. Mr. Pollard is celebrated as an authority on the subject of printed books, while Mr. Child

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has long been associated with the "Times" and "Times Literary Supplement", writing about the drama for the daily, as occasional understudy for the late A. B. Walkley, and upon a variety of subjects for the "Supplement". He is also the author of the libretto of an opera called "Hugh the Drover" which is in the repertory of the British National Opera Company, and he has written a little book on Thomas Hardy. I shall look forward to the new enterprise with interest. Meanwhile I wonder why nobody ever starts a rival to the "Times Literary Supplement". The subject has been talked of pretty frequently, and I imagine that the event will one day occur. If it does, I hope the new literary paper will not fall readymade into the hands of a clique, for we have had quite enough of that sort of thing. The "Supplement" itself — though editorially the soul of honor — is not altogether out of this dark forest of preordained praise and blame, and I do not see how it well can be free, whatever precautions may be taken, since so many of our younger writers are bent upon getting on, and it comes natural to such young men to settle among themselves, privately, what reviews are to be written — if possible — by which of their friends. But the "Times Literary Supplement" is as nearly free of such sport as any paper can be in London, and if I long for my ideal, which is a paper without social pressure and social puffery, I shall manage to content myself with the "Supplement" until the glad day comes when it is succeeded by something better. All the same, I wish that the novel reviews in the "Supplement" were more competent, and that many of its columns were more interesting and less antediluvian in note. I also wish that I did not know which among our competing writers were absolutely sure of getting extended and favorable notice in the paper, and which, for reasons other than those of intrinsic worthlessness, could count only upon brief or undistinguished mention.

* * * *

Speaking of the "Times" reminds me that, apropos of some recent pamphlet, there has been some correspondence in the daily about good and clear print. The writers have all talked grandly about blackness of ink, and so on, and have shown that they know very little about the production of books. Let me make it clear to all who are in doubt that the best ink for readability is not jet black; and that the size of type is not the main factor in legibility. It is one factor, of course, but not the principal one. The font of type is very much more important, and it is in choice of font that many amateur book producers go wrong. They let the printers decide. They go for a bad modern face or a disgusting "old style", and they make disagreeable mistakes. But the prime thing in book production is not the size or the font of type. It is the paper. Upon good paper, paper with good color and texture, even a poor type will be readable. On bad paper, even Caslon Old Face, the type in common use which has more advantages than any other known to me, will look intolerable. Good bookmaking is an art, and the good bookmaker is one who presents his book so that its qualities as decoration do not obtrude themselves upon the reader's attention. It is the fault of too much present day book production that it is self conscious, and that it interposes another personality — generally a fussy one — between the author and the reader. Until this defect is overcome, and books as a whole return to wholesome plainness, we

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shall suffer in book production from the faults which beset us in the literary field. These faults all originate in sterility, and those who are sterile think that by contorting themselves they can achieve distinction otherwise denied by nature. The mistake is fatal. A contortion remains a contortion, and in the end disgusts all who look upon it, even before they realize that it is merely a contortion.

* * * *

I have been favored with three numbers of a new Polish literary review, printed in French or German — but mostly in French — and so easily readable by those who have not yet mastered the Polish tongue. This periodical is called "Pologne Littéraire", and it is published from Warsaw. I think it will be worth study, for I have already learned from its large and scanty pages the names of some Polish writers of whom I had never heard. Furthermore, since the general field of literature is widening (or contracting) with the inevitable curiosity of all nations regarding the thought of those who are not their immediate neighbors, any periodical, even though it have definitely propagandist aims, which assists in our search must be of use. For example, many American and English writers are being largely translated into the European tongues. It is common to see in paragraphs relating to all kinds of books, whether published in New York or in London, that the rights of translation into French, Spanish, Danish, and so on have already been sold. Even my own novels are to be read in most of these languages, and I have thus been made aware, through the receipt of periodicals containing perfectly unreadable pages studded with the name Simon Pure, to what considerable lengths foreign journalists go in their interest in the writers of England and America. This, taken in conjunction with such events as the really considerable success which has attended the translations into English of Papini, Pirandello, Blasco Ibáñez, Mann, Feuchtwanger, Capek, Reymont, and many more, seems to me to be one of the most hopeful signs for civilization that we have seen since the war. I do not mean, arrogantly, that it is a hopeful sign for civilization that individual writers should be translated, but that the hopeful sign is to be found in the eagerness of all nations to read what is being said by the living writers of the other nations. It shows, I think, the will to understand one another. Never before in the world's history has there been this same effort to break down the barriers of language. And if once the barriers of language are broken in this way, we may be able to learn that in all nations there is the same striving of sections at least for universal truth. If writers, that is, can spread still further their passion for understanding the human beings around them, and so can convince readers that those in one country feel much as those in other countries do, whatever the prevailing winds in politics and social life, then much has been done to destroy forever the possibility of international hatreds. These hatreds were always a waste of time and energy, but now they are becoming obsolete.

* * * *

The two most interesting books published here recently have both emanated from the firm of Constable. They are the Letters of George Gissing, and the Life of Anthony Trollope by Michael Sadleir. The latter I have not yet examined properly, and so I must defer comment upon it; but the former, although its appeal will prob-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ably be more strictly limited, has come very welcomely to all who regard Gissing as an extremely fine novelist. I was delighted, in this connection, by the way, with Harry Hansen's admirable introduction to "New Grub Street", in the Modern Library. This introduction is the best piece of writing about Gissing that I have seen — certainly for many a long day. And if only something could be done to produce a reasonably complete edition of Gissing's novels I should be glad. I used to possess a copy of "Born in Exile", but I must have lent it to someone, and it is now impossible to obtain a copy. "Born in Exile", I need hardly remark (but I will do so, for the satisfaction of repeating a truism), is one of Gissing's finest novels, which I put alongside "New Grub Street" as invaluable for the understanding of Gissing's character. And it is not to be had. Think of this, publishers! At any rate, we now have the letters of Gissing to his family. Why not also to his friends? Where are the letters to Morley Roberts and H. G. Wells and others? These would be well worth reading, and would show another side of Gissing. I also remember to have seen years ago a long letter from Gissing to a publisher (the publisher had sold off the letters he had received from celebrated men, in order to meet a temporary embarrassment), in which Gissing outlined his proposals for a contract by which he was to write one long and one short novel per annum for a stated minimum reward. The contract was never, I judge, executed, as to the best of my belief this particular publisher never handled Gissing's work; but even this one letter would have been of value. From all of which it will be seen — without my adding that the editorial work, while very discreet, is by no means sufficiently elucidatory — that the letters as published will not be the last word in Gissing literature. A really good short biography, in which the writer had access to all the unpublished correspondence, would be a most desirable thing. If Mr. Squire wants a good volume for his new series of the English Men of Letters, here is a subject ready to his hand. I admit the difficulties of getting the material, and I admit that I do not know of the proper person to write it; but there should be no difficulty in that respect, since Mr. Squire has about him several young men who seem to be ready to write any volume for the English Men of Letters. The real difficulty would be to get the necessary material, but even here I believe that the present is the appropriate time for such an enterprise to be undertaken. This I feel the more strongly after reading the Letters, which add nothing — they are allowed to add nothing — to our understanding of a curious and unhappy figure among modern writers, whose talents, while never equal to his intellect and his ambition, were such as to place him as a novelist only a little lower than a great many whose claims are cheerfully admitted by all critics.

SIMON PURE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAS AMERICA A LITERARY DICTATORSHIP?

Anonymous

AFTER all, when all is said and done, the real trouble is that nobody in America is on the side of the Angels. Right here, of course, according to the rules of argument, we should stop to explain exactly who and what the Angels are. But we shall do nothing of the kind. The Angels have been totally ignored now by all hands in this country for, say, five years past. Stuart P. Sherman was the last person who seemed to be aware of them, who still occasionally raised his voice in their behalf. Since his departure, we repeat, they have been utterly ignored. And since they have been ignored we shall now simply take them for granted and repeat our assertion, that the trouble with American literature right here and now is that there is no one — no one, that is, who can make his or her voice potently audible — that has an able or a good word for the Angels.

The other difficulty is that at this moment of going to press nearly everyone, everyone who counts, whose voice might be raised with some authority for the noble and ancient profession of letters, for the production of good literature as a lifework regardless of the rewards of fame or royalties, has sold out. The temptation was peculiarly great, we admit. To live comfortably on the proceeds by selling one's name, to capitalize as it were one's authority, to receive a salary for doing so and at the same time to have that name and a more or less creditable reproduction of one's countenance enormously advertised gratis in a country where publicity has been substituted for fame, is a great temptation — perhaps the greatest temptation that any well known author or critic can encounter. The reasons for selling out are many and plausible.

Poverty and obscurity in this democracy are the things everyone fears most. Authors above all, for with them poverty is traditional. Then there is one's family to think of. It is quite understandable, of course, very human. Royal roads must be carefully differentiated from the primrose path, and a comfortable picnic in the valley is always so much easier than a frugal meal on the heights that are to be reached only by lonely and very often quite stony and uncelebrated paths. Besides that, to pick up any, in fact most, of the important periodicals, and there to find one's name and see one's face placarded to the world as a "great" something or other — novelist, poet, or critic — while one is still alive and can be envied, provides a peculiar and at this juncture a lucrative contemporary satisfaction. Alas, perhaps even a "comfortable complacency".

Unfortunately, however, as in all things human, there is, there must be — even to the most complacent and well rewarded of those who are now engaged in recommending their own and their fellow authors' work to the great believing public — a fly in the ointment, a certain feeling of uneasiness that here and there, among one's discriminating and so valuable friends, behind the mask of acceptance lingers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the grin of irony. There are deprecating whispers going about that must have been overheard, for in the same papers that carry the medallions of our most famous and greatest critics, poets, and novelists, one reads the self conscious and somewhat shamefaced answers to the implied criticism of those who might be expected to spill the milk and so make the skimming of cream much more difficult.

Yet so far no one has spilled the milk. A few alarmed and agonized cries from the booksellers have been hushed up with more advertising space and even more specious propaganda, while the good work of providing what is implied to be the best book of the month for those who are too feeble-minded, too lazy, or too busy to make their own choice of a book in a bookshop goes merrily forward. Forty thousand of those among the population whose birth rate, according to the late Mr. Barnum, was one a minute even in 1850, have already subscribed. What a noble company is this, and how magnificently is it advised. Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, Christopher Morley, Heywood Broun, Dorothy Canfield, and William Allen White—here are editorial capacity, critical acumen, journalistic flair, novelistic talent — what you will — all at the service of their fellow men to save them the trouble, the insupportable fatigue, of picking out once a month what is worthwhile reading. The scheme is a lovely one. Not only are the subscribers to the critical service provided by this galaxy saved the trouble of exercising their own absent or enervated power of choice, but the goods recommended are comfortably delivered by mail at the door, as advertised, in a neatly wrapped package. One wonders that the candy manufacturers have not taken the hint and combined in a national advertising campaign. For instance

THE BOX OF CANDY A WEEK CLUB

Let Experts Exercise Their Taste for You
Save Your Time and Digestion

Mr. Lowney, Mr. Hershey, Mr. Wrigley, and *Mr. Huyler* meet once a month in the tallest building in New York and taste your candy for you. The candies receiving the highest vote are then packed in a beautiful box and delivered to you C. O. D. No trouble. No delay. For $3 a year, only a few cents a week, you have the service of these great experts in choosing your confections. Enjoy the satisfaction of eating the most nourishing, purest, and most authoritatively recommended candy in the United States.

Other combinations receive honorable mention. If you don't like the box recommended for the week, you can exchange chocolates for gumdrops.

A hundred thousand people have already placed their taste and digestion at the disposal of this notable committee.

The retail candy merchants, of course, might object. One hundred thousand people a week buying a pet box of candy recommended by this committee must inevitably have some effect upon the trade. But the Book of the Month Club has already solved this difficulty in its own skilful way. In like manner orders for the box of candy recommended could be left at the corner drug store. Thus more candy than ever would be sold and neighborhood trade encouraged. A peculiarly happy combination by the committee on any given week, of say marshmallows and pistachios, would, we might say, particularly in suburban circles and cooking classes, start a great deal of talk; and a hundred thousand talkers makes a deal of conversation when it comes to selling candy.

Since the Box of Candy a Week Club would be a purely commercial proposition, the fact that a more nourishing and tasteful combination by someone not recommended by the experts might be overlooked, could be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ignored. After all, that is a minor consideration. A great many people who would not otherwise eat candy could at least be induced to nibble from a C. O. D. package so highly recommended. Once having paid for the service, they would almost be compelled to read — we mean eat.

The argument, of course, is that a great many persons who would not otherwise buy books are stimulated to do so by the propaganda of the Book of the Month Club, and that on the whole they read good books because the choice is by experts. In other words, at worst the Book of the Month Club, and its kindred, or rather progeny, of which we shall have something to say later, claim that the lowest thing that can be said about them is that they merely provide a mail order system for selling books, a sort of literary Sears-Roebuck affair on a smaller scale that relies for its profits on quantity production, the result of forty thousand subscribers a month and publicity. Already, indeed, the mail order catalogue of one of these wholesale houses is available with the goods it recommends and the lists of its wares are being touted as better than others in the public prints.

If this condition, this selling by mail argument, were entirely true, very little could now be said against it. The retail booksellers might or might not object, they might or might not be placated as the case might be. In any event, as a purely commercial affair it would be a warfare of economic forces and interests in which outside, abstract comment would be of little or no avail. So we have nothing to say about that here. Let the book merchant settle it upon exchange. But there is something more to it than that, something really ethically important that concerns nearly not the marketplace alone but the whole state of American letters.

Judging the Book of the Month Club and the much less subtle and infinitely more blatant Literary Guild of America by their own publicity, it becomes evident that the capacity for selling books recommended by such organizations depends in the final analysis not upon the method of selling them devised by their organizers — in both cases merchants and not authors — but upon the authority and weight carried by the names of the several authors and critics whose reputations have been secured, at a price, in order to recommend books from time to time to as many people as possible.

The price received for serving upon such boards would obviously appear to be a stipend for the use of the good will and authority attached to a more or less well known name — the better known of course the more available — and in addition to this an enormous amount of gratis publicity in the publication of that name with the countenance of the author plus a blurb about his or her attainments inserted by the club, guild, or confraternity, whatever may be its particular disguise, at regular advertising rates. Thus, for being advertised and for a little cash the verdict of authority and the applause of supposedly judicious criticism become available to the clever bookseller who wishes to substitute the postage stamp for the counter.

The hiring of critical and literary authority in which these mail order schemes for selling and publishing books must of necessity engage, if their wares are to receive attention, immediately lifts them clean out of the realm of purely commercial matters and brings them within the province of literature and the purview of criticism. Good taste is also, it would appear,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

collided with, and those nice values which in the final analysis make or mar a critic's or an author's reputation, that estimate and the dignity with which he himself regards his own work and opinions, are laid open for discussion.

Men and women of letters who desire to obtain and retain a truly dignified and important place in the opinions of their discriminating contemporaries, the only contemporaries who in the final analysis can confer even a modicum of real fame — literary people, we repeat, whose ambition is authentic, cannot afford to tout themselves to the multitude as great, important, authoritative, distinguished, and altogether wonderful. They cannot permit themselves to be hired to have these things said about them and still hope to retain the respect and admiration of their friends and fellow authors who may have their doubts, know better, or at least object to an exhibition of extremely doubtful taste on the part of members of their own profession. That it is bad taste, infernally bad taste, to permit a third party, for purposes of gain, to publish one's picture, a bad or a funny picture at that, with a string of encomiums underneath that would make even a complacent corpse wiggle were the advertisement employed as an epitaph, is a fact that it will take a deal of argument to refute, provided one's nerves are still a little sensitive.

All of these matters, nevertheless, are minor ones compared with the main ethical and literary principles involved none too subtly in the propaganda of the Book of the Month Club, the Literary Guild of America, and their ilk.

At the present time in America there is not a single periodical that devotes its pages to and has a distinct editorial policy and definite attitude toward the honest criticism of books based on their literary merit regardless of cliques, personalities, and publishers' propaganda. That is, there is not a single periodical that devotes itself exclusively to these matters. In other words, this means that in the whole of the United States there is not available to the honest and detached critic a forum where he can freely express himself. To be even more specific, a direct, and open critical attack on any well advertised and well established figure in whom a great deal of capital has been invested in publishing and publicity by great publishers is all but impossible. Those who maintain publishing houses also for the most part publish the so called literary reviews, and a well understood, never mentioned, but nevertheless generally accepted policy and "courtesy" among editors and literary groups makes it, to say the least, extremely difficult and a very ticklish performance to get any article or review accepted which is not to some degree favorable toward a well established American writer. The converse of this situation is that the slaughter of the new and unknown writer by neglecting to mention him, as a result of his failure to enlist himself with some well established group, is immense. In no field of enterprise has the purely booster attitude toward achievement become so ludicrously scandalous as it has in the field of American letters. A writer's reputation in America does not, consequently, depend on any of the prime values of literature which have hitherto conferred upon members of that profession the reward of royalties and the accolade of fame. It is, when all is said and done, publicity in one or another disguise which does the trick. Reviewers wittingly or un-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wittingly see that the crown is awarded according to the amount of noise and influence available to a man or woman of the pen. The publicity departments of publishers prepare the propaganda, editors choose with great discrimination the reviewer who is to make the comment, and another comet, always hailed as a fixed star, is discovered and proclaimed with howls of applause. Publicity is like a microphone; the footfalls of the tiniest of journalistic insects are magnified by the great announcers into the awe inspiring tread of the literary elephant. In the final analysis the whole system is organized and maintained to sell books. This is natural enough, of course, but the results provide better salesmanship than literature. In the processes and temptations involved, most writers — all but the most obstinate of idealists — succumb. *Il faut manger* is the excuse.

There was never a time in the history of American letters when there was so crying a need for a few — one, two, three, let us say ten — writers and critics who could stand outside, above and beyond the whole ignoble crew of clever publicists and literary boosters, advocates of standardization and self advocated boards of authoritative criticism and write what they desire to write regardless of publishers' demands, and say what they really think without fear or favor in untrammeled review. We do not doubt that such spirits do exist, but they are not audible. The whole system is against them. They cannot make themselves heard. Robert Frost, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and a novelist here and there can be pointed to as melancholy and lonesome exceptions.

Sinclair Lewis's gesture in refusing the Pulitzer Prize might have been significant. One of his chief reasons for refusal was ostensibly his objection to the functioning of an authoritative body of literary judges. In effect the functioning of the Pulitzer Prize is tantamount to an arbitrary attempt to designate "the best book of the year" in several fields. Mr. Lewis's attitude toward authority, however, would seem to undergo an annual change, for about a year after gaining considerable attention by refusing a prize awarded one of his books by the Pulitzer committee, he permits another board of judges to designate a later novel of his as the Book of the Month. The committees were different; the principle involved was in both cases the same.

The danger to which Mr. Lewis has thus since become reconciled was, nevertheless, a very real one. But it did not lie in the hands of the awarders of prizes for the late Mr. Pulitzer. The organization and functioning of that body is in the final analysis too shifting in personnel, too unsound and too uninteresting a proceeding, to gather about it the glow of authority. It lacks the halo-conferring power of "great names", human interest, influence, and paid publicity. A real attempt to standardize and to corral the authority to make literary fame in the United States came from a decidedly unexpected quarter. It came, as a matter of fact, from the very persons who were supposed to have in their keeping the means and the desire to promote the spirit of free critical inquiry. It is now amply apparent that although they still have the means, i. e., the organs for doing so, they indubitably lack the desire.

Dr. Henry Seidel Canby in particular, we feel, has missed a great opportunity to intrench himself finally in the understanding and valuable regard of his contemporaries. The death of Mr. Sherman left him, as it were,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the heir apparent to the most authoritative position of critic in the field of American literature. By continuing to deal out the careful and independent criticism of which he has shown himself to be capable, and by gathering about him a number of untrammeled spirits, he might have enjoyed by general acclamation that authority which in the republic of letters can be wielded only by those whose opinions are individual and not dictated or warped by interest — in short, what great criticism has always been, the whole souled comment of a keen intellect dealing out judiciously from a ripe experience an interesting and informative comment upon books. But it is difficult, all but impossible, to regard him any longer in that light. He has elected to advertise himself as the chairman of a board made up of journalists and authors, some of them of considerable but not surpassing reputation, who presume to pick out "*the* Book of the Month". That occupation in itself does not appeal to us as important enough a matter to engage the attention of a really great critic. Important books are important for long periods of time.

In addition to this, the Book of the Month is chosen by vote; and it is quite conceivable, it must in fact by the law of chance sometimes happen, that the book so picked is not in Dr. Canby's judgment the best. Nevertheless he is bound to acquiesce. The same condition holds true for all the other judges. What then becomes of the possibility of their exercising a free criticism? Will they, if they think so, say that the Book of the Month is a bad book, as it might conceivably be? We opine not. The tendency is indeed all the other way. Dr. Canby's recent editorial on the advantages of standardization agrees so well with the advertisements of the Book of the Month Club that there can be no doubt whatever as to where he stands.

And then there is another and still more powerful objection. When an author's book is accepted by the public, owing to an open discussion of its merits and demerits by reviewers, the public is then buying the book for *reasons*. The book's claim to be read has been successfully established in open court. Not only is a book in this way accepted or rejected by a process of discussion, but the critical taste of the public is enlightened by the process, and its wits to some extent sharpened for making another choice. On the other hand — and this is a most serious and pertinent charge that can be leveled against the new method proposed by the organizations mentioned above — the book picked out by a board of judges is of necessity to be accepted purely on their authority. The reason by which the judges arrived at their decision are not discussed in open court; only the result and not the process by which the conclusion is arrived at is known to those who accept the decision; the matter must in the final analysis rest on the authority of the judges alone. In other words, the rational process of reviewing is entirely done away with for a series of private judgments arrived at *in camera*. Every right tradition of literature is outraged by this method, all the experience of critical tradition is disregarded, because the faith of the reader in the ability of some third person to make his choice comes between the author and the audience which every writer has heretofore justly hoped would at least exercise its own discrimination. This is to build up and not to break down the wall between the author and the public.

There is a tendency to catholicity of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taste where a large number of minds makes a choice. Where only a few experts are involved, no matter how liberal they may be, the choice is inevitably curtailed to a narrower field and to fewer personalities. Furthermore, there might come a time when such boards would be prone to recommend their friends and even to recommend their own books by various subterfuges. Whether friendship or pure critical acumen is involved in such cases, a knowledge of the weaknesses of human nature provides at once both the query and the answer. When members of such boards write "independent reviews" of the books they pass upon, and when excerpts from these reviews are quoted in the advertisements of the books chosen as examples of untrammeled opinion, the circle would seem to be gorgeously complete. To suppose that all of this super log rolling process is carried on by the critics on such boards for the love of pure literature and in order to promote a larger sale of books, is to suppose that they have no interest in the success of their own particular scheme. Such a supposition is on its face absurd. We know that they *are* interested in some way, or they would not be there. The publicity they receive is alone a considerable advantage; and when all is said and done, it may be set down as incontrovertible that they will have more than a detached interest in recommending what it is to their own interest to recommend.

If these organizations are completely successful, if they are even largely successful, speaking in terms of a few hundred thousand readers, the condition of American letters and the predicament of publishers and authors in this country will be at once ludicrous and lamentable. It has been said that only a small proportion of the population, in this country buys books. If part of that population, so far at least partly self discriminating, is taken in by the propaganda of these self constituted critical boards, and if a new audience of book buyers is created which buys by authoritative advice alone, it will mean that a volume of publishing large enough to affect seriously the choice of manuscript by publishers and consequently the reputation of authors will lie in the hands of these self constituted authorities. The vista of an era when the rewards of literary labor and the nature of the books offered can be controlled in part, or even seriously affected, by self appointed and self advertised critics, cannot be contemplated with patience by any person who desires to do his own thinking. That there is a great portion of the population that can be appealed to and persuaded to place its choice of reading in the hands of a few individuals is no excuse for those individuals to undertake the task. The possibility of exploitation does not excuse the exploiter.

Let us not be deceived into thinking that this is merely a matter to be settled by the booksellers. The whole question is far removed from, infinitely more important than, the methods of selling and the price of books. The Literary Guild of America has even gone so far as to say that its board of judges will on occasion offer its expert advice to authors and thus help to produce better literature. Whether, if the Literary Guild is a great success, an author can afford to disregard its advice, might be a nice question. With Carl Van Doren, Joseph Wood Krutch, Hendrik Van Loon, and all the "eminent persons" who launched, so they say, this new literary movement — with all of these eminent persons advising a poor devil of an author and holding out the possibility of a large, a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

very large and assured sale of his book, it is quite possible that their influence *might* conceivably prevail. How great would be the literature that would then result? Surely from such a meeting of minds we could expect nothing less than a masterpiece. In one advertisement by this particular crew of great critics, the subscribers to the Literary Guild of America were promised at least twelve great books a year. Every one of the gentlemen and ladies on that board knows this is patently absurd, yet they continue to lend their names to the propaganda. How can any discriminating person ever take them seriously again? It is too bad, very unfortunate. Carl Van Doren, Mr. Krutch, and Elinor Wylie really have something to say; but now since the great new literary movement is born it will be very difficult indeed to listen to them at all.

The board headed by Carl VanDoren is not nearly so subtle in its method as that presided over by Dr. Canby. The Literary Guild of America has already placed its feet on the flypaper so far as the booksellers are concerned, and is doing a good deal of buzzing trying to get off. The Book of the Month Club evidently sized up the present economic and critical situation in regard to American bookselling, arranged its methods so as to tread on as few toes as possible, and went ahead. Mr. Van Doren and his crowd declare that they met in a room and a new literary movement was born. Despite the fecund atmosphere of the chamber where so many great minds met at one time, it is quite evident that the Book of the Month Club was the mother of the Literary Guild of America and of all the others. It is rather curious to see Mr. Van Loon among those present. He has spent a good deal of time lately denouncing the cut and dried authoritative comments on literature in vogue in the colleges, and talking against boosterism generally, so it is somewhat startling to find him thus nonchalantly climbing onto the band wagon. As a "great historian", and a humorist, he will probably enjoy the ride. Mr. Dreiser, for recommending the Guild to his fellow citizens, has had his name advertised as "the greatest living American novelist". This must be very satisfactory to Mr. Dreiser.

What we like most about all of this is the great modesty of all concerned. The board of the Book of the Month Club merely feels itself qualified to direct the reading of forty thousand people. On the other hand the Literary Guild (of America) only hopes to pick out the twelve best books of the year. It does not say so, of course; one is sweetly left to draw the inference. The personal touting of all those concerned is of course a mere matter of publicity. They do not write the blurbs underneath their pictures, they simply acquiesce.

What we like least about it all is that most of the persons involved must certainly, if they are competent literary critics, understand what they are doing. It would be impossible even to contemplate such a procedure in England. No one can imagine, let us say, J. C. Squire, Robert Bridges, Walter de la Mare, J. B. Priestley, and Arnold Bennett undertaking to set themselves up as a board of great literary authority in order to tell their fellow subjects what to read. The appearance of their physiognomies in the London "Times" accompanied by grievous encomiums underneath would be tantamount to publishing their own literary epitaphs, and there would be none to speak good of the dead. The very thought is grotesque. Here, it appears, matters are different. Those who have set out to salvage the wasteland have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

already, it would seem, opened up a delightfully lucrative vista in pastures new. There is only one danger ahead. So many boards of great critics and authors threaten to take the field that the reader who cannot choose his own books may shortly find himself bewildered in trying to choose his literary judges. The only solution we can offer is to have all of the boards combine annually in order to pick the "Book of the Year".

EDITORS' NOTE:

New and startling methods of book distribution having been introduced to the American public, THE BOOKMAN invited comment upon them from a very distinguished author, critic and observer. The result is this article. Inasmuch as the publishers of THE BOOKMAN and THE BOOKMAN itself are included under the indictment of the writer, and since no personal criticism or attack is intended or implied, THE BOOKMAN prints the contribution in the hope that it may be provocative of constructive thinking and expression upon the important subjects of book production and distribution, and of literary criticism.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BROMFIELD SAGA

By Henry B. Fuller

TO an elderly writer, now retired from the field of creative activity, the salient feature of Louis Bromfield's equipment might appear to be his energy — a boundless vigor with its concomitants of momentum, pertinacity, and self confidence. With a hard head and a stout heart he adventures gallantly in his chosen fields — which, up to the present, comprise industrial Ohio, New York City, Paris (unescapably), and more recently a New England of his own free and unfavorable imagining. Like his own Lilli Barr, the least feminine nature in his growing gallery of heroines, he seems possessed of "a veritable demon of restlessness, of energy, of a sharp inquiring intelligence", and to be stimulated by "an overpowering curiosity" that, in works promised for the near future, may lead him almost anywhere at all.

His prime impulse, thus far, would seem to be necessity for escape. Escape from a barbarized Western Reserve, escape from an enfeebled New England. Escape, on the one hand, from too crude and violent a growth, and, on the other hand, from too deplorable a decadence. For Bromfield, the west (outlet of so much American energy) is closed; the frontier is abolished: the only liberation for the descendants of the Puritan and the pioneer is eastward; and one can find one's true, free self in Europe alone, with a vast preference for the capital of France.

One after another, most of his heroines get their education in Paris; and it is to Paris that many of his men, old, middle aged, and young ("Gramp" Tolliver, Willy Harrison, Fergus Tolliver) go to recapture the past, to enjoy the present, or to sacrifice the future.

His women rather outrank his men. His Aunt Cassie and his old Thérèse Callendar are successes; his Michael O'Hara — Roman Catholic and Democratic politician — is not. In general, his admiration is all for the woman (preferably young) who bursts the bars of an invidious American locale and who, taking "a firm hold on life", makes it "a glittering success". This success can mean only Paris — or perhaps, secondarily, New York. Boston? Never! Direct toward the Parisian *phare* fly such brilliant birds as Lily Shane, the lovely, the indolent, the unmoral; Sabine Cane, mistress of an acute intelligent curiosity; and that Ellen Tolliver (or Lilli Barr) who, all *élan* and ambition, almost seems a presentation, in reverse, of her creator.

If these women are young, well and good; if they are approaching middle age, none the worse. Olivia Pentland comes in here — a lady who, by a superfluous and naive paradox, is "out of Chicago", and, more memorably, Hattie Tolliver, who, among so many wives and mistresses, remains fundamentally the mother. I can think of no present day novelist who approaches women with a greater show of interest and self confidence — and mostly he succeeds with them. Women, in the end, rule his books and their action. It is an aggregation — or confederation — of women which finally routs that exotic and sinister hybrid and cosmopolite, young Richard Callendar.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bromfield's first essay in fiction consisted, I understand, simply of a single chapter in a cooperative novel done by many hands. This was the young tiger's first taste of blood. It disclosed to him his future. Since then his pouncings upon society in various quarters of the world have been incessant and decisive and often cruel. His talons continue to grasp most of the elements required for fiction. He is far from content to play the great game of life, love, and death with a pack of mere calling cards; he takes up the whole colorful "deck" and manipulates his hand with considerable assurance and drive.

Much more remains to be said about his *personæ*, even if only incidentally; but a writer so conspicuously "called" to the novelist's career as is Bromfield, is sure to succeed as well with his places as with his people. Locale, milieu, environment, are all at the easy disposal of this diversified talent. He renders well the New England landscape as its bleak face appears to his vision and tones in with his purpose. He renders equally well his New York apartment house on Riverside Drive and the portentous mansion of the Levantine Callendars on Murray Hill. He is especially successful with those settings that persist throughout — what the Italians, I believe, call the *scena stabile*, the set scene. Such settings have a curious, satisfying quality of permanency; whether the scene is before us at the moment or not, it continues to live with a life of its own. Thus with "Castle Shane", the early nucleus of "the Town", a strenuous industrial centre otherwise unnamed. Its furnishings, its grounds and gardens, stand there through all the smoke and grime that the mills increasingly shower upon them; and even after the old pile has been burned down, the garden wrecked (save for the salvage of a statue or two), and the site leveled for a new railway station, the storied place seems still to be leading an unimpaired existence. Thus, too, with the eighteenth century mansion in semi-suburban Paris — that charming retreat the maintenance of which, with its Bonapartist salon, the Ohio mills make possible. If you are in Paris, the mills, all the same, are felt to be functioning in Ohio. And if you are in Ohio, be assured the house and garden are awaiting you, all the same, in Paris. It is this solidity and thoroughness, as much as anything, which gives Bromfield his readers' confidence.

As most readers now know, his *œuvre*, up to the present and regardless of the promises of a teeming future, consists of three novels: "The Green Bay Tree", "Possession" (titled rather inadequately and over-ingeniously), and "Early Autumn." These, taken together, are full, solid, and highly varied, as well as interdependent. They form a firm mass that is calculated to endure, and perhaps to repel, assault. All the same, I shall attempt to present a bill of exceptions.

To one who was early established in the decent, if antiquated, tradition of Howells (a practice calling for reticence and decorum), it seems that Bromfield's recourse to simple fornication is too frequent and too facile. Such indulgence is the initial and obvious motif of "The Green Bay Tree", and it is the postponed and latent consideration which conditions "Early Autumn". Data of this sort, when really fundamental, may be accepted readily enough as among a novelist's prime necessities; but one may protest the employment of such a motif when it comes to seem, as it often does, frivolous, incidental, mechanical, superfluous. Let Willy Har-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rison, after his middle aged escape from the horrible steel mills of "the Town", enjoy his Cook's tour in Paris without an incongruous liaison. Let Fergus Tolliver, gifted and attractive youth, attend to his aviation free from banal adventures with a "lady" of Passy. Let even the incidental nurse in rural New England keep clear of the groom-satyr of the local countryside. Let an elderly gentleman refrain without making his *gran rifiuto* almost as much an offense as the offense itself would have been. Yet Bromfield now and then restrains himself, and when he does his success is all the greater. Witness his "big" scene in his first book — and the biggest in all three — where the two sisters, the unmoral Lily from Paris and the tense Irene (not yet immured in her French convent), contend over the wounded young Ukrainian steel worker who leads the strike. Here there is no mechanical recourse to mere sensuality, as to a convenient counter. All such feeling is sublimated, so far as it exists at all, into something better and higher, and the gain is great. The pre-Howells day is doubtless gone, never to return; yet one good test for the up-and-coming novelist is the ability to weave the plain, level fabric of life without too great a dependence on the kinks and snarls that interfere. Of course, even the most sober and conscientious artificer must be allowed an occasional tangent, but the serious observer in the social field does well not to overindulge.

For a second exception, I will touch on Mr. Bromfield's attitude toward New England, speaking as one New Englander (by double descent) to another; for not he alone is among the enfranchised and escaped. I suppose that within a few years he will come to regret having heaped a number of small indignities upon the good grey heads of the New England School of Conduct. In their day Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell — gentlemen writing for a gentry — were valuable and valued, and their day is not precisely over yet. At the worst, they pass into history; and history is simply and absolutely "there". We must soft-pedal our aversions and broaden our perspectives. As we proceed through the years perspective and background arrange themselves. That is fortunate. One has but to wait.

Further, I will pause for a moment on Mr. Bromfield's attitude toward the crude and tumultuous industrial advance of the middle west. Here, again, I speak as man to man, for the modern developments of industrial Ohio are, as compared with related manifestations in Chicago, but as moonlight unto sunlight and as hard cider unto corrosive sublimate. Yet somehow one contrives to extract needed good from necessary evil. This evil is not so much local as modern. Even the Paris of Mr. Bromfield's predilection begins to show the stains and blemishes that come with today's general scheme of life. As he himself poignantly says, in bracketing the War Zone with the Western Reserve, we "kill men in factories in order to kill more men on the battlefield".

My remaining exceptions have to do less with attitude than with execution. While Bromfield sees in advance much of his broad scheme as a whole, and accounts for everything, and leaves no loose ends, one experiences, on the way through his three books, a growing perception of conscious and rather obtrusive contrivance: he manages things too thoroughly and too well. This habit tends to grow, I think, being most apparent in "Early Autumn", where his poor New England, lighted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

up from but one side, seems to figure as a victim of the arbitrary. The French, I believe, have a word for arrangement that is too onesided and too obvious. Mr. Bromfield may know better than I if the word is *voulu*.

The same peculiarity might be found in the transfer of the Ohio Tollivers from "the Town" to New York and thence to Paris. Certainly facile contrasts await upon such a procedure. Yet the difficulty of carrying along several families, or even clans, through a period of several generations finds exemplification in the case of old Tolliver, the Everlasting, who, though beyond ninety in 1925, must be made a youth to revisit his Paris of 1870. However, when the effect is piquant, some slight indulgence may be allowed.

As for Bromfield's diction, it serves its purpose. Though there are passages of extreme felicity and intensity, they are brief and infrequent. A comprehensive social study requires a style that is sober and not too ornate — the Bromfield novels, thus far, are to be read more for their substance than for their manner.

That substance is solid, abundant, varied, and picturesque. I have read all these novels more than once, with undiminishing interest. Considering their various qualities, and their author's qualifications, I tend to regard Louis Bromfield as one of the chief among our present hopes in American fiction. A fourth book (out of the half dozen so lavishly promised) is on the way. It will be, he declares, his own, and "almost completely free from outside influences". One may therefore depend upon the pinwheel, I think, for another and even more brilliant turn. That "exploring, conquering, exhausting" approach which so inspired the protagonist of "Possession" may produce any surprise.

Prophesy, however, should be no part of my present business. In a day when techniques of much originality and variety are pouring in upon us — when "Tomorrow Mornings" offer an almost incredible lightness and rapidity, and when "Hard-Boiled Virgins" present themselves with an almost insolent wilfulness of gait — any technical interest of Bromfield's may well be noted. Note, then, that "The Green Bay Tree" and "Possession" run side by side; neither is imbedded in the other, and neither continues the other; each has its own proper heroine, who is subordinated when her rival has the better claim; environments and chronology are shared in common — an equal division of alluring Paris and of impelling Ohio; each book helps, with no missteps, to bring the other out, and each is as completely readable (whether the two be taken together or apart) as its mate.

Perhaps it is this cooperation (acting like the two lenses of a stereoscope) that gives them an advantage over their successor. Clever and attractive people indeed return from Paris for social and matrimonial adventures among the country houses of the New England shore, but the clear keenness of a double line of sight is not quite replaced. However, a book is better, from one point of view, for standing erect by its one sole powers. This "Early Autumn" does, besides providing an intensity of situation and of intrigue all its own.

And returning, at the end, for another slight gesture toward the prophesy I have forbidden myself, I wonder how number four, now in the making, will connect up with numbers one, two, and three, and speculate on what new technical device may be brought in to bind all the members of a long series together.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW YORKER

Pinero's Famous Comedy — Stars in Popular Plays — Clean Comedies, and Clever — Circus Life — The Fourth Dimensional Theatre? — This and That — Glorifying Mr. Ziegfeld

IN the month just past many producers must have been consulting astrologers. Such a number of plays made their débuts and then suffered a change of name some days later, that only the stars can be responsible. If the producers had given a little more thought to their earthly stars and less to the celestial bodies, the results of these reckless deals in titles might have been more helpful to the box offices; but as it is nearly all of the plays died as promptly as they would have had they not been tampered with. There are one or two exceptions which are lingering, and one in particular called "Piggy" (later appearing as "I Told You So") which would probably have had a run under any title. This musical vehicle serves to bring Sam Bernard again before a public which has laughed at him and with him for years. It is tuneful, bright, and centred entirely about Mr. Bernard's funny accent — a creation of his own—and his ability to splutter himself into an apoplectic silence. All of which is as it should be. With so many old favorites returning to show their altered faces, bent backs, and almost everything but loss of speech, it is pleasant to find Mr. Bernard as bright, engaging, and as foolish as he was twenty years ago.

Two other plays which have survived under changed titles until this writing are "Praying Curve", more opportunely rechristened "The Love Thief", and "The Scarlet Lily", which bloomed more modestly in advance press notices as "The Red Lily". The first concerns a noble young train dispatcher on a western railroad who woos and wins a pure eastern girl through his spiritual letters, and the second is about a naughty little girl who abandons café life and all that sort of thing in her native Bordeaux to marry a great big strong American soldier from Vermont. Since we cordially hated both pieces, we shall merely sum up by saying that the writing shows no merit and the acting in general is what used indelicately to be referred to as "ham".

There is no need to go into post-mortems, since such a wealth of living material came to town as would fill this article twice over were adequate reports to be given. Chief among these plays, in point of cast at any rate, was Pinero's robust comedy "Trelawny of the 'Wells'" doing duty again in one of its decennial revivals. The number of genuine stars who were free to engage in this play is little short of amazing. Such notables as Wilton Lackaye, Henrietta Crosman, Rollo Peters, and Pauline Lord drift about the stage as if they are never happier than when playing second, third, and even fourth fiddles. It added to the happiness of the audiences as well to see parts so perfectly played and with such admirable restraint. Not one of the celebrities showed any more than a passing interest in the calcium, although their names are accustomed to glare forth in white lights. John Drew as Sir Wil-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liam Gower gave a marvelously clear cut impersonation of a great gentleman in the sixties, and we were particularly interested in the work of Frieda Inescort, who brought distinction and intelligence to a small part. We had always known that she was beautiful, but now we realize what a very good actress she is as well.

Another revival was seen when Mrs. Fiske brought her own version of "Ghosts" in from the road for a limited engagement. It is such a version as has never been seen on land or sea before, and we wish we were psychic enough to know what Ibsen's ghost thought of Mrs. Fiske's "Ghosts". The spectre may have been doubled up with anguish or laughter, for Mrs. Fiske, who has been on the stage long enough to know what she wants to do, played the part of Mrs. Alving as comedy! She made the audience giggle at the most inopportune moments with her uncanny skill, and she ruthlessly clipped off every actor's speech when a speech of her own followed. It was a marvelous memory feat if nothing else, for it meant that she was reading her entire part without cues. A generally poor cast bore up bravely under these violences and did its best. We were interested in the work of Theodore St. John as Oswald Alving, but his interpretation suffered when we recalled the superb performance of José Ruben in the same part about a year ago.

Two popular stars appeared with plays which promise in one case a fair success and in the other a hit. The first is Alice Brady in "Lady Alone" and the second is Jane Cowl in "The Road to Rome".

Now, as everybody knows, Miss Brady has been on a still hunt for a long time, searching for a play which should do her justice. In "Lady Alone" it may be that she has not found the perfect part, but it is better at any rate than those in which she has been appearing lately. Its theme is not unfamiliar. If Nina Hopkins had loved more wisely and not so warmly she might be alive and well today; but having taken the fatal step, she is forced by perfectly logical stages to nepenthe via a poisoned cup. She is like the character that Edith Wharton drew so brilliantly a score of years ago in "The House of Mirth" — a girl gently bred and luxury loving who through want and an inability to accomodate herself to such a life is finally brought to the realization that death is the only escape. Miss Brady plays this rôle in a monotone which is the more convincing in that it is in sharp contrast to her customary emotional climaxes. She was in danger of becoming known as a noisy if capable actress, but this play should convince anybody that she is more than just that. Her gift for poignant emotion shows itself in her silences. The last act has as dramatic a bit of stage direction as we have seen this winter. As the final curtain falls the telephone rings with shrill, shocking insistence in the room where only the dead girl lies.

Robert Emmet Sherwood, known to thousands who read "Life", is likely to gain new audiences for himself with his play "The Road to Rome". It must have been inspired in a certain degree by "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" and we wonder why John Erskine ever let himself be caught napping. The dramatization of the book had been announced so often that one grew weary of waiting. Possibly the delay was due to the fact that Ethel Barrymore was not available for the part of Helen; but in the meanwhile Mr. Sherwood stole a march. It must not be inferred that "The Road to Rome" is in any sense taken from the book; but both

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DRAMA SHELF

"The Play's the Thing" by Ferenc Molnar, adapted by P. G. Wodehouse (Brentano). The play in which Holbrook Blinn is currently entertaining Broadway.

"This Woman Business" by Benn W. Levy (Houghton Mifflin). An English comedy which New York found amusing.

"Broadway" by Philip Dunning and George Abbott (Doran). If this scintillating drama of New York night club life hasn't reached your part of the country, it's probably on its way there.

"Caponsacchi" by Arthur Goodrich and Rose A. Palmer (Appleton). The adaptation of Browning's "The Ring and the Book" in which Walter Hampden has met with hearty approval.

"Discordant Encounters" by Edmund Wilson (A. and C. Boni). Satiric dialogues and plays, among them "The Crime in the Whistler Room".

"Daisy Mayme" by George Kelly (Little, Brown). A few more of our fellow citizens shown up in Mr. Kelly's inimitable manner.

"The Curtain Rises" by Benson Inge and Charles Chupet (Book Mart Pub. Co.). A first book of four one act plays wherein the authors prove themselves to be young men of serious minds.

"Goethe's Faust" by W. H. van der Smissen (Dutton). A translation into English verse which preserves the original metres and is supplemented by explanatory notes.

"The Government Inspector" by Gogol (Knopf). Constance Garnett includes in this volume of her superb translation of Gogol the brilliant comedy, and six other plays.

"Twelve One-Act Plays" with an introduction by Walter Prichard Eaton (Longmans, Green). Contributions by Holworthy Hall, Gilbert Emery, Alice Gerstenberg, and others.

"Once a Clown, Always a Clown: Reminiscences of DeWolf Hopper" (Little, Brown). In collaboration with Wesley Winans Stout the inimitable comedian recounts tales of stage folk past and present.

"Three Plays for a Children's Theatre" by Florence Kiper Frank (Vinal). These plays have been successfully presented in schools and clubs throughout the country.

"The World's Best Book of Minstrelsy" by Herbert Preston Powell (Penn). First aid to the amateur — directions for staging the minstrel show as well as sketches and gags.

are laid in olden days, both concern a beautiful discontented wife who talks too much, and both offer food for present day thought in the witty, casual speeches of the ancients. Helen's private life is a plea for tolerance, and "The Road to Rome" asks again, What price glory? Most of the asking is done by Amytis, wife of the Dictator of Rome, who travels to Hannibal's camp outside the walls to demand what all the fighting is about. Hannibal isn't able to answer that question, but he takes into consideration the fact that the love life of Amytis is far from complete. The immediate result of this consideration is that Rome is saved. Since Amytis knows it is dying of its own power anyway, we imagine she was serving her own desires rather than her country. This is no Mona Vanna delivering herself into the hands of the enemy for a high purpose. The lines are sly, often risqué, and amused a sophisticated audience. Jane Cowl as Amytis looked beautiful,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Philip Merivale played Hannibal, the worn conqueror, with distinction. At the end of the play Mago, his brother, reproaches him with having made his first mistake. Hannibal denies it. "I have made many mistakes, Mago, but this is not one of them." Those who like spiced comedy will not make a mistake either in seeing "The Road to Rome".

Two very charming plays were produced about which little may be said, since one must see them to enjoy the fresh humor. They take up the problems, trials, and triumphs of youth, always a pleasant subject, and carry the youngsters concerned into the port of matrimony. One may contend that this is only the beginning, but what happens afterward is another story entirely. "Tommy" has been rather militantly advertised as a clean play. Critics, having nothing else to say, emphasized that, and the producers took it up. It seems rather unfair. "Tommy" *is* a clean play, but nobody is much interested in cleanliness for itself alone, at any rate in the theater. This little comedy is full of fun, bright lines, and amusing situations. Peg Entwistle, Alan Bunce, and William Janney, who seem just to have graduated into short skirts or long trousers as the case may be, play their rôles with the vitality of youth and the sureness of veterans.

Maxwell Anderson, who has written such dissimilar pieces as "Outside Looking In" and who is coauthor with the well known Mr. Stallings of "What Price Glory", is responsible for the second of these charming new plays. "Saturday's Children" of course must work, and it is on this theme that the comedy is based. Probably all would have gone well with Rims O'Neill and his young wife if they had had enough money to buy a radio and go to the movies, but unfortunately young clerks are usually underpaid, and when they insist on marrying the weekly stipend seems still slimmer. Out of this Mr. Anderson has fashioned a rueful little comedy with some tears and many heartaches not far beneath the smiles — a comedy of logical entrances and skilled exits, for the playwright above all knows the mechanics of the theatre. We wish that all nice young things might have the happy ending to their tragedies reserved for the stage children in this play. Perhaps they may if they see it, for the solution is simple. Climb into your wife's window some night after she has left you, padlock the door, and then — Well then, Mr. Anderson says, even a shabby boarding house may become Paradise. Roger Pryor as Rims made us believe it might be so, and Ruth Gordon as his wife was delightful.

The Civic Repertory Theatre presented as one of its midwinter offerings "The Cradle Song", written by that same Martinez Sierra whose "Romantic Young Lady" was presented last year at the Neighborhood Playhouse. Critics generally went quite mad over "The Cradle Song". It was deemed one of the most perfect bits that has ever been brought to our stage. "Bits" is right, for "The Cradle Song" is but a fragment of a play. What there is in this story of convent life is done with understanding and sympathy, but actually there is no story at all. That a baby should be adopted by a community of nuns, reared by them and eventually married with their approval to a worthy young man, is very nice and does credit to the feelings of the sisters, but it is not quite plot enough on which to base a play. But since we appear to be the only dissenting voice we shall let

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it go at that. At any rate, the direction and producing were interesting.

A dim rival to "Broadway" appeared in "The Barker", dim not because the latter is so very terrible, but because the former is so very very good. As a matter of fact, "The Barker" provides an entertaining evening for those who like to see the inside of theatrical life — as who does not? This particular piece deals with the tent show that travels from one small town to another exhibiting its tattooed woman, its oriental dancer, snake charmer, and freaks. It is a very human story of the loves, hates, sorrows, and adulteries of these show folk, and concerns chiefly the barker whose young son wishes to join the show. He does so and speedily becomes involved with the snake charmer. The father's efforts to free him, his failure, and the boy's eventual marriage are set forth with some moments of graphic realism. Claudette Colbert as Lou could obviously charm more than snakes; we thought she was fine. Walter Huston was the hard boiled father who didn't believe in letting youth have its fling. There is romance in these nomad lives, in their desolate wanderings from one town to another where the peasantry gather to gape. It is romance, we fear, which will all too soon belong to memories of the past. The motion picture will eventually force these show boats of the land into retirement.

"Damn the Tears" was another of those attempts to break away from the three dimensional theatre. It failed as they usually do, but it held some interesting moments. It is easy enough to poke fun at these pioneers but the day will come when their efforts in modified form will be regarded as conservatism. Some beautiful settings by Norman-Bel Geddes were a solace to the harassed audience when the text became absolutely incoherent.

"Pinwheel", produced by the Neighborhood Playhouse, was of the same order, although more intelligible and at the same time less beautiful. It purports to be a picture of New York, and while it is perfectly authentic so far as it goes, there might have been included other scenes less depressingly hideous and equally typical. Here are the subway rush, the great business offices, the cellars beneath them, Coney Island with its blare and jazz, slums, and night clubs. One is left with an impersonal feeling of despair for the treadmill lives of thousands, although in so far as these particular puppets are concerned there is no emotion at all as to their fate, only indifference. Had the author been able to project his characters sufficiently beyond his conception of the great city so that they registered definitely, he might have made a very great thing of his "Pinwheel". As it is, this is simply another one of those interesting experiments. Dorothy Sands as the Jane and Marc Loebell as the Guy carried their difficult rôles with distinction. When they were submerged it was only by the strange noises of the city. Paula Trueman as the Lady Friend brought her usual grace to a small part.

The enthusiastic band which last year produced in Greenwich Village their version of Gluck's "Orpheus", have inaugurated this season with Mozart's "La Finta Giardiniera". To us the accomplishment, in spite of the clever direction of Helen Freeman, seemed disappointing. The sets designed by Joseph Mullen were charming, but the tiny stage of the Mayfair permits of no moving about on the part of performers without awkward

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

collisions. The actors resorted therefore to posturing. Fortunately their gestures were pleasant to behold, and their hands in particular most graceful. Perhaps, after all, the artificiality of the theme was best served by such treatment. Another plaint is that the voices could scarcely be called operatic — with the exception of Richard Hale. However, so far as intelligent and spirited interpretation is concerned, the Intimate Opera Company rates high, with special salvos to Mr. Hale and Norma Millay.

A vivid drama called "The Dark" gave Louis Calhern his opportunity to appear as a featured player. It was time that some one took up this talented young actor in a serious way. He has been doing excellent work for so long in secondary rôles that it was a safe prediction his chance would come. It has in this piece. The plot is one which depends on its trick ending and so may not be talked about, but Mr. Calhern and Ann Andrews bring to it a convincingness that the play itself rather lacks. It contains, however, bright quick dialogue and dramatic moments for those who like bright quick dialogue and dramatic moments.

In "Rio Rita" the gorgeous Mr. Ziegfeld has produced a gorgeous show in his gorgeous new theatre. No need to say what his play is all about save that the music is tuneful, the girls lovely, the sets magnificent, and the Ziegfeld Theatre itself something to be remembered. The murals are Persian in design, there are dancing rooms and lounges for intermissions, and the seats, praise be, have enough space between them and the next row so that long legged men may stretch in comfort. The Albertina Rasch girls "stopped the show" twice on our particular night, and that is something for a chorus to boast of, beautiful and agile though they may be. "Rio Rita" is going to add many to the ranks of tired business men who make this sort of thing possible.

LARRY BARRETTO

INHERITOR

By Mabel Simpson

SHE never knew the sea at all,
Yet when she spoke about the sea,
You heard the great waves rise and fall
Upon the long coasts steadily.

She never knew the sea, but when
She spoke of it her words were true,
And salt lashed down the drowning men,
And her sea hunger entered you.

Somewhere behind her there must be
Women and men who loved the sea.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and* THE BOOKMAN'S *"Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.*

COMRADE JILL — Herbert Adams — *Lippincott.* A combination of socialism and romance that deals with the lighter aspects of each.

REVELRY — Samuel Hopkins Adams — *Boni, Liveright.* An amiable president grapples his friends to his breast with hoops of steel — and oil.

THIS DAY'S MADNESS — The Author of "Miss Tiverton Goes Out" — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Family pride nearly wrecks a beautifully told love affair.

DAWN — Irving Bacheller — *Macmillan.* A story of early Christians which has undoubted appeal.

ALPHA — Emery Balint — *Macy-Masius.* Expressionism rampant — you may search all day ere you find the grain of truth, and whether it is worth the search when you have it this reviewer for one is at a loss to know.

THE MOULS HOUSE MYSTERY — Charles Barry — *Dutton.* Smugglers and several stupid crime detectors provide adequate suspense. (*See page* 215).

THE MANCHU CLOUD — James W. Bennett — *Duffield.* Today's events in China are easy to understand in the light of these thrilling pages.

* EARLY AUTUMN — Louis Bromfield — *Stokes.* The last fruits of the New England family tree; Olivia Pentland proves a peach.

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS — Struthers Burt — *Scribner.* Seeing America in three hours: Philadelphia, New York, and Wyoming in fascinating panorama.

* HER SON'S WIFE — Dorothy Canfield — *Harcourt, Brace.* An unyielding mother-in-law turns out to be somewhat of a Naomi and is greatly chastened by the process.

* SHADOWS WAITING — Eleanor Carroll Chilton — *Day.* Sensitive, profound, beautiful — an astounding first novel. (*See page* 213.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN — Irvin S. Cobb — *Cosmopolitan.* Smiles and tears, grins and gulps, alternate with startling speed in these highly entertaining short stories.

THE FIELD OF MUSTARD — A. E. Coppard — *Knopf.* Eleven tales of peasants and gentry told with rich irony, oddity, fantasy, and humor.

DOOMSDAY — Warwick Deeping — *Knopf.* A young woman "faces reality" in the Sussex weald or thereabouts.

SORRELL AND SON — Warwick Deeping — *Knopf.* The uses of adversity make rather tedious reading, but the book has strength and a fine appeal.

JILL — E. M. Delafield — *Harper.* Two sides of postwar society in London, well and entertainingly done.

THE BLACK KNIGHT — Ethel M. Dell — *Putnam.* An apparantly untamable little madcap eventually subjugated by a good man's love.

CLAD IN PURPLE MIST — Catherine Dodd — *Doran.* Delicate and beautiful love story by the author of "The Farthing Spinster".

* AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY — Theodore Dreiser — *Boni, Liveright.* An epochal and gripping commentary on the question of why boys leave home.

THE PEACH'S PROGRESS — May Edginton — *Penn.* The adventures of the irresistible Peach Robinwood on her hunt for a wealthy and titled husband.

* GALAHAD — John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Enough of his life to explain John Erskine's reputation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY — John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Several hundred pages of dramatic dialogue — more dialogue than dramatic.

THE WIND OF COMPLICATION — Susan Ertz — *Appleton.* Short stories, some better, some worse, but mostly amusing.

* SHOW BOAT — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Page.* The Chautauqua of former days forms the setting for many alluring episodes.

GOLDEN TALES OF ANATOLE FRANCE — *Dodd, Mead.* A new selection containing the best of the "well turned tales" of this entertaining ironist.

* THE SILVER SPOON — John Galsworthy — *Scribner.* The Forsyte parlor proves a cosmos in this excellent addition to the Saga.

THE VOICE OF DASHIN — Ganpat — *Doran.* An explorer's novel packed with Thibetan mystery and adventure.

CHILDREN OF THE MORNING — W. L. George — *Putnam.* Improbable, incredible, yet highly entertaining, this description of the inception, growth, and decay of a rudimentary civilization.

LABELS — A. Hamilton Gibbs — *Little, Brown.* The boys come home and find what they have made safe for democracy; the reader then advances behind a barrage of startling events.

THE UP-GRADE — George Gibbs — *Appleton.* Fairly interesting proof that it is hard for a woman to combine a successful business career with successful marriage.

* THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS — Ellen Glasgow — *Doubleday, Page.* An elderly judge tries to simulate the graces of youth; more or less of a tragedy ensues.

THE WHITE KNIGHT — Bruce Graeme — *Doran.* A novel as current as news, as exciting as Sabatini, set in modern Hungary.

MIDSUMMER MUSIC — Stephen Graham — *Doran.* An Englishman finds spice and romance in Dalmatia.

UNDER THE TONTO RIM — Zane Grey — *Harper.* Broad brimmed hats and hearts of gold; a disenchanted belle finds honor among thieves.

THE SUN ALSO RISES — Ernest Hemingway — *Scribner.* One colossal drunk, some sin, lots of humor; the characters are as funny as such people commonly are.

CONGAÏ — Harry Hervey — *Cosmopolitan.* In torrid, steaming Saigon an Annamite "Madam Butterfly" climbs to dizzy heights in French society with no tragic aftermath.

THE HOUSE OF SECRETS — Sydney Horler — *Doran.* Barry Wilding finds life hard to hang on to in this story of international mystery and intrigue.

WINTERWISE — Zephine Humphrey — *Dutton.* A disciple of Agnes Repplier recounts the passing of a tranquil Vermont winter over her head and her husband's and her cat's and her dog's.

THE POPE OF THE SEA — Vicente Blasco Ibáñez — *Dutton.* Benedict, last of the Exiles of Avignon, and his 94 adventurous years make absorbing reading.

THE LONGEST SHADOW — Jeffery E. Jeffery — *Little, Brown.* The sympathetic account of how a young romantic, brought face to face with difficult reality, manages to cope with it and keep his ideals intact.

THE AFFAIR IN DUPLEX 9B — William Johnston — *Doran.* A scandal, a murder — society awhirl in a rapid mystery.

DANCE MAGIC — Clarence Budington Kelland — *Harper.* Like a sunbeam, Jahala dances safely over pitfalls and dangers into fame and love.

MYSTERY DE LUXE — Rufus King — *Doran.* Humor and mystery, laughter and drama, are never lacking.

THE UNDERSTANDING HEART — Peter B. Kyne — *Cosmopolitan.* A red blooded fairy story; edifying and entertaining; the scene is the west.

THE BIG MOGUL — Joseph C. Lincoln — *Appleton.* Heap big chief succumbs to papoose maiden and sloughs off his stolidity.

LORD OF HIMSELF — Percy Marks — *Century.* A young man and his mother and his problems. Less sensational than "The Plastic Age".

SYLVIA OF THE MINUTE — Helen R. Martin — *Dodd, Mead.* More humor and perilous adventure and less Pennsylvania Dutch dialect than usually characterizes the author.

ULICK AND SORACHA — George Moore — *Boni, Liveright.* Gaelic legends of poetic beauty by this master of English prose.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HAPPY TREE — Rosalind Murray — *Harcourt, Brace.* The story of a life whose drama is beneath the surface. It has something of the quiet dignity and charm of its title.

* CHEVRONS — Leonard Nason — *Doran.* The doughboy novel that rivals "The Big Parade" in popularity.

THE HARD-BOILED VIRGIN — Frances Newman — *Boni, Liveright.* All the esoteric lore of a young girl's mind described in a style as tedious as it is original.

WILD HONEY — Frederick Niven — *Dodd, Mead.* An ex-hobo sees the roaming life of his adventurous youth through a rosy haze of illusion.

HILDEGARDE — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* From poorhouse to mansion with many circumlocutions and a fine gathering of interest.

MR. GILHOOLEY — Liam O'Flaherty — *Harcourt, Brace.* The adventures of a rogue and his companions that aim for but hardly achieve the picturesqueness supposed to attach to all adventures of rogues.

THE DARK DAWN — Martha Ostenso — *Dodd, Mead.* A tyrannical woman of the steppes darkens her household; the situation is immense, the tragedy melodramatic.

JENNIFER — John Palmer — *Harcourt, Brace.* In which an analytic husband explains the other reasons for his wife's elopement.

TOMORROW MORNING — Anne Parrish — *Harper.* The thief of time steals the genius of a mother and son.

RIVERS TO CROSS — Roland Pertwee — *Houghton Mifflin.* International politics are badly tangled by the pompous, obstinate governor of a tiny but important island.

THE MINIATURE — Eden Phillpotts — *Macmillan.* A gently satiric and not very original conception of the creation of mankind for the amusement of Zeus and his family.

CHERRY SQUARE — Grace S. Richmond — *Doubleday, Page.* A neighborly drama of a pleasant village, with a cast the size of "Faust's".

SKIN-DEEP — Naomi Royde-Smith — *Knopf.* The folly of trying to hold youth and beauty at all costs. Too much in the nature of a tract to be especially convincing or entertaining.

CORSICAN JUSTICE — J. G. Sarasin — *Doran.* Costume romance of Napoleonic Italy vividly told.

* THE BEADLE — Pauline Smith — *Doran.* A beautiful, compelling story by the author of "The Little Karoo".

* THE DARK GENTLEMAN — G. B. Stern — *Knopf.* For sophisticated dog lovers. (*See page* 214.)

THE PLUTOCRAT — Booth Tarkington — *Doubleday, Page.* Goliath and family against a cultural background; Americanus on a world tour.

* HARMER JOHN — Hugh Walpole — *Doran.* Hugh Walpole's greatest character in a richly documented story of his Cathedral people.

* THE WORLD OF WILLIAM CLISSOLD — H. G. Wells — *Doran.* Mr. Wells's masterpiece, a combination outline of philosophy and life.

* THE DRURY CLUB CASE — Sidney Williams — *Penn.* Well contrived murder mystery — guess it if you can! (*See page* 215.)

BEAU GESTE — Percival Christopher Wren — *Stokes.* Who's got the button? The answer lies in episodes of great theatricality and interest.

* BEAU SABREUR — Percival Christopher Wren — *Stokes.* Wherein a French officer saves an American beauty from a rising tide of color in Africa.

DEW AND MILDEW — Percival Christopher Wren — *Stokes.* Whether in Algiers, as in "Beau Geste", or as now in India, his stories are full of color and a shrewd understanding of the native point of view.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. "Emma" by Jane Austen. Louis Bromfield's coming novel brings this particular title to mind, but all of Miss Austen's novels bear frequent rereading.

2. "The Little Karoo" by Pauline Smith (Doran). "The Beadle" should send readers back to the author's earlier sketches of the African veldt.

3. "Wings" by Ethel Kelley (Knopf). This fine novelist is all too little known by the generation of whom she writes so understandingly.

4. "Tramping with a Poet in the Rockies" by Stephen Graham (Appleton). The charm of Mr. Graham's new novel can be traced back to his many travel reminiscences, of which this sketch of Vachel Lindsay is of particular interest to Americans.

5. "Supers and Supermen" by Philip Guedalla (Putnam). Mr. Guedalla's presence among us recalls these trenchant portraits of historical figures.

Two New Artists

TWO first novels, one from an English girl, one from an American, are enough to convince me that the world of literature is still swinging in the right direction. "Shadows Waiting" by Eleanor Carroll Chilton (Day) is a profound, moving, delicately fashioned story, written in the most exquisite prose. It is a tale of two young people groping toward each other through mazes of psychological difficulties. Miss Chilton tells the story of their minds with uncanny skill. It holds the reader throughout, although it is not always easy reading. The beauty of flowing prose, however, carries one past the slight obscurity. This writer will remind you of Virginia Woolf. She will remind you of Henry James. Not since Elinor Wylie's first novel has a figure of such importance emerged in America. Miss Chilton is young, she has written poetry, she has lived much abroad. Her book deserves every success which critics and public may heap upon it.

Pauline Smith, an English girl of about the same age, is already known for her sketches of South African life, which she called "The Little Karoo". Arnold Bennett, in writing the introduction for that book, prophesied that Miss Smith would become a novelist of import. "The Beadle" (Doran) fulfils his prophecy. Simple, flowing, dramatic, it tells what might almost be considered a folk tale were it not so rife with passion and poignancy. The characters are alive from the moment they appear. Yet they have, also, that other dimensional quality which is so difficult to describe, and which gives certain books a sort of universal character. "The Beadle" reminds me very much of "Porgy", possibly because it deals with simple people, moving in the stress of almost primitive emotions. Miss Smith's white folk in the spell of the South African veldt and of a simple religious creed have the harshness of Puritans, tempered by the slow grace of an easier inheritance. It is a fascinating book, this, in every way.

Delicate Fancy

IN "Amy Lowell, A Mosaic", George H. Sargent has added another exquisite little volume to the literature

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of appreciation of this extraordinary woman. He has taken various opinions on the creative mind and spirit and woven them into a small essay, which has been beautifully produced by William Edwin Rudge.

Certainly far away in content, but not actually so in spirit, is A. P. Herbert's new volume of verses, "She-Shanties" (Doubleday, Page). These rollicking lyrics of the eternal feminine are masterpieces of lilt and humor. I cannot understand why Mr. Herbert is not read so avidly as Milne. He has a faithful following, and perhaps this volume will gain for him that wider public he so richly deserves. He celebrates the flapper and the fury, but here let us consider the last of his stanza of his poem to "Nanny":

Alas! the twig becomes a bough;
We do not need a Nanny now;
Forgotten her who showed us how,
  We walk to death or glory;
And whether Fate blows cold or hot,
Whatever women shape our lot,
It's safe to say a Nurse will not
  Be mentioned in the story.
Some other baby far away
  Is hers to soothe or slap,
Some NELSON'S in the bath to-day,
  Some SHELLEY in her lap;
And when I think, on this small star
How many mighty men there are,
I call for wine and drain a jar
  To England's noble Nannies.

This Autobiography Craze Extends

IT is a dog, this time, who writes the tale of his life. Yo Fei belongs to Florence Ayscough, translator of "Fir-Flower Tablets", the Chinese poems which Amy Lowell made into English poetry. "The Autobiography of a Chinese Dog" (Houghton Mifflin) "edited by His Missuss" is an autobiography which should delight children, their dogs, owners of dogs beyond the age of childhood, and those interested in Chinese customs and atmosphere; for it has all of these appeals in good measure. Yo Fei is undoubtedly a great dog, and he has almost supernatural powers of observation. Whether it is a Chinese lady he is observing or his Missuss, he is equally acute and, doubtless, accurate. I wonder if it is possible to judge one's friends by their dogs. I should like to read an autobiography of some of Ralph Hodgson's great dogs. And I should like to read an autobiography of one of Amy Lowell's famous dogs who were so carefully nurtured by her, only to be killed by the war as surely as any soldier or starving Belgian. Rations were impossible for them, and one by one they died until, finally, she ordered the others killed rather than see them wasting away for want of proper food. There is John Thomas's dog, too, who chews the curtain and all the rest of the furniture, and leaps madly over the bedclothes when he visits the sickroom. Sidney Howard has two, amiable creatures, one black and one white. So it goes. What they see, and what they don't see . . . I wonder.

For Dogs with Complexes

G. B. STERN has written a sophisticated story about dogs for sophisticated lovers of dogs. It is highly diverting. If Mr. Morley's "Where the Blue Begins" achieved a wide public, this little masterpiece should double it. "The Dark Gentleman" (Knopf) is a story of dogs who were no better than they should be, and it probably comes nearer dog nature than most stories written about pets. It may be, of course, that the character of Renny interested Miss Stern, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the novelist did not dare make her a human being. In which case, I advise the reader to think of Renny in terms of womanhood, and then discover what a devastating piece of portraiture this novelette becomes. It will be interesting to see how the public reacts to this book. Are most dog lovers so sentimental that they will reject this pungent satire, or are there all sorts and conditions of dog lovers?

Mystery and Crime

THERE has always been a crime wave in literature, but it seems to be gaining impetus. This does not annoy me. The more detective stories the merrier, the more books on poisoning, the better. Edward H. Smith, long a student of crime and a writer on its convolutions, has at last published a book worthy of his industry, his knowledge, and his talents. "Famous Poison Mysteries" (Dial) is in every way interesting. Each story, factual, is in reality as well constructed and as thrilling as a piece of fiction. In this class, too, are "Blotted 'Scutcheons" by Horace Wyndham (Doran) and "Rogues and Scoundrels" by Philip W. Sergeant (Brentano). The two detective stories I have read this month are good, except that "The Mouls House Mystery" by Charles Barry (Dutton) employs a device which is rather annoying to me, that of filling the stage with stupid characters who because of their stupidity make the mystery more mysterious. Not so Sidney Williams. "The Drury Club Case" (Penn) is much the best of his murder mysteries. It is bright, amusing, and almost impossible of solution until the final untying of knots. This is an unusual story, and one which all lovers of this kind of fiction should read at once.

Poetry of Religion and Nature

TEN to one you do not read "The British Weekly" as I do, and do not know the religious journalism of Dr. John A. Hutton. It is not fair to call it journalism, for it is far more than that. Dr. Hutton's essays on Francis Thompson, which have been appearing for some time in this weekly, are now collected in book form under the title "Guidance from Francis Thompson in Matters of Faith" (Doran). It may be that this is a volume entirely for the faithful, but it contains a most important critical estimate, that of a Protestant mystic for one of the greatest of all mystics.

Katharine Lee Bates's "The Pilgrim Ship" (Womans Press), written in the religious mood, contains her reactions to the Holy Land in verses which are filled with grace and an inner beauty that characterizes all her work.

Beatrice Ravenel's inspiration is authentic and her verse is exquisitely wrought, showing an unusual combination of tenderness and fire. In her new volume "The Arrow of Lightning" (Vinal) I like greatly "The Alligator", which opens:

He roars in the swamp.
For two hundred years he has clamored in Spring;
He is fourteen feet long, and his track scars the earth in the night-time,
His voice scars the air.
Oak-boughs have furred their forks, are in velvet;
Jessamine crackle their fire-new sparks;
The grass is full of a nameless wildness of color, of flowers in solution.
The glass-blower birds twist their brittle imaginings over the multiplied colors of water.

— *J. F.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

SINCLAIR LEWIS AND BLASPHEMY

Two Views

I

By Henry Seidel Canby

"ELMER GANTRY" seems to me a poor novel but an admirable piece of journalism. Lewis is not particularly interested in character as such, or personality as such, or story for its own sake. There is no Babbitt, rising from generalized satire into a human figure touching the imagination, in this book. There is no fabric of humanity in which the rotten fibre weaves in with the good. The worthy people are pale and ineffective, not because Lewis is a cynic but because he is not here interested in worthiness. He has a news story: the church honeycombed with hypocrisy; a drunken, sensual athlete become a great leader on the strength of a pulpit manner and a little shrewdness; ignorance a real asset for an American preacher. He does not care whether this is the whole story; he does not care whether it is typical; he has got the news, he has verified it, it is true news so far as it goes, and his admirable news sense enables him to give it full significance. This may not be art (as "Babbitt" was) but it is good writing, justified by the great interest of the subject matter, and the powerful presentation. Lewis's reputation as a novelist will not be heightened by "Elmer Gantry", it will be lowered; for you cannot hew your way into universal truth. But there are not many journalists alive that can beat the author at the game of using facts.

The question as to whether "Elmer Gantry" is blasphemous seems to me irrelevant. Lewis, in spite of his pulpit gesture in Kansas City, is not in this book attacking God. He is attacking ignorance, hypocrisy, cowardice, emotionalism, cupidity, concupiscience — he is attacking the priests of the altar, not the God they serve. In effect, he is carrying on in his own fashion the long series of satires which the lazy, the wicked, the carnal, and the worldly in the service of the church have always called forth when the church was powerful, as the Protestant sects which Lewis attacks are powerful now. The mediævals who scourged the slothful, time-serving monks with diatribes were not accused of blasphemy. When Chaucer regretted his stories "sounying unto synne" it was not his rough handling of the Pardoner that he had in mind. The Popes never put an attack upon the abuses of the church upon the Index.

I can see much that is scurrilous in Lewis's book, but nothing that is blasphemous; and isn't it high time that "muscular Christianity" had its tussle, even if its opponent plays for points, not for abstract justice! "Elmer Gantry" is a "roughneck" book, with little art to commend it, but great power and great interest. It is a tract for the times, and whoever expected balance, suavity, depth, in a tract!

II

By Charles W. Ferguson

IN "Elmer Gantry" there is a certain stridor not to be found in the more important novels of Sinclair Lewis.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Quite excusably, the man has written from animus, and the result is a glorious lampoon which only a person of Lewis's talent could design. He told the boys at Kansas City: "I'm going off to write a book about you; I'm going to give you hell." It is hell of a vigorous sort that he gave them. His achievement, in fact, lies in the hell he gave and not in the novel he wrote. As a novel, "Elmer Gantry" is simply the kind of story the bad boy of Baltimore would have written if he had turned his thought to fiction. Art has been subordinated to purpose. "Elmer Gantry" was of course inevitable, just as Sinclair Lewis and John Roach Straton were inevitable. Religious has become egregious. Emotions intensified by the war have grown rampant since the war's interrupted termination. Lewis reacted to these emotions in a way that could easily have been predicted. He grew angry at the absurdities of the faithful; he was fortunate enough to be able to carry out the threat so many of us make: to write a book about those who incite our contempt. Evolution produced Bryan, and Bryan produced the Lewis of today. Only as we envisage "Elmer Gantry" as the product of social forces can we approach it with any understanding. I do not mean to suggest that it is a lily in a manure lot so much as I mean to say that it is the repercussion of American intolerance and mediocrity. With things as they are, "Elmer Gantry" is a novel which sooner or later must have been written.

It is, I suppose, blasphemous, for blasphemy consists in speaking with disgust of those concepts and practices generally esteemed by any influential class. It is, however, more contumacious than blasphemous; it derides certain American Christians a vast deal more than it blasphemes the name of God. Yet the tone of "Elmer Gantry" will not be appreciated either by religionists or general readers; to the former it will seem irreverent, to the latter it will seem unrestrained.

It would be absurd to say that Mr. Lewis has been fair to ministers. He didn't mean to be and I see no reason why he should have been. We must remember that he is presenting Sinclair Lewis's minister. There is in Lewis enough of the sculptor to keep him from being a photographer. We have here, not ministers as they are, but ministers as Lewis sees them. He has caricatured, it may be, but the base and outlines of the original figure are recognizable. The author means to suggest that Elmer Gantry could live and succeed in America — a land where mediocrity dwells in high places and becomes the *sine qua non* of success. Personally, I have never known a minister quite so frankly disingenuous, quite so overtly given to philandering; but it would be possible, I confess, to take a composite of ministers in American history and in present day life and derive a Gantry. Here again "Elmer Gantry" becomes a social commentary and not a work of fictional art. As a character, Dr. Gantry lacks verisimilitude, and he lacks it more the longer he lives. The story of his conversion and inception into the ministry is unimpeachable. But immediately his seminary days begin, he loses vitality for me and degenerates into a bounder and a rogue in whom all the vices of all the preachers of the ages are incarnated. The dregs of the clergy are vigorously stirred to the top in this bitter concoction, but, Mr. Lewis believes, the dregs are there, and they are important.

It would be a mistake to quarrel with Sinclair Lewis for his view of ministers. If he has chosen to caricature instead of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

depict, it is his own business. To say that the man has not fairly represented the ministry is to be unfair to him — obviously he never intended to. It would be irrelevant to complain to Covarrubias that his drawing of Coolidge fails to look precisely like the million photographs or the more reverent portraits of our president.

MR. GUEDALLA AND HIS SO POTENT ART

By Dorothea Lawrance Mann

LIKE Prospero Mr. Guedalla has acquired magic. It is great magic. These his actors are all spirits, but during their hour they dominate us and we see "the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples". The whole ebb and flow and majesty of an age which is past glides before us, evoked by his pen. It was similar magic which drew from the deeps the shadowy pomp of Louis Napoleon's empire. That, however, was a small achievement beside the capturing of Palmerston's span of eighty years, which began when Sir Joshua Reynolds was painting Mrs. Siddons and ended when Mr. Swinburne was penning the unforgetable

Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet!

Palmerston was Minister of War against Napoleon. He lived to see the cotton famine in England occasioned by our Northern blockade of the ports of the South. The same diplomatic rapier which learned its trade against Talleyrand and Metternich was tempered steel in dealing with Mr. Lincoln and Prince Bismarck. Small wonder historians have quailed before so comprehensive a career!

But Mr. Guedalla has magic. It is not so much that he has found a new way of writing history as that he has learned the art of setting the life fluid pulsing again in dead arteries. Graves at his command have waked their sleepers, oped and let them forth by his so potent art! There is no other explanation. Brilliancy, glitter, have been his in the past, but the "Palmerston" offers something bigger. He seems voluntarily to have abandoned that glitter which beguiled so many of our past hours, just as he has banished the bogey of dulness which he seemed to fear more for himself than for us. I cannot help being impressed by the high seriousness with which he awakes these great figures.

This Palmerston is first a little boy penning surprising letters to his mother from the nursery or schoolroom. He is at Harrow. His Grand Tour is interrupted by a Great War. (They used to speak of Napoleon's wars in that manner!) In 1802 his father dies and he is an Irish peer at seventeen, learning to sign himself "H. Palmerston". There is still Cambridge before he contests his first Parliamentary election and becomes a public man.

If he were writing of a contemporary, we should say that Mr. Guedalla was a keen observer. Since he writes of a man who is dead, we must say that he is a tireless student. He neglects no detail. He builds his portrait like an intricate mosaic in which each separate piece plays its part. It is as though a great observant Eye had been fixed always on Palmerston. His valet and his physician have come no closer. Personally, I like changing those great heavy figures of older biography for this quite human subject who dashes upstairs to kiss his wife after a Parliamentary debate, and who adorns himself with light trousers, blue studs, and green gloves to call on the Queen.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The law is one of Mr. Guedalla's two superfluous careers, and I should say that he builds up his Palmerston quite in the manner in which he would build up a legal case. He knows the value of circumstantial evidence and the importance of details. He prefers indisputable facts to the less trustworthy method of trying to inject himself into the mind of Palmerston. He does not look through Palmerston's eyes, but he has shadowed him in all the most intimate as well as the most public acts of his life.

It is worth noting that Mr. Guedalla has himself succumbed to the charm of this H. Palmerston who was Minister of War at twenty six and Prime Minister at eighty. He thrills to the grandeur of the man who felt that to be great England could have no friends, of the man who used Russia to make war on France and France to make war on Russia. This was an England to stir the blood, and this Palmerston was at his best in planning a war. Indeed, there is a chance that all the wars he set in motion have not yet been fought.

It is nothing against him in Mr. Guedalla's eyes that Palmerston was not popular with the Queen. Queen Victoria's taste in men does not seem so all-conclusive to us as it did to Tennyson. There is a charming love story in Palmerston's life, though he did not marry his Em till they were in the fifties. (He could not, as it happened. Some husbands are so remiss about dying.) The young Queen, in the midst of her own love affair, wrote to her Albert that she felt it would make him smile! Palmerston did not often make her smile. Later, when she was more "Victorian", she might have found a marriage in the fifties improper as well as amusing!

She might have her little jests, but Palmerston was a thorn in her flesh for the best part of the first twenty eight years of her reign. In the seventies he could stagger men young enough to be his sons by the amount of food he could eat with impunity. At seventy nine he was young enough for a scandal of which Disraeli said, "For God's sake, do not let the people of England know — or he will sweep the country." At seventy seven he was quite sincerely appalled that the Prince Consort should die at forty two. His regret did not, however, convert him to the Prince's political ideas — as apparently the Queen had hoped it might.

This is a soberer book for all its magic than any Mr. Guedalla has written. Only occasionally his wit flashes through, as when he refers to Tennyson's familiar welcome to Alexandra as "an ecstasy of ethnology". Nearly all the book has been done from letters and diaries and records not usually open to the public. When the Prime Minister has spun his last web, indited his last epistle, and his not inconsolable Queen is thinking of calling Lord John Russell to her in the emergency and congratulating herself that she will not lose more than three or four days of vacation, "Pam" vanishes from the scene — "the last candle of the Eighteenth Century was out".

Perhaps this is not great biography. I am not sure how in the final test great biography should be measured. We used to feel an historian needed a philosophy of life to apply to his subject. We used also to feel that we needed a personal as well as a national morality. For many a long year Palmerston was England, and it is this great, human, admirable, fascinating and lovable figure which Mr. Guedalla's magic evokes.

Palmerston, 1784–1865. By Philip Guedalla. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOUR POETS

By Babette Deutsch

THE collected poems of Ezra Pound make exciting reading. For one thing, they stir up all the half forgotten emotions of the period — about a dozen years back — when this generation was young and insolent and bitter and gay, after the fashion of undergraduates who were also poets and socialists (the Russian Revolution had not yet battered in their theories and "The Waste Land" was still unwritten). In those days the gaiety and the bitterness and the insolence of Mr. Pound was our food and our liquor. For another thing, this book pushes forward a problem that has grown more acute in the interim: the problem of the expatriate as artist. And finally, there are the poems themselves — musical, satirical, over-weighted, some of them, with the nuggets and carcanets of learning, exuding, most of them, an atmosphere pungent and enchanting as the Verona marketplace.

This matter of expatriation — too subtle a subject to be disposed of in so little space — may be responsible for the fact that the collection lacks the unity which marks the collected poems of Emily Dickinson, say, or of Thomas Hardy. The book has something of the quality of that lady whose portrait the poet paints on page 61: it reveals a mind that is "our Sargasso Sea"; it yields "Ideas, old gossip, oddments of all things. Strange spars of knowledge and dimmed wares of price." But, unlike the lady in the poem, Pound is a distinct and vigorous personality, whose desires, wounds, and prejudices are exposed with the innocence of a thorough and lovable egotism. The book exhibits many trifles which were never beautiful and which have ceased to be amusing. One could wish that some of the translations had been omitted, and that those included had been set apart from the original pieces. But these minor irritations detract little from a volume which contains some of the most moving, most delicate and sturdiest poems written in English in this century.

John Crowe Ransom has several of the qualities of Pound. Like his senior, he is erudite and sardonic, with a liking for the tart and a rare virtuosity of technique. These are similarities that allow for large differences. His cadences are peculiarly his own, and his most commonplace subject matter gives out, under his touch, a fresh earthy odor. There are birds and beasts and flowers in his lyrics, like the mussels in the old song: "Alive, alive-O!" And there is also the cold noise of emptied clinkers and the ghostly rattle of old bones. Herrick and Sir Thomas Browne jostle each other here. There is no single poem as fine as some of the metaphysical pieces in "Chills and Fever", but one who savored that volume should not miss this one.

In "7 P.M. & Other Poems" there is an even stronger taste of the soil than Mr. Ransom's verses offer. The latitude is that between the country gentleman and the farmer. Not in any one lyric, but in a phrase here, a hint there, Mr. Ransom gives the sunlight and "the quick salad hues" of April, the noise of running water and the sound of wasps, as these are apprehended by some sort of scholar gypsy. The poetry of Mark Van Doren, on the contrary, is the poetry of the hatchet and the bin, the thirsty meadow, the shaggy farmhorse, as these are intimately known and used by one whose love of his land goes in "more deep than spade or fork or plow". In this, his second book of verse, he dwells

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upon the same themes that haunted "Spring Thunder", but he has now, as he had not then, found his own idiom and his own stride. He is obviously steeped in the influences that shaped the work of Frost and, somewhat less, of Robinson, yet he is no longer betrayed by his affection for these poets. The world of appearances has few lovers to praise it with equal force and simplicity.

The three books mentioned above are linked together, by the sophistication of their authors, if by nothing else. Messrs. Pound, Ransom, and Van Doren are all three learned and, for the most part, urbane gentlemen, whose poetry is fed in almost equal streams by literature and life. The verses of Langston Hughes are completely unliterary, often wilfully illiterate, and as naively vital as any old ballad or folk song. The dialect pieces fairly sing themselves when read aloud, and the others show craftsmanship of a high order. Poems like "Railroad Avenue" and "Magnolia Flower" echo in the memory. Typical of the poet's feeling for symmetry is the manner in which the last lyric in the book balances the first.

Personæ: The Collected Poems of Ezra Pound, including Ripostes, Lustra, Homage to Sextus Propertius, H. S. Mauberley. Boni and Liveright.

Two Gentlemen in Bonds. By John Crowe Ransom. Alfred A. Knopf.

7 P.M. & Other Poems. By Mark Van Doren. Albert and Charles Boni.

Fine Clothes to the Jew. By Langston Hughes. Alfred A. Knopf.

A STRENUOUS VICTORIAN

By Gerald Carson

ONE of the earliest thoughts which spring to mind when one examines the career of the late John Morley — who died Viscount Morley, O. M., etc. — is that he could not possibly have been an American.

Sometimes we feel that we have almost a proprietary right to that free and democratic advance whereby men from modest or humble circumstances rise to high position. But it is not so. It is only the conditions that change, and the nature of the distinction which men in England, to return to Morley and the land of his nativity, attain.

In England politics and letters dwell amicably together and a gentleman may practise both. Here they are clearly disassociated and neither is an accepted occupation for a gentleman in the sense, say, of banking or the law. Some progress in this respect may be noted, indeed, in the position of current literature. But politics remain vulgate.

John Morley was a politician and an ornament to late Victorian literature, taking his place in the long line of distinguished Englishmen who have played study and affairs off each other, and with the happiest success in both. In attempting an explanation of this one must consider the remarkable homogeneity of British culture. An attentive reading of English biography enables one to form easily a good idea of a typical career. One almost always finds that Englishmen are born. They attend day school where a stern magister inculcates virtue, Latin, and Euclid; thence they go to a public school and Oxford — or Cambridge.

At his university the young man of destiny forms brilliant associations of which he shows himself to be worthy. He produces a prize poem and speaks creditably at the Union, and kind hands from London snatch him up and settle him advantageously in an editorial office or the Foreign Office. There he meets Carlyle, Disraeli, Glad-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stone, Ruskin, Mazzini, Mr. Arnold, and Cardinal Manning, the ancient Wordsworth and the Prince Consort, with all of whom he comes off very well indeed.

The pattern of event is so consistent, so admirably managed, that it seems as though all the English should be great. All that is needed is a fine mind and facility with Greek accidence and syntax. Perhaps there lies the slip.

The early career of Morley does not depart in any important way from this efficient and almost monotonous pattern, as one cons it in the close textured pages of Mr. Hirst. He delineates, from rich and carefully worked material, Morley's incubation period in the common cradle from which great Britons spring. He follows Morley's career in London journalism, his contacts, and his political adventures up to the time when he first took his place in Gladstone's government. "How far responsibility changed his character and opinions", Mr. Hirst says in concluding his second volume, "is a question which I hope some day to answer."

In literary journalism with the "Saturday Review" and "Fortnightly Review", and in daily journalism with the "Pall Mall Gazette", Morley stood forth with strong liberal principles as anti-imperialist, friend of Ireland and peace, vigorous critic of the Established Church and the military. Morley illustrates the fallacy of that current loose thinking which despairs of the Victorians as sentimentalists insincere and hypocritical. He cared deeply about the integrity of political theory and action; so much so that his abiding interest in principle constantly raised against him the cry of doctrinaire. When practising the art of biography he brought his literary craft to bear upon political figures — Burke, Cobden, and Gladstone — to illuminate the principles of strong men and good government. That he wrote in the affirmative may be truly charged against him, if it is a sin to believe in a *comparative* degree of perfectibility in this world. A lifelong free thinker and opponent of metaphysical philosophies, Morley did yet believe in the reasonableness of mankind and the possibility of salvation in this world. In these cheerful times when reason tends to repudiate itself, philosophy confesses to insolvency, and the world folds up like a jack-in-the-box, we may well read the lives of the nineteenth century philosophers with mingled sympathies; for they, with the cynical findings of their science, got man into nature up to his ears. It is our task now to get out before the libido and the psychologists, like modern body snatchers, steal off with our earthly tenement to the medical college.

Early Life and Letters of John Morley. By F. W. Hirst. Two volumes. The Macmillan Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

If all of the current books about George Washington were grouped under one title and author, the impressive total of the demand for books about the Father of His Country would bring the subject close to the top of the general list. There is as much interest now, and as many different books about Washington, as was the case two or three years ago when etiquette was the favorite theme of both writers and readers.

Noteworthy is the number of "doubles" in these February lists. Twenty four titles but only twenty one authors, with John Erskine, Bruce Barton, and Percival C. Wren each represented by two books. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	Show Boat	*Edna Ferber*	DOUBLEDAY
2.	An American Tragedy	*Theodore Dreiser*	LIVERIGHT
3.	The Dark Dawn	*Martha Ostenso*	DODD
4.	Galahad	*John Erskine*	BOBBS
5.	The Private Life of Helen of Troy	*John Erskine*	BOBBS
6.	Beau Geste	*Percival C. Wren*	STOKES
7.	Sorrell and Son	*Warwick Deeping*	KNOPF
8.	Labels	*A. Hamilton Gibbs*	LITTLE
9.	Beau Sabreur	*Percival C. Wren*	STOKES
10.	The World of William Clissold *	*H. G. Wells*	DORAN
11.	The Silver Spoon	*John Galsworthy*	SCRIBNER
12.	Revelry *	*Samuel Hopkins Adams*	LIVERIGHT

GENERAL

1.	The Story of Philosophy	*Will Durant*	SIMON
2.	Why We Behave Like Human Beings	*G. A. Dorsey*	HARPER
3.	The Book Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
4.	The Man Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
5.	This Believing World	*Lewis Browne*	MACMILLAN
6.	The Royal Road to Romance	*Richard Halliburton*	BOBBS
7.	Our Times	*Mark Sullivan*	SCRIBNER
8.	The Revolt of Modern Youth	*Lindsey and Evans*	LIVERIGHT
9.	Abraham Lincoln	*Carl Sandburg*	HARCOURT
10.	The Doctor Looks at Love and Life *	*Joseph Collins*	DORAN
11.	Microbe Hunters	*Paul de Kruif*	HARCOURT
12.	The Mauve Decade	*Thomas Beer*	KNOPF

* This title has not before appeared in the Monthly Score.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SEVEN SEAS

Art books in France — François Porché's "Vie Douloureuse de Charles Baudelaire" — The French Novel — Gaston Baty's Studio des Champs Elysées — International Book Production 1924, 1925 — "Metropolis"
—Anna Kuliscioff

ONE of the most notable features of the modern French publisher's work is his preoccupation with books on or about art. Although certain specialists continue to dominate the field in which M.Goulinat's "Technique des Peintres" (Payot) has been crowned by the Académie des Beaux-Arts, the amateur, the poet, and even the dramatist are not excluded. The historian is represented by a handsome work on the iconography of the Pont-Neuf written by M. François Boucher, published by Le Goupy, and introduced by none other than Henri Lavedan. The apologist is represented by Jean Gondal whose "Raisons de l'Art Moderne" has just been issued by M. Rieder. Naturally, the Nouvelle Revue Française continues its valuable series on contemporary artists, while, in continuing their collections, Rieder publishes a "Constable" by M. Fonainas, and Crès a "Rousseau" by the poet André Salmon.

The most interesting text to fall within the limits of popular criticism is the "Greuze et son Temps" edited by Albin Michel with tasteful illustrations and a thoughtful text by the poet-critic Camille Mauclair. Supplementing the excellent series of Greuze plates presented some years ago by Morancé, this new treatment of the sentimental and *larmoyant* artist places him intimately beside the domestic philosophers of his century, and elaborates the relations between Diderot and the artist, leading to what has wittily been termed *la peinture littéraire*. A similarly conceived evocation not only of a painter but also of his age has been undertaken by André Warnod in his well illustrated study of "Gavarni" — that cynical dandy who in his "Fourberies de Femmes" treated the women much as Henri Becque wrote about them, yet in his personal relations enjoyed far more success.

Expensive or popular, these editions find a public apparently ever ready for new stories of the private lives or novel theories as to the artistic accomplishment of their national painters. Even Constable, who is well represented in certain French museums which demonstrate his influence over Corot, interests a not inconsiderable audience.

It is encouraging to note that monographs on the great cathedrals are returning to favor. Sinjon is presenting André Salmon's study of modern art: "Façades et Détails d'Architecture Moderne", yet the work for which the collector is clamoring is a privately printed series, with little text but exhaustive pictorial documentation, on the Cathedral of Chartres. The author is the Abbé Y. Delaporte, who is official guardian of the archives from which he draws his story. The scientist to whom are due the photographic reproductions of statues, details, and stained glass is M. E. Houvet, warden of the Cathedral, who has devoted his life to the preser-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vation and reproduction of his unique charges. The war, threatening the fragile windows and stone work, caused all movable adornments of the mediæval structure to be taken down and placed in safety. As the glass is gradually restored, M. Houvet has photographed every panel by means of a process which permits him to reproduce it faithfully, even in its tints and shades. Thus reproduced, the statuary provided him with material for six volumes, while the glass alone is the theme of his final tome on the Cathedral. The work forms an invaluable commentary for Henry Adams's "Mont St. Michel and Chartres" (Houghton Mifflin) and for J. K. Huysmans's "La Cathédrale" (Plon).

* * * *

Huysmans is the author of whom Remy de Gourmont tells the following story: Having one day decided to visit England, he entered an English bar in search of local color. There he succeeded so well that he satisfied his curiosity and was able to remain at home after all. Equally gifted with imagination was Charles Baudelaire, who, during the seventeen years that he spent in almost daily association with the works of Edgar Allen Poe, acquired the habit of frequenting English taverns and drinking whisky, the better to create the atmosphere in which his idol lived and wrote. It is François Porché who retails this legend in his "Vie Douloureuse de Charles Baudelaire", which has just appeared as the sixth biography in the popular collection called "Le Roman des Grandes Existences" (Plon). He emphasizes particularly the influence which Poe exerted over Baudelaire when, disheartened, poorly paid, and miserably dissipated, the French poet happened to stumble upon "The Poetic Principle" and a collection of the poems and tales built up after the American's particular method. To Baudelaire, Poe, equally poor and equally miserable, seemed to vindicate his own genius. Poe was a great poet; he himself should rise to similar heights. For years, harassed on every side, prosecuted for the six "immoral" poems in "Les Fleurs du Mal", and pursued by money lenders who gave him not a moment's respite, the Frenchman lived in a world of ecstasy created by that other *poète maudit* whose works he translated. Nothing is more striking than the contrast between his unhappy life and his serene faith in Poe, his unfaltering belief in his own destiny. A great modern French poet, Paul Valéry, has just written an introduction to Payot's edition of "Les Fleurs du Mal" in which he reiterates Baudelaire's confession of faith. Poe lighted the way for Baudelaire, inspired his verses, and determined his opinions on such matters as the philosophy of composition and the importance of the mysterious and fantastic in poetry. M. Porché insists that Baudelaire might have written as he did quite independently, yet he too emphasizes the stimulus of Poe, if not his influence.

This dispute on the relations between two of the greatest nineteenth century poets is one of the most interesting features of M. Porché's biography. On the whole, it follows the facts unearthed in the biography (Messein) of M. Crépet, to whom the more recent biographer pays handsome tribute. M. Porché's own contribution to the subject largely depends upon his dramatist's instinct for contrasts and the spectacular. He has written a life of Baudelaire in which the poet's unfortunate career is thrown into vivid relief against his early life of luxury and the continued success of his stepfather, who, from military to diplomatic and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

imperial honors, seemed to rise higher as his petulant son sank lower. The hair brained escapades of the poet make him appear a second Villon, dueling over a question of æsthetics, feigning suicide in order to extort a larger allowance from his family, devoting his life to an unintelligent and vulgar mulatto while refusing opportunities to enter the diplomatic service or complete his education. Addicted to drugs and *eau de vie*, he affects a nervous illness at the very sight of a carafe filled with water. Born of a conservative family, he delights in the red flag waving over the street barricades in '48, and writes for a revolutionary journal lines which seem to anticipate the modern school: "Workmen should not destroy the machines . . . all that is mechanical is art." Unbalanced and ill, he established the modern concept of *la poésie pure* and enunciates the doctrine of the symbolists. He befriends the painting of Delacroix, Meryon, and Daumier while those geniuses are still as little understood as he, and he champions Wagner at a time when England and France are derisive. The Porché biography, stressing these more picturesque details, has become a best seller in France. It is, however, only one of some sixty works which have been written about Baudelaire since the copyright on his poems expired ten years ago.

* * * *

In the meantime, while biography and art are selling widely, the novel does not seem so dominant in France as it was five years ago. The Nouvelle Revue Française is publishing in its monthly magazine the last of Marcel Proust's unpublished works, "*Le Temps Retrouvé*". Last month it brought out a three volume edition of André Gide's "Si le Grain ne Meurt" which, so great is the interest in the author of "Le Retour de l'Enfant Prodigue" (N.R.F.) and "La Porte Etroite" (Mercure), has already become a collector's item. René Crevel, a young Frenchman who moves among both the American and French literary circles, has brought out another book, "La Mort Difficile", which fulfils the promise of his earlier "Mon Corps et Moi" (Kra). Pierre Bost, dramatist and novelist of the rising generation, has continued his studies of provincial life in a short novel, "Crise de Croissance" (N.R.F.), which contains one or two portraits almost as fine as that of "Pretextat" and constructs round about them a story of sentiment and irony touched here and there with happy adaptations from the "Unanisme" of Jules Romains.

* * * *

If one were forced to indicate the most interesting literary movement of the moment, and if one were inclined to forget the debates on "La Poésie Pure" (Grasset) and turn to the theatre, it would not be difficult to hit upon Gaston Baty's little Studio des Champs Elysées and two plays which he has produced: Gantillon's "Maya" and Jean-Victor Pellerin's "Têtes de Rechange". The latter was produced last season, and is now revived and published in M. Baty's new magazine of the theatre, "Masques". Between "Maya" and "Têtes de Rechange" most of the so called modern expedients of playwriting are exhausted, and sprightly entertainment as well as good characterization is the result. Expressionism, multiplication of personality, and a certain degree of mysticism betray in these works the influence of Pirandello, Evreinoff, and Lenormand. The style of both is bitterly satirical yet studied and pure. The subjects are daring; the first treating of a pros-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

titute, the second of an ultra modern young Frenchman who does not hesitate, in dispute with his uncle, to broach the unsavory questions which divide the present from the passing generation. This contrast between a new and the old aristocracy is also the subject of Jacques Emile Blanche's novel, "Le Bracelet Tensimétrique" (Kra). In its theatrical form, it is brilliantly handled by the producer, who, in his "Masque et l'Encensoir" (Bloud et Gay), enunciates an almost mystical faith in his work at the tiny Studio.

* * * *

The Swiss paper, "Le Droit d'Auteur", gives some annual statistics of international book productions for the years 1924 and 1925. The figures for each country are given in detail and classified. Unfortunately, pamphlets and other ephemeral publications are in a few instances included in the total of books and the figures for some countries are consequently deceptive. Nevertheless, the figures, as reproduced, may be of interest to those for whom statistics have a fascination.

	1924	*1925*	
Germany	23,082	31,595	+8,513
Bulgaria	2,472	2,558	+ 86
Denmark	3,606	3,752	+ 146
Spain	1,524	3,031	+1,507
Esthonia	799	768	− 31
United States	9,012	9,574	+ 562
France	9,403	14,943	+5,540
Great Britain	12,706	13,202	+ 496
Hungary	2,065	2,772	+ 707
Italy	6,321	5,804	− 517
Lettonia	1,536	1,818	+ 282
Norway	1,160	1,228	+ 68
Netherlands	6,123	6,332	+ 209
Poland	5,138	5,698	+ 560
Portugal	1,710	2,021	+ 311
Sweden	3,058	3,114	+ 56
Switzerland	1,610	1,748	+ 138
Uruguay	819	1,066	+ 247

* * * *

Thea von Harbou's "Metropolis", which August Scherl is publishing in Berlin, is the novel on which the motion picture of the same title is founded. It is a remarkable piece of work, skilfully reproducing the atmosphere one has come to associate with the most ambitious German film productions. Suggestive in many respects of the dramatic work of Karel Capek and of the earlier fantastic romances of H. G. Wells, in treatment it is an interesting example of expressionist literature. Thea von Harbou is one of the leading German scenario writers, who was responsible for the story in book form, as well as the scenario, of "The Nibelungs". I think I am right in associating her name also with that celebrated German film "Dr. Mabuse". "Metropolis" is one of the most powerful novels I have read and one which may capture a large public both in America and England if it does not prove too bewildering to the plain reader.

* * * *

Among the notable new books from Italy is "Anna Kuliscioff" (Eurici Lazzari, Milan). If ever there was a subject for biography in the romantic manner, this exceptional Russian woman, who died in Milan last year, provides it. Born in the Crimea of good family in 1857, she showed great promise in her early education. Since the universities were then closed to women, she became the first Russian woman to matriculate at a foreign university. Later she devoted herself entirely to the study of medicine. At the age of eighteen she became involved with the Zurich anti-Tsarist movement and abandoned her career to become, first an evolutionist under the leadership of the pacifist brothers Zsebunini, and soon afterward a disciple of Bakunin the revolutionary. Thus she embarked on a life which was a series of difficult exploits, hardships, and often grave dangers. She con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trived to escape all the perils that beset her in Russia, but was imprisoned in France and released only through Turgenev's intervention. She then became associated with Prince Kropotkin in England. In 1878 she went to Italy, and presently adopted Italy as her country.

Anna Kuliscioff had worked for the downfall of Tsarism in Russia but she was staunchly anti-Bolshevist. Thanks chiefly to her influence, the Italian socialist movement became democratic-evolutionist in its aims, and broke away under Turati from the violent revolutionists whose policy in 1920 was the occupation of the factories.

This anthology of appreciation of her character and her work, to which men of many creeds and many nations have contributed, is a striking testimony to her widespread influence. Historians of the future may regard her as one of the foremost women of this century, and it is to be hoped that some competent hand will be turned to the writing of a complete and adequate record of her remarkable career.

MICHAEL JOSEPH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GOSSIP SHOP

IT has become the fashion in literary circles — perhaps it always has been fashionable and I never knew it before — for hosts and hostesses to stay away from their parties. A very well known novelist complained to me about it. His literary agent, after inviting him to dinner, telephoned that she had decided not to come home after all. The guests had a very nice time, in spite of her preference for other company — all the guests, that is, except the author with old fashioned ideas of hospitality who didn't really feel at home with the hostess's chair empty. Sinclair Lewis gave a party not long ago at Herbert and Jean Gorman's attractive studio, and all that was missing was the hero of the hour. A portrait of him, however, by George Hartmann (who was there) was on exhibition — and a very good likeness, too, so Frederick Rinehart reports. F. R. R. has the names of 365 artists on his list of illustrators, and since he passes judgment on several hundred pictures a day we take his word for it. Dr. Blackman, who is to accompany Sinclair Lewis on a tramping trip in England, was there; Mr. and Mrs. Brace (the Harcourt Braces, so to speak); W. E. Woodward and wife, Helen; Dorothy Van Doren and the brothers Mark and Carl; George Jean Nathan, Laurence Stallings, Dorothy Parker, Eleanor Chilton, the William Rose Benéts, and some forty other guests. There was dancing and conversing, and Negro spirituals. But there was no Poe reading. I want to be invited to the Rodin studio of Theodore Dreiser where, I hear, every Thursday night is open house and John Cowper Powys, wearing a flowing robe, reads a bit of poetry by Israfel while the invited guests cower in the corners, dimly lighted by a blue arc-light. This may not be true. It is merely, as I say, a rumor. Lewis, by way of explanation, is said to be a bit shattered from the hard labor he put on "Elmer Gantry". Is it fatigue from overwork or from the attentions always showered upon a popular novelist? I met "plain Lew Browne" on the Avenue not so long ago; he had just come from a party for Sinclair Lewis. That is the pace one must go here — a good reason for living in Paris, as Louis Bromfield avers. Mr. Bromfield is not coming back this spring, not until next fall. He is at work on a new novel which, he writes, no one can accuse him of copying from an English contemporary — by name, I suspect, John Galsworthy, since he has had Galsworthy flung in his face by every reviewer from San Francisco to Boston. THE BOOKMAN is partly responsible, for Louis says that magazine began the song and dance. There isn't any use apologizing. Criticism is like that.

Eyebrowpencil has a toothache and has never liked Monday anyway, so I am finding it difficult to write the Gossip Shop with her pouting across the desk and banging her typewriter like Christopher Robin's Mary Jane. One would think her as young as Wilson Follett's daughter, Barbara — Barbara of the red curls who spoke over the radio, reciting a poem she had written and answering such foolish questions as "What is genius?". "The House Without Windows and Eepersip's Life There" is Barbara's first

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

book — at least I have heard of no other — written on her very own typewriter and never dictated to anyone. Among the other young writers, not yet in their teens, is Peggy Temple, author of "The Admiral and Others", a humorous novel about pompous and ridiculous grown-ups. She is the daughter of Michael Temple, a London journalist, who says she is by no means precocious; "just a normal child with a child's tastes and fancies". And the same thing can be said for Barbara Follett. The word "precocious" shall be struck from the dictionary, and we shall no longer refer to little girls who write sophisticated poetry and novels as infant prodigies. They undoubtedly aren't. Only yesterday a very beautiful girl who lives upstate and leads a quiet home life with husband and baby and garden, told me that when she was a child she always wrote her own fairy stories. The ones she read were not quite satisfactory. She used to take her fabrications to the seashore, read them to herself and act them, floating about on her back in the water, pretending to be a mermaid. The ocean was her playground, and now that she is inland she often longs to go again to the shore, forget her own little girl, and act out a fairy story in the green water.

A gentleman who has written a 160,000 word novel dropped in at the Gossip Shop, proudly bearing the spring-green catalogue of his publishers. Murray Sheehan is a jolly fellow who earned a year or so of leisure, built a stone house on Charles J. Finger's land in Arkansas, and sat down to write his "Half-Gods" at the rate of a thousand words a day. He didn't even know that the story had run over 100,000 words. His career, while it can scarcely be referred to as checkered, is certainly varied. He has lived in Europe: as newspaper correspondent in Munich, as a student in Paris where he knew Van Vechten before Van Vechten was known, as just plain hobo — he admits pawning his watch more than once. He has taught journalism in the south. If he is influenced in his writing by anyone, that author is Jane Austen. It is always much more fun to talk with a new novelist than with one who has become accustomed to this business of having a best seller a year. The young — or fresh — novelist has a reason for writing which is usually far removed from any financial urgency. How does he know anyway whether his novel will catch on or not? Mr. Sheehan has been warned about his second novel. That may be his Waterloo. Being an optimist, Murray Sheehan has gone ahead in spite of warnings and has started a story about Mr. Gibbs. Mr. Gibbs has been growing in his mind and he has tried to put him on paper while adventuring in New York. He has found New York pretty difficult for Mr. Gibbs and intends to go south again, taking this character back to his proper surroundings where he can grow in native soil. The fact that there are Sir Philip Gibbs, Anthony Gibbs, Arthur Hamilton Gibbs, Jeannette Gibbs, Cosmo Hamilton (Gibbs), has put some doubt in the mind of Mr. Sheehan as to the advisability of using the name. I suggest Biggs — which is Gibbs turned around, more or less.

It has been a long time since I wept over a book, but I came close to it while reading Dorothy Giles's "The Little Kitchen Garden". Not, I hasten to add, because it is a sad book, for it's written in the gayest manner possible,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with enough accurate, technical information to suit the most pedantic gardener and enough joy of earth to suit the most madcap of enthusiasts. But I, alas, haven't even a backyard — and the gravel of the roofs beneath my windows would never yield to a cultivator. Even so expert a gardener as Dorothy Giles tells me that she has not yet solved the problem of kitchenette gardens! It is a book to make garden lovers dream — whether they may fulfil their dreams or just yearn and yearn over a sprig of parsley, like the girl in the story. When she isn't gardening, Miss Giles is busy helping to edit "McCall's" magazine. Just now she is all excited over a trip down "McCall Street". She expects to visit in the homes of readers and find out what they are thinking and doing. And what, we ask, will her "nine bean rows" do while she is away?

A new novelist, well known, however, for her short stories, is Viola Paradise, the Chicago girl with the name which sounds so much like a nom de plume. She is finding that name a trial. A friend of hers, selling books in a New York bookshop, tried to persuade a customer to buy "The Pacer". The customer said she wouldn't think of buying a book by an author whose name was so obviously made up. Miss Paradise, curled up on the couch, with childlike seriousness discussed this business of writing with me. Yes, she looks like LeRoy Baldridge's sketch of her — soft brown eyes and black curly hair. We tried to analyze how she wrote and we could pin on nothing definite. The first story she did, published in "The Liberator", came from an idea she had during the war. She wrote her story about a boy who was really a coward and died a hero, although he was a coward to himself to the very end. Then she went out to Montana and heard a story about two school teachers who had frozen to death because they had forgotten matches. She wrote the story and it was taken by "The Atlantic Monthly". "It was just like getting 99 in arithmetic when I was a little girl", Miss Paradise explained. "I was very poor in it and tried very hard to learn. Everyone said I couldn't, and then the day came when I got my report card with 99 on it. I ran home three miles to tell my parents. That's the way I felt when my story was accepted." Although she says she takes certain situations from life, she never uses them as they are. Nor does she ever take a character she knows and use that person in her story. "Fiction must be truer than life, truer than truth even — but I'm sure someone has said that before." I don't know that anyone has. I think it more or less of a discovery. "The Pacer" was based on the idea of contrasting two characters — the sort of person who skims things, outpacing every environment, and the sort of person who finds things out through expe-

Viola Paradise

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rience rather than intellect. "And the second character, John, ran away with the story. Of course I like Judith very much — she's a very nice girl. But I became more interested as I wrote in the growth of John's vision and understanding." Our editor is all puffed up because Miss Paradise admitted that she always wanted to have a John in her story. She really couldn't explain it, nor could he explain why he always used to put a Peggy in his stories. There are fashions in names. How often have you found Patricia, Gay, Anne, Joan, in the magazines? All English novels have a Diana, and a Guy. Mr. Galsworthy, though, and Mr. Arlen have contributed the most unique collection — Noel, Cherry, Chloe, Fleur, Iris, Venice, and let us not forget Shelmerdine. Viola Paradise, however, is the name Miss Paradise found waiting for her, and it is no more a pseudonym than Mary Roberts Rinehart.

To celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of Tom Sawyer's appearance on this earth, the president of the Mark Twain Society, 37 Gray Avenue, Webster Groves, Missouri, announces that the society is offering a prize of ten dollars for the best letter on "Why I Like Mark Twain", the letters not to exceed three hundred words and to reach Mr. Cyril Clemens at the above address by August first. That should be an easy one! Margaret Widdemer, Will Irwin, and Paul U. Kellogg are to act as judges in a contest awarding prizes of $300, $150, and $50 for short stories about social work. These prizes, offered by Arthur W. Page, assistant president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, have been announced by the New York Committee on Publicity Methods. Mr. Page, the former editor of "World's Work", hopes that stories of literary merit in which social work plays a part will result from the contest. Mrs. Gertrude Springer, 151 Fifth Avenue, New York City, will supply the conditions of the award. The contest closes April 12, so hurry, hurry. The time limit on the Albert and Charles Boni contest for the best Negro novel has been extended to July first, 1927. There is $50,000 waiting around to be won by the young man and the young woman who can write the best articles on "What Woodrow Wilson Means to Me". Francis R. Bellamy, the executive director of the Woodrow Wilson Prize Essay Awards, 17 East 42 Street, New York City, thinks that this notice will be of particular interest to our readers, since any of them between the ages of twenty and thirty five are eligible. "Its sole aim is to bring Woodrow Wilson's ideals of good citizenship and clean politics before the young people of America." We thank you. I am between thirty and thirty five and I have not called myself one of the young people for some time. The articles are to be twenty five hundred words in length and should reach the office of the Foundation before October first. I suggest, however, further communication with the donors of the prize, because there are any number of conditions not set forth here.

Jack Bethea belongs to that group of writers formed by Octavus Roy Cohen in Birmingham, Alabama. He began to do fiction under Mr. Cohen's guidance, counsel, and encouragement. Now he is engaged on a novel with the background of modern cotton production and plantation life. Cotton farming is at present between two eras — the old era of paternalism that was almost feudal despite the abolition

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of slavery, and the new era of machine farming made necessary by the drain of the newly born industrial life of the south on agricultural labor — chiefly Negro. Mr. Bethea spent his early life on a plantation, and when he recently returned he was struck by these changes. On the completion of this new book, he expects to revert to the industrial themes with which his first three books deal. He is now managing editor of the second largest newspaper in Alabama, the Birmingham "Post", finding in his work the recreation usually afforded by golf, fishing, and suchlike sports. That seems almost superhuman, for it must mean writing from dawn to dawn. The author of "Honor Bound" begs me, as one reporter to another, not to make him seem an egotistical prig. I'm sure he isn't or it wouldn't have worried him to seem one. "Without indulging in flapdoodle, it has seemed to me that the modern south is an inexhaustible mine of material that has been virtually untouched. The south in fiction has usually been a country of mountaineers and moonshiners; or a land inhabited by a frayed and decaying aristocracy. The true picture of the modern south and its problems remains to be presented." Page Ellen Glasgow, Du Bose Heyward, Isa Glenn, and Julia Peterkin!

Isa Glenn said she was moving, but if I wanted to interview her on the stairs, where she was living at the moment, it would be quite all right. I waited until she had transferred her bookshelves from one apartment to another and had found, as is always the case, that they didn't fit. She also discovered that she didn't fit the telephone, placed so high on the wall that she had to get on a chair to answer a call. I'm tired of comparing people to Anita Loos, but if they will be small and will wear their hair brought forward in that ragged fashion, what else can be said of them? Isa Glenn, having done "Little Pitchers", is about to slash into the south. She was born in Georgia and she doesn't like it any better than she likes the army. Carl Van Vechten is directly responsible for her next novel. After seeing her annoyance at the antics of a southern lady who pinned him to the wall and fluttered around him, he told Blanche Knopf that Isa Glenn was writing a book about southern charm. And so she is. She has a son, however, who may outdistance her as an author. He has left Princeton to write and is working harder than he ever has before. His mother never thought him serious in his avowal that he meant to be a writer, but now at nineteen he has begun his career. She is probably his severest critic. I shall always remember Isa Glenn by the letter she wrote me after I had criticized a story of hers. It is the only letter of its sort I have received. She agreed with me in everything, and added other reasons why her story was a poor one. It seems that she had wanted to sell something, so she wrote a story with a happy ending, which appeared in "Argosy-All Story". Subsequently it turned up in an O. Henry Memorial collection. She still says it is a bad story and that she isn't any the happier for having seen it published twice. Miss Glenn decided to write not so long ago, when she began to feel that bridge and dancing were a waste of time. She came to New York and studied motion picture production at Columbia. "It was great fun, taking pictures of Morningside Heights, and trailing all over the campus with a camera. It wasn't, however, work,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so I took some short story courses. That wasn't where I learned to write, though. I don't think you can teach writing." I have an idea that Isa Glenn has been able to write ever since she first came north to school and went to Paris to be finished. I shall never forget Scott Fitzgerald at Columbia. He was invited to speak to the students in the journalism classes. He was very charming and very frank. He didn't believe that writing could be taught, and he said so in the very teeth of Dorothy Scarborough, Blanche Colton Williams, and Helen Hull. I wonder if they agree with him. Mysterious rumors come from Hollywood concerning him. Perhaps it's just publicity, but they do say that he is taking screen tests and wishes to try out for leading man to Lois Moran. One can't blame him. New Year's eve at the Ambassador she floated past our table, dressed in white. I have seen "The Constant Nymph", as I threatened, and I cannot help wondering why Helen Chandler wouldn't have made a better Tessa than Beatrix Thomson. I remember a matinée at our local "Opera House" where I went to see "Little Women", and how affected I was by Beth and Amy, Jo and Meg. It was the same with "The Constant Nymph". I felt thirteen again.

From Helen Hull's exquisite short stories, I should have predicted the style of her latest novel, "Islanders". Perhaps some of the lovely quality in it can be traced to the fact that she wrote it last June in Cortina, way up in the Dolomite Alps. The story is not, however, laid in Sicily, which she visited on her way east. It is a pioneer story of America. Miss Hull has brought back entrancing tales of her six months' trip. Ere another Gossip Shop must be run off the presses, and before school closes and she is away for the summer, I shall ask her to invite me to call. She spends four months of the year at an old farmhouse on the coast of Maine, where she paints floors and furniture, weeds the vegetable garden, and cuts down alders. I have heard that she dashes about in a small car and a motorboat and that she boasts of never having been towed home. The author of "Cordelia Chantrell"—which, incidentally, is not his first novel as most people seem to believe—is working on a series of stories with historic backgrounds. Meade Minnigerode believes one can write the biography of a locality and that is just what he is endeavoring to do. He lives at the Yale Club and is always pleasant to chat with when I drop in there.

A month or so ago I promised to corral Gordon MacCreagh, in person, and do him to a turn. I called on him before he and Mrs. MacCreagh, whom he calls "Squirrel", departed for Abyssinia where they were being sent by "Adventure". "Squirrel" has never gone with him before, and it is a great concession on his part to allow such a thing to come about. She will try to do some articles and stories, and he has signed up to do at least two hundred words a day, which may prove quite tedious at the end of a difficult tramp through wild country. He is a gay Scotchman, the kind who draws adventurous people to him. There is, for instance, a flour manufacturer in the middle west who came all the way to New York to talk about his hobby with Mr. MacCreagh. His hobby is gorillas and he has had articles published on them. He really is an authority, although he has never been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

outside the United States. Mr. MacCreagh ran away to the east when he was seventeen, he says, because his grandfather made him eat porridge. He could not endure the sodden stuff, and finally in a mood of desperation he shipped away. Last year I met a young Harvard boy who told me he was going to write a book. He declared, "I am going to write a book", and he would say no more. In January he called me on the phone and announced: "I wrote it and it is going to be published. Its title is 'After You, Magellan!'" Jimmy Leys started out, with nothing in his pocket except a pair of socks, to race a friend around the world. He found adventure and won the contest by ten days. Now he is lecturing on his travels. A more urbane young man you could not ask for. Yet in spite of his most respectable exterior, he is at heart a rover; he confided to me that he might at any moment light out for China. Jimmy Leys was educated at Harvard, where he must have acquired the writing fever. When he is not overseeing a gang of coolies in the rice fields of the Orient, he is turning out plays and articles. He is not out of college six years, so club women who want him to lecture must not be disappointed that he is not another Burton Holmes.

Now it is Tuesday morning, the sun is shining, and the fashion editor is running around in a black velvet aviator's helmet. The travel editor is packing her trunk, and Eyebrowpencil, having danced until one this morning at the Plaza Grill, is worse than usual. She called on a Mr. Johnson yesterday and reports that the editors of "The New Yorker" run about clad in plaid lumberjack shirts. Another illusion shattered. I had always pictured them

A WOODCUT FROM A PORTRAIT BY HENRY STRATER

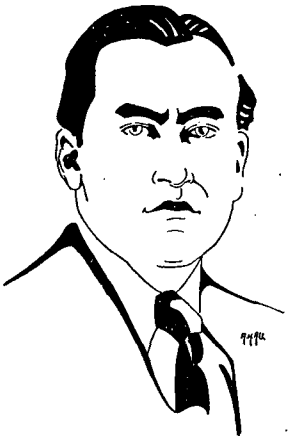
Ernest Hemingway

in derby hats, canes, and a rosebud in the coat lapel. Joseph C. Lincoln writes that he and Mrs. Lincoln are on their way to California, but will, of course, be at Chatham, Massachusetts, this summer. He is in the middle of another New England small town story which may be called "The Aristocratic Miss Brewster". He is not, however, at all sure that he will not change the title three or four times before it appears in "Pictorial Review". He will fill some orders for short stories, after which he expects to settle down to the really serious business of sailing, loafing, and golf. The only thing of any importance which has occurred in his more recent life, aside from the popularity of "The Big Mogul", has been the influenza; but he is "fit enough" and quite able to write his usual stint.

Among the authors we have not seen this month may be numbered Joseph

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anthony. That is because he has not written a novel since "The Golden Village", but has turned book editor



Philip Guedalla

for Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. At one time he represented the Century Company in England, and was later connected with them here. Neither have we interviewed Philip Guedalla. This sketch of him so terrified Eyebrow-pencil she would not go near the Hotel Shelton for her early morning swim while he was reported to be staying there. It now appears that he was at another hotel altogether, and our young Gossiper is doubly resentful. She feels, as I do, that women are much easier to talk to. They have a sort of reckless courage about giving reporters all the facts. If the facts are garbled the interviewees strike after publication. Men, on the other hand, are cautious. They meet you with an "I dare you to get any gossip out of me" expression. Authors, both men and women, are often caught doing the questioning. W. E. Woodward thought he would fool Eyebrowpencil and began at once asking her how she liked New York and her job and her husband and her children. But she was as quick as his wink — as I have taught her to be — and refused to be interviewed. Ernest Hemingway I have not seen because he is in Paris. It recently became painful for my wife and me to go to a dinner party. We felt like the unfortunate people who have not read the Elbert Hubbard Scrapbook. It was all on account of "The Sun Also Rises". We finally turned to Emily Post, who advised us that etiquette demanded we should either read the book at once or admit to our hostess before accepting an invitation that we had not. We have now read it and our lances are sharpened.

William Allen White apparently has reached his second youth and he fittingly dedicates his arrival thereat by a volume entitled "Boys — Then and Now". He maintains that "the good old middle-aged liar who talks about the good old days . . . should take a reef in his imagination". He ends up by saying that the boy of today is far better off than the boy of fifty years ago, and even sees signs of progress in the race during the half century under discussion. I hope Mr. White's conclusions are not vitiated by the arresting content of his first paragraph: "Man is a blowhard. He likes to lie — not in malice but to stimulate his vanity. And, curiously, he doesn't seem to care whether the lie he tells in one hour fits the lie he tells in the next. He prances around, slapping his suspenders in peacock pride, crowing about the bigger and better world he has made since he came to maturity." I suggest that the book would make good collateral reading for the women's clubs planning to follow the "Pre-School Child Study Programs" designed and arranged by the extension division of the University of North Carolina. These

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

programs are twenty in number and they cover practically every ailment and encouraging tendency any child ever possessed. Sickness, hazards, play, fighting, heredity, truth, the mind, and so on are made the subjects of definite discussion, and an imposing appendix of supplementary ideas is also furnished by the 1927 bulletin of the University press. A recent report from the National Conference on Parenthood shows that the interest in child welfare "sweeping across the country is leaving behind it child-study groups of earnest parents of both sexes, child research stations, a mountain of literature, and a new term which shows the focus of the movement, the 'pre-school child'". The bulletin of programs is certainly admirable and comprehensive enough. But, whatever Mr. White's opinions may be, the pasteurized babe of today must find it uncomfortably conspicuous to be a child.

I knew that sooner or later the John Day Company would forsake its high minded policy and embellish one of its books with vigorous sales copy. The thing has happened. On the front flap of "Stock Market Quotations", by Sophronia Tibbs (edited by Leonard Hatch), they hail Sophronia's collection as a masterpiece and go on to say that "Miss Tibbs is unquestionably entitled to be acclaimed as the greatest American poet since Julia A. Moore". What is still less honorable and more commercial is the fact that Editor Hatch's appreciative preface reads as though it were written at the suggestion of Miss Tibbs and the sly sales-manager of the Day firm, for it is the most high blown encomium I have ever read. From Mr. Hatch's opinions of Miss Tibbs's poetry I must dissent if I am to preserve my critical reputation. The first verse of her opening poem on Wall Street reads as follows:

> It's not so much like Main Street
> As it is similar to the Zoo,
> For there are bulls and bears there,
> And of lambs more than a few.

Most of us have, I suppose, at one time or another written such poetry as this, but it never occurred to us to publish it. I should not leave the impression that all the poetry is equally as bad, for now and then a verse appears which flows less like molasses. I regret that I do not know more about Miss Tibbs's background, but I venture the suspicion that she was at one time on the staff of the Harvard "Lampoon", and I should not be surprised to hear that her whining doggerels have caused a rupture between Wall Street and our government. On the other hand, the drawings of Herb Roth save the volume from utter tediousness and make it at times genuinely amusing. He has caught the symbolism of the Stock Exchange and he puts it down as well as the mediæval artists put upon canvas their pictures of the heavenly hierarchy. Bulls and bears take on arresting personalities under his animating pen. Too, the manner in which the publishers have conceived and adorned the book makes it worth a few giggles. Yet I must admit that Sophronia and her accompanist fail to move me to any great hilarity.

Fascinating letters come to us from South Africa, telling us that the author of "The Little Karoo" is about to go up to the Transvaal, returning to England only after the cold weather is all over. Pauline Smith is feeling very sorry indeed for us, living as she does on the farm which is the scene of one of her backdrops in "The Beadle". She does

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not need to tell us what a very beautiful part of the world it is to be in, for her latest novel does all that. We envy her her winter, though she says the voyage out was miserable — twenty six days without a single port of call. In Cape Town the South African literary world gave her a very flattering reception and a great deal more publicity than she feels she can accept with grace and the proper humility. She is unjustifiably modest about "The Beadle", as she is about all her writing, feeling that it may not find readers among "your own people", as she calls Americans. Another letter in our foreign mail comes from Vivian Williams, the assistant editor of the American Women's Club Bulletin in Paris. Although they haven't succeeded in getting any famous American authors to write for them, they have in their January number two men well known in France, Leon Pierre-Quint and Philippe Soupault. Mr. Frederickson, the editor, would be glad to have contributions from American authors visiting France with articles in their pockets of more European appeal than American. The Bulletin is a magazine which has only recently become literary in tone. Now that the cat is out of the bag I hope Mrs. Williams will be able to find Mr. Frederickson around the office after the next manuscript shipment has been shoveled off the mail truck.

No doubt Heinrich Ludwig Mencken will be delighted to know that his American language is at last getting official recognition around the Court of St. James. The Society for Pure English has issued a glossary of American words designed "for British readers who are struggling with the works of Sinclair Lewis and similar contributions to American literature". The words and phrases compiled by Professor Fred Newton Scott number about 250, and the editors of the pamphlet explain that 52 of the terms submitted by the professor were omitted "because they have been adopted into our general use" and are consequently familiar. Among those listed as our verbal emissaries abroad are: "applesauce", "bawl out", "beat it", "bean", "bellhop", "blowhard", "blurb", "bo", "boob", "bootlegger", "booster", "bulldoze", "bully work", (why is "bull" omitted?), "chump", "cinch", "buttinsky", "dandy", "fan", "dub", "dope", "jeans", "jigger", "he-togs", "hobo", "give the razz", "gospel-pusher", "hit", "kike", "lid", "pull a raw one", "roughneck", "shindig", "tightwad", "uplift", "yelp", and "zob". There can be little doubt, by gosh, that such a gang of stuff will give the savvy to the chinchy hillbillies across the pond. Anyhow, I'll be whizzed if I know why these guys can't get our drift and nab our lingo without a lots of highfalutin tripe about our yapping different from the way they yip. Where do they get that stuff?

But if we are gaining in slang, we are losing out deplorably in profanity. I have not read a more interesting article in recent months than that of John Nicholas Beffel in a late issue of "The Nation". Mr. Beffel entitles his lament "The Lost Art of Profanity", and it ought to be read by every man, woman, and child in America. I didn't realize that things had come to such a pass and yet, checking up on my own profane vocabulary and listening to the girls on the street, I must confess that what the writer says is true. "Nobody has a profane

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vocabulary any more", he observes. "There is no variety in oaths, nothing unique, no artistry, no sparkle. Everybody uses the same words in swearing." We have become a nation of copycats, he continues, and originality in swearing faces starvation. To prove the impotence of the new epithets, he adduces "scofflaw", coined to denote "one who tramples heedlessly upon the Volstead Act". "Try uttering 'scofflaw' aloud", Mr. Beffel enjoins us. "How much force can you put into it? How far can you throw it?" He finds this colorless state of affairs traceable to two factors. One is the standardization craze, and the other the low ebb to which our emotions have fallen. This latter factor is important. A cussword must offer immediate release to pent up feeling. It must, therefore, hint at some sentiment which is generally considered holy and the utterance of which is just as generally inhibited. There are only a few combinations that will do for extreme anger or disgust, though I believe these could be varied more than we usually vary them. But the profanity which is for the ordinary occasion is of a different sort — it is an embellishment, an achievement which loses its glamour unless it is artfully done. It is the decadence of this type which moves me to join the lament of Mr. Beffel and the metropolitan news editors. However, I don't see anything that can be done about it, except to exhort men to greater variety in their oaths. This movement might improve the mediocre profanity we now hear, but the obstreperous fact remains that there are only a few men who swear well and fluently. The rest of us swear offensively and absurdly, getting only stares and smirks for our efforts; we ought to confine ourselves to slang, or else follow the standards of the purists.

Some months ago I related in these pages how I had without warning turned to painting, and then, having

From "A History of Caricature"

exhausted my inspiration, had put aside brush and palette. I am tempted now to renew my efforts at art, this time in the realm of caricature, upon learning from Bohun Lynch that a caricature is "the portrayal of an individual, as seen by another, without regard to the rules of drawing". Mr. Lynch has many amusing and instructive things to say in his new book, "A History of Caricature", which takes us back to Egypt and papyrus, brings us forward again to Leonardo da Vinci and, step by step, to Beerbohm, Covarrubias, and others of this day and age. Ralph Barton's drawing here reproduced is called "As Others See Us", and represents "a celebrity-at-large and, on the right, a self-caricature". How many of us who chuckle at distorted countenances of our friends and enemies have the grace to laugh when the tables are turned on ourselves?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Maine to Texas our land flows with milk and honey, even as did Canaan in days of old. There are, if my estimate is correct, more springs of mellifluous poetry today than there have ever been before. Betsey Buttles of Middlebury, Vermont, has just sent me her "Second Book of Verse" and it contains much that is lovely and much that is almost too lovely. Miss Buttles searches quite evidently for delicate moods and some of her poetry is distorted by an o'erweening gentleness which this grim and cynical age cannot thoroughly appreciate. But if there are those who are weary of gory verses, and I am sure there are, they will find in this "Second Book of Verse" many passages that will cheer and delight them. "The Buccaneer", published at Dallas, Texas, under the editorship of Dawson Powell, has long done the younger poets an admirable service and has, in fact, attracted some of the more promising of the eastern bards to its columns. It seems to me an extraordinarily good piece of magazine work, for its format has dignity and appropriateness and its contents are distinguished because they present adequately the feel and yell of the Texas plains as well as the more fragile bits of those quieter souls who dwell in the great southwest. "The Buccaneer" has caught the spirit of its locale and, what is more important, it has caught the spirit which is working underneath all worthwhile art and effort today. Apparently the magazine has plenty from which to make its competent selections, for Mr. Powell writes that he is accustomed to read two thousand poems each month submitted for his consideration.

The strangest contract ever made between author and publisher has caused consternation in the publishing camps. Mr. George H. Doran has at last made public the curious agreement between himself and Colonel T. E. Lawrence, whose Arabian memories promise to be the sensation of the spring. The unabridged and unexpurgated edition of "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom", first published privately ten years ago in England, is the three hundred thousand word volume which will be sold in America at the minimum price of $20,000 a copy. Mr. Doran has agreed to print only ten copies of this edition. Today in England the public is advertising for the privilege of reading Colonel Lawrence's own story of his incredible and unprecedented adventures at five pounds a day. But there are no available copies. The author is a shy man. His name has become almost legendary even though he is still living. He is the mysterious Englishman who went into Arabia with the British Expeditionary Force and appeared a few years later at the head of an army of three hundred thousand Arabs revolting against Turkish rule. The first manuscript was stolen at a railway station, presumably through the machinations of high diplomatic personages with good reason for wishing the story out of the way. Colonel Lawrence rewrote it from memory, published only a few copies which he gave away — one is in the British Museum — and was later prevailed upon to publish privately a limited edition of eighty copies in order to protect the political secrets which are imbedded in the story. The abridged edition of this great romance, to be sold at "popular prices", is called "Revolt in the Desert". If you should be passing the House of Doran on Murray Hill and happen to see a red armored car drawn up there, you will immediately know that "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" is in transit.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

AIUS GLENN ATKINS was formerly pastor of the First Methodist Church of etroit. He studied at Ohio State Uni-rsity, Cincinnati Law School, and Yale niversity. He has long been known as an thor of unusual religious books, his "Mod-n Religious Cults and Movements" having eceived abundant attention. He is a ember of Phi Beta Kappa. Through his ticles in "The Christian Century" and her magazines, he has secured for himself immense following in the liberal religious ss. He was awarded the Church Peace ion Prize for his essay on international ace in 1914. At present he is Hoyt ofessor of Homiletics and Sociology at born Theological Seminary.

GRANT OVERTON, at one time associate tor of THE BOOKMAN, is now fiction editor "Collier's Weekly" and an established c of books and American life. Just at ent he is on a merry-go-round tour of ornia and intermediate points, spending ime in the pleasant pastimes of lecturing scouting for fiction. He is, by the way, uthor of several good books, and another thcoming.

AMILTON EAMES, until he becomes guished, may be identified as the er of the famous and talented Clare s, who is now starring in "Ned bb's Daughter". Mr. Eames at pres-ves in New York, at the Fraternity and has spent several exciting years on nity Row. He is now in the employ ghes Massie.

N NICHOLAS BEFFEL, as his article grew up under the Fauntleroy Plague. the spirit with which he writes, ific objectivism is not part of his ment; his early experiences are a study ne Freudians. However, that he has en for "The American Mercury" e Nation", "The New Republic", "The look", and other magazines is ample lence that he suffered no arrested elopment.

MARJORIE HILLIS is a progressive young lady, who has worked for some eight years, very successfully, for "Vogue". She has written and published occasionally and widely. She is the author of two plays, one of which is extremely popular, and has been produced in nearly every town where the Little Theatre has established itself.

JOHN E. LIND, who contributes the amazing article on reading among maniacs, is a psychiatrist who has been in charge of the Criminal Department of St. Elizabeth's Hospital at Washington for ten years. He does book reviews and occasional articles on literary and psychiatric subjects for the various magazines. That he is a sympathetic observer is obvious from a reading of his article.

EMANUAL EISENBERG, a parodist of no mean parts, is also a poet of no lesser parts. He reviews books regularly for "Voices" and his poems have appeared in "The Crisis", "The Quill", "McCall's", and in sundry New York papers. Not infrequently he appears in "The Conning Tower" of the New York "World", thereby doing his bit toward making the life of the commuter bearable.

LEONORA SPEYER is a difficult lady to write news about. Radiating from her home in Washington Square, her activities spread this way and that, through the musical, literary and artistic circles in which she is best known. Yesterday's news of her is stale today, and by the time this issue is off the press — well, what's the use?

EDWARD L. BERNAYS is public relations counsel to governments, industrial organizations, and impecunious artists. He gives advice on public relations and helps the artists in their relations with the public. His book, "An Outline of Careers", shortly to be published by George H. Doran Company, will, he hopes, help solve the problems of professional and industrial misfits.

ISABEL PATERSON is on the staff of "Books", the eminent literary review of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A thousand pages in a one inch volume

Binding the "Thin Paper" Classics--

WAS a problem that the Walter J. Black Company, publishers of the "One Volume Classics," solved in notable fashion by simply turning the job over to H. WOLFF.

In the DeMaupassant edition which has just left our plant, ten books were compressed into a single, thousand page volume of only an inch in thickness.

To bind this volume in limp fabrikoid, flexible so as to lie flat when opened, gilded on all three edges, with silk head bands and book marker—in immense quantities and at high speed—called for the utmost in the binder's technical skill and equipment.

Under these difficult conditions H. WOLFF produced a book of which its possessors may well be proud.

H. WOLFF

508-526 West 26th Street
New York

Complete Manufacturers to Publishers Since 1893

New York "Herald-Tribune". She is known widely among New York publishers as an experienced and able newspaper woman; this she probably resents, but she shouldn't. Her great secret is that she is working on two novels, one of which is modern, though the "other decidedly isn't".

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY is a denizen of Greenville, Mississippi. He is known both about and beyond his native heath as a lawyer and an author, and he lingers in the national memory for his service with the Commission of Relief for Belgium. He is the author of two books of poetry and was editor of the Yale Series of Younger Poets.

ETHEL KELLEY used to be Ethel M. Kelley and was, in fact, once Barbara Kay. Of late she has written "Home James", and this is as good a place as any to state that *that* work is *not* imitative of Anita Loos.

DOROTHY SOHM METZ is a rising young poet, with enough spring in her verse to elevate her sooner or later to a deserved pinnacle.

HUGH WALPOLE is not yet home from the hill. Even if he were not formerly, by the time he should be so well known as to make any statement about him superfluous.

JOHN BEECHER was born in New York and lived for many years in Birmingham. He did part of his collegiate work at Columbia University, but was graduated from the University of Alabama. He is now an instructor of English in Dartmouth. He once spent two years working in the steel mills of Birmingham.

ANNE CARROLL MOORE supervises the Children's Room at the New York Public Library. She is to give a two weeks course, June 13–27, on children's books and has a daily book clinic at the National Summer School of the Southwest, to be held at the State Agricultural College, Logan, Utah.

Will Durant's—The Story of

PHILOSOPHY

127th Thousand

At All Bookstores—$5.00

Simon and Schuster, Inc., Publishers, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MONTH ON MURRAY HILL

The purpose of this section of THE BOOKMAN *is to acquaint readers with the publishing activities of George H. Doran Company and their authors.*

MY impression of March's entrance was not, as I remember it, particularly lamblike; but as I look at the books it has brought its exit seems truly and magnificently lion-al. There were two publication dates to take care of the books in mere number; much more than a month — even a month of thirty-one days — will be required for the just assimilation of so much quality. New books by Michael Arlen, P. G. Wodehouse, Laurence Housman, Sidney Dark, Gordon Young, Compton Mackenzie, Achmed Abdullah, J. Arthur Thomson and Pauline Smith do not occur monthly, nor always annually. Books like "The Revolt in the Desert," by Lawrence of Arabia, occur once in a lifetime (provided it be a truly exceptional lifetime). Plays like "Broadway" are staged a little oftener, about once in ten years, and are not invariably published then. And let me add, as an Arnold Bennett-diction, that if you find yourself not quite familiar with one or two of the names I mention, be sure you will not long remain so.

Speaking of Arnold Bennett, there is Pauline Smith —. But I will come to her later. Speaking of literary infrequency, which we were first, Mr. Arlen is a fair example. The man writes fiction, which can easily mean a book a year or sometimes better; he has attained to an enormous popularity and of a rare type, the sort in which everything an author has written sells and continues to sell. It is customary to cash in on such an unlimited letter of public credit. Does Mr. Arlen do so? He does not. "The Green Hat", a novel, was published in 1924, and we have had to wait three years for another novel. "Young Men in Love" is the product of a poor business man, and Mr. Arlen ought to have a talk on ways and means with Sir Harry Lauder.

But it is a complete and finished Arlen. Not only is it a novel with body and vintage flavor, but there is no mistaking its authenticity or its fine bouquet. Venetia takes her place more than satisfactorily beside Iris of "The Green Hat" and the Shelmerdene whose allurement ran like a motif through the tales in "These Charming People". She is a lady, Shelmerdene, who inspires rather than handicaps literary effort; but I gather that P. G. Wodehouse knows a woman distractingly opposite. His new book, "Divots", is dedicated "to my daughter, Leonora, without whose never-failing sympathy and encouragement this book would have been finished in half the time."

That is what the author would like to believe; actually, it takes just about so long to do stories as good as these. They cannot be hurried and P. G. knows it, hence the alibi. Besides, they are golf stories, that is to say, one alibi right after another, and Mr. Wodehouse admits in a remarkable preface that although his style owes something to Dostoyevsky he has not really been suffering from the spell of the great Russians, but from desperate and dreadful attempts on the links near Southampton, Long Island, New York, U. S. A.

When funnier stories are written Wodehouse will write them.

* * * *

THE WORST of the feast is that it all lies before me. Mr. Doran must learn to serve his books in courses. "Revolt in the Desert," by Lawrence of Arabia, is of such importance and fascination that I cannot defer its discussion. The curious history of this book has been the subject of news dispatches and editorial articles for some weeks past. Lawrence wrote a tremendous work, — 400,000 words — and saw it stolen in a railway station. He then rewrote it from memory — most of his notes being lost also — and still had a length sufficient for a long Dickens novel. From this in five rescensions was extracted a quintessence which is the present book. It was originally never intended that the work should have general publication. There is no reason, however, why the world should be

PRESERVED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kept from the thrilling pleasure of this condensed narrative of adventure, intrigue, hardship and as much romance as has visited any man of our century. You know who Lawrence is — the British officer sent out to consort with, advise, and possibly lead the Arabs in rebellion against Turkish authority with the purpose of thus contributing to the direct campaign by Allenby in Palestine. And for a long time, in Lawrence's phrase, the Arab Movement was only "a wild man's show." He might, modesty aside, have added that it was a one-man show. The characteristic of "Revolt in the Desert" is that it marches, as the French would say. Owing no doubt to the condensation, the march is usually at the double-quick.

It seems natural to slip from Lawrence's book of the desert to Pauline Smith's novel of the South African plains. Both deal with the primitive and the austere and both have the quality of intense spiritual adventure. Pauline Smith is the young woman whom Arnold Bennett used to speak of as "Pauline Smith, the novelist." When a question would be asked about her novels, Bennett would answer: "They will come." Her first work was "The Little Karoo," but this new book, "The Beadle", is her first full length novel. Reading its tender and poignant pages, one is left in no doubt that Mr. Bennett knew what he was saying. Here is a gentle girl, daughter of the gay young Klaartje and an unknown father. Love comes to Andrina in her innocence, takes her, does things to her and to those who hold her dear. Particularly to one man; and the effect of a genuine and simple religious faith upon the nature of such a man is one of the great effects of the book.

. . . "Thou glorious ancient smell of the theatre, thou sublime potpourri of grease-paint, wig-paste, vaseline, powder, perspiration, old clothes, oranges, tobacco, gas, drains, hair, whitewash, hot metal, and dusty canvas, where mayest thou still be savored?" The plaintive question pops out of a page of Compton Mackenzie's new novel, "Rogues and Vagabonds," and I find it irresistible because it so evidently is the book's own source. For the author of "Carnival" has always been fascinated by play-actors, knows them through and through, and was bound to write more about them. He has gone back through a century this time to begin with a maker of fireworks and an Italian performer, or rather with her spirited daughter, Letizia.

* * * *

CRIME this month comes to us in the form of an unusual biography. Perhaps I should not use the word "biography" at all. Sir Richard Muir was senior counsel to the British Treasury and one of the three most famous prosecutors in England. His life has been written by the brilliant method of describing the dozens of cases he handled. "Famous Criminals and Their Trials" is, therefore, compiled from Sir Richard Muir's papers, written by Sidney Theodore D. Felstead and edited by Lady Muir. Horatio Bottomley, the Yarmouth Beach murder, Whitaker Wright the swindler, Steinie Morrison's trial for the killing of Leon Beron, the Brixton taxicab robbery, the Hatton Garden pearl theft, Lord Alfred Douglas, Ignatius Lincoln's treason — why any resume of the contents must inevitably sound like a list of detective stories by J. S. Fletcher or a series of new adventures by Sherlock Holmes. Probably the case most widely known to Americans is the prosecution of Dr. Crippen, which Muir conducted, and the most fascinating thing in the whole of this fascinating book is the page upon page reproduction of Muir's highly condensed notes on the case, the notes which he used in the trial and which sent Crippen to his execution.

It is easy to pass from the crime of fact to the crime of imagination where the imaginative effort is so close to fact as it is in the play, "Broadway," by Philip Dunning and George Abbott. I have spoken of "Broadway," the text of the year's most popular play published in book form, before this. And always something has happened to postpone publication. But this time you are not to be fooled, by whatever innocent accident; the book is actually ready. I have held a copy in my hands. It is a play you will read though you be one of those who "never read plays". Because you must know about it, and you will be lucky indeed if you get inside the theatre for some time to come. . . .

And speaking of the theatre — it was back in 1920 when Dan Totheroh's play, "Wild

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Birds," was produced in San Francisco, and people learned who Dan Totheroh was. Now he has done his first serious novel, and one finds it rich in dramatic values.

* * * *

WILD ORCHARD tells of Trina, a mad-cap daughter of California, born amidst the blossoming orchards of the West. With a band of wandering Italian fruit pickers she roams the state, living a life of ecstatic freedom. Her soul — her very nature — seems to bloom and ripen with the fruit. And right here I might say that a paragraph or so of adjectives wouldn't be amiss in describing the gorgeous effect which Totheroh gains in painting his picture. It *is* vivid. The entire story stands like a splash of brilliant color against a sombre background.

Trina, who lives just for the sheer joy of living, doesn't give much attention to the conventions set down by a society of which she knows but little. But she's real, and she rides through the story with a poignant dash of rebellion.

Love, of the sort that Trina found, is one thing. An engagement is another, quite another when a man finds himself engaged to one girl and in love with another. That's the situation Norman Venner starts off with in his new novel, "Billy Padley's Wife". But there was no reason at all why a man shouldn't have fallen in love with Elin. Undoubtedly she was the wrong girl — but that's the story. For Billy married Ira, just as he had planned to do, and Elin persisted with him. Ordinarily you'd expect to find such a story full of murders and suicides. But Norman Venner has recourse to no such dramatics. The story is superbly funny. There are situations that most writers would be afraid to tackle. For instance, how in the world would you expect to get out of a situation where Elin and Ira really get together, with Billy standing on the side-lines wishing, no doubt, that a kindly Fate would knock all the props out from under the floor that supports him?

Now Achmed Abdullah! Remarkable man — and how surprising to find a writer who was honored by the French Academy, at the same time commanding a place as the foremost circulation-getter for the American press with his serial stories. "Ruth's Rebellion" made its first appearance that way, in some of the largest papers in the country.

Ruth, in Abdullah's story, is completely and absolutely the American business girl. Without the slightest desire to marry, she suddenly falls in love with her employer and the two are married. Married life, however, doesn't ride along on the same smooth pavements that business life did. Ruth got a square deal from Peter as an employer, but not from Peter as a husband.

But as surprising to me as any part of the story is the keen insight of the author. Born a Turkoman, educated in Egypt, England and France, still a Mohammedan, this fascinating figure actually has a view point on modern American life and its problems, keener than many Americans.

There are two other books I'd like to say a good lot about, but brief mention will have to be enough for the present. "Ironical Tales" by Lawrence Housman is one. Delicate fancy mingles with satire and a basic philosophy in this really exquisite collection. And there is a rare wit sparkling from many of the pages, too. "Ironical Tales", if there were nothing more to be said (although there is much), create a strong reaction. They make one stop a while and think. This may be a definition of the poetic.

When Gordon Young wrote "Days of '49" James Oliver Curwood declared that it was the best book he had read for ten years. Edwin Bjorkman compared him to Walter Scott. Now Gordon Young presents "Pearl Hunger", a tale of the South Seas. It hasn't the historical element of the California novel, being entirely modern in its action; but it is written in the same swift action which makes Young's work so forceful.

The bottom of the page tends to fly up and hit me. But space remains to mention "The Cradle Book of Verse," by Louise Hovde. Aside from the merits of this collection of poetry for new parents, you must notice the two jackets on the book, one pink, one blue — one inside the other, so that you may choose according to your pleasure or your circumstance.

GRANT OVERTON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RELIGIOUS BOOKS ON MURRAY HILL

THE elders of the temple get a great pleasure these days in saying that the younger generation is really no different from the older one. Books are written to this effect and popular adult philosophy has it that youth is merely a replica of age. But is this true? Perhaps — at least to a greater extent than youth will admit. Yet there are obvious differences and this fact was never clearer than in YOUTH AND CHRISTIAN UNITY, which appears on the Hill this month over the name of Walter W. Van Kirk of the Federal Council of Churches. The book is fine as an interpretation of youth's spirit, its dissatisfaction with a Christendom of dissension, its earnest intent to build a united Church. But it is far better as a document, for Mr. Van Kirk knows the facts in the case as well as the attitude of the youngsters involved. His connection with the Federal Council has put him in a strategic position to observe precisely what is being done in America toward organic or cooperative unity; his connection with the Universal Conference of Life and Work has prominently identified him with the youth movements of Europe. He is, in brief, eminently qualified to write an authentic and lively discussion of youth's intentions. It may be added that his book will also prove informing to the young people themselves, for he has set down data to show shortcomings as well as data to show accomplishments. Both to the elders who watch the capers of youth with some misgivings and to the restless sons and daughters themselves, this book will appeal with much force. It can not fail to have an immense audience and excite a storm of comment.

* * * *

JOHN A. HUTTON has by this time a sufficient following in America to excuse brief reference to his newer works. The ministers love him because he is spiritual; the laity because he is capable in his generalship of words. He marks this year with three new books, more or less an achievement for the busy pastor. It would be unfair to say which is the most appealing, but it is somewhat probable that of those who read all three, most will acclaim THE TRAGEDY OF SAUL as the best of the lot. It is good from several angles: The character dealt with undoubtedly represented one of the most dramatic failures in Hebrew history, and Dr. Hutton has made full use of the dramatics involved. Further, he has shown a remarkable acumen in his analysis of Saul. His theological predilections have in no way obtruded themselves upon his biographical endeavors, yet he does draw certain justifiable conclusions. In THE DARK MILE Dr. Hutton proves an arresting critic of our loose-jointed age. Here he writes in many moods, but always his chief source of strength lies in his uncanny ability to see and show the universality of man's experiences. One thinks of the village beggar when he writes upon Job. Under his touch the Bible is vibrant with reality — or realism. It will be recalled that Dr. Hutton once wrote a book entitled "Guidance From Robert Browning in Matters of Faith". Now he has written one entitled GUIDANCE FROM FRANCIS THOMPSON IN MATTERS OF FAITH. He sees more than one poem in Francis Thompson and his study of the man will prove immensely interesting both to literary people and to those who wonder what of the guide Hutton sees in Thompson.

* * * *

WITH some thirty-eight books, or at least an equally incredible number to his credit, Robert F. Horton has recently added another. THE CAPACITY FOR GOD does not come far short of being his best. He has the gift of vitalizing old terms and electrifying them with new meaning. He knows modern religious cults as few men do. He treats of them with a sympathy few theologians have. His book is a blast against the creedal approach to God and a persuasive plea for the spiritual approach. His writing will prove agreeable to the most fastidious.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Judson Books

Judson Books

Recent Publications

Bible Dramas in the Pulpit

By Perry J. Stackhouse

The author aims at recovery of dramatic power by the modern preacher. To this end he has given in this book eleven Bible stories, in the language of the Scripture for the most part, but cast in the form of the drama. *Cloth, $1.25 net*

Bible Object Book

By Clarence H. Woolston

By temperament and abilities that have been developed by long experience, Doctor Woolston is eminently fitted to write a book for preachers and teachers who would win children to Christ. The more than half a hundred object lessons described, simple and inexpensive, are such as should be at the command of any teacher or pastor. *Cloth, $1.75 net*

The Brightening Cloud

By Russell H. Conwell

A Remarkably Interesting Study in the Ninth Chapter of John

Charmingly written in Doctor Conwell's most pleasing style, this narrative of the circumstances surrounding one of Christ's miracles carries the reader back into the home life of the people among whom Christ lived. *Cloth, $1.00 net*

Growing a Soul

By Matthew T. Andrews

The work of a pastor-evangelist, who is conservative in theology and a true lover of men, these sermons throb with the convictions and purposes that gave them birth. They are more than illustrations of methods, they are types of effective address and appeal. *Cloth, $1.25 net*

A Permanent Faith

By William E. Hammond

There are many for whom the old theology is dead; nor have they found a satisfactory new theology to take its place. This volume is offered in the hope that it may prove a source of helpfulness to those who are seeking to reconstruct their religious thinking. *Cloth, $2.00 net*

Pillars of Gold

By Mitchell Bronk

A collection of charming sketches of Christian people, places, and experiences. Here is variety—from the home of Francis of Assisi to Jacob Stainer and his violins; from an ox-cart on the way to a New England meeting-house to Rheims cathedral. *Cloth, $1.50 net*

The Real Jesus

By James Allan Francis

In twelve sermons remarkable for clarity, pungency, and condensation, Doctor Francis presents "a close-up" of the Christ as he walked among men. He shows Jesus in the familiar attitudes toward God and man that have made men hunger and despair to picture him, and feel that the only adequate portrait is discipleship. The book is a fine specimen of pulpit evangelism. *Cloth, $1.25 net*

Seams of Glory

By Philip Wendell Crannell

A series of thirty-four practical little essays, prompted by many and varied contacts of the author in the schoolroom and pulpit, and through the press. The purpose is to furnish a medicine-chest of spiritual tonics to those who are fashioning the fabrics of the soul, their own or others. *Cloth, $1.50 net*

Things That Matter Most

By John M. Moore

Most of the material in this book was presented to the public in the form of radio sermons through the Radio Forum of the Greater New York Federation of Churches. It is selected material, chosen in the endeavor to find the major matters that should receive major emphasis. Among the themes are the way of the Cross, prayer, the religious basis of social work, religion as service, the church for the task. *Cloth, $1.25 net*

The Judson Press

1701-1703 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

16 Ashburton Place, Boston
125 N. Wabash Avenue, Chicago
313 W. Third Street, Los Angeles
223 Church Street, Toronto
1107 McGee Street, Kansas City
439 Burke Building, Seattle

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMONG THE RELIGIOUS BOOKS

Robert E. Speer has added another title to his already long list. "Seeking the Mind of Christ" (Revell) seems to be a wholly admirable piece of religious writing. By marshaling his material adroitly, he has given Christians something definite — something, as an old friend used to say, "that you can hang your hat on". The directness of the man is gratifying, since he belongs to a group wherein circumlocution seems to be the orthodox practice. He discusses Christian salvation, character, temper, standard, and so on, but he finds rather new and different angles from which to creep up on his subject, and he has such striking subtitles as "The Teaching of Judas Iscariot", "The Challenge of Attempted Suppression", "Heaven Not Inferior to Earth". He disclaims any intent to write a book on theology, yet I am sure that many of his readers will wish to class his book as theological with the hope that there were more like it. "Seeking the Mind of Christ" has what might be called lay theological significance; it will prove of immense benefit and interest to the more or less average man. At that it should have an extensive sale.

My comments on "The Book of Comfort" (Handy Book Corporation) are confessedly colored by what our honored contemporary, Franklin P. Adams, has already said. The book is designed with a view of affording condolence to those who have suffered some loss or bereavement and it comprises what various poets and ministers have said, mostly in the presence of death. F. P. A. remarked that it was amiss in neglecting to give spiritual sustenance to those who have lost in the stock market and elsewhere, and he expressed the fear that those who would be comforted by this book would be pretty easy to comfort without it. This view seems to me rather close to the truth. I cannot escape the feeling that the book is indecorously utilitarian, that its comfort is that of the mortician, that it intrudes itself with reproductions of what the wiseacres have said under circumstances wholly removed from our own. Since the book essays to be of practical aid, it must be judged by what aid it seems to give. At present I am healthy and happy and I find the book of interest just as any other book is of interest. It has some very pleasing poetry and quite a bit of eloquent prose. For this reason, I should think it a nice book to have and to read. It should be read while one is in good health and spirits; then I am not sure but that the memory of its passages would afford one a good deal of comfort in sorrow.

Perhaps everyone who marked the title "Adventures on the Borderlands of Ethics" as these essays were carried in "The Survey" wondered why Dr. Richard C. Cabot didn't attempt to penetrate the interior. The essays have been collected by the house of Harper, and on seeing them in their entirety I am prone to believe that the title was selected to signify a gesture of modesty. It is true that Dr. Cabot attempts to cover a number of ethical problems in the various professions, and he must have felt that his task imposed upon him the obligation of being sketchy. However, I believe he has made some very definite inroads into the fields he elects. He makes a foray into the realm of theology, for example, and he leaves a load of valuable suggestions. He would have a clinical year in seminaries, during which the relation of religion to the general health and morbid mental states would be studied. He would thus attempt to link up religious agencies with the medical profession in order to produce a virile and healthy race. Dr. Cabot's writing will provoke any intelligent reader to thought and to a feeling of intangible ecstasy, for one has the consciousness while reading him that he is doing battle with great problems and that his weapons are new ideas.

—*C.W.F.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Easter Offering of New Books

Paul: A Study in Social and Religious History

PROF. ADOLF DEISSMANN, D.D.
A startling modern biography of Paul and a vivid picture of his times (Ready early April). $5.00

The Rise of Gentile Christianity

REV. PROF. F. J. FOAKES-JACKSON
The divergence of Christianity from Judaism ably traced. $2.00

The Fine Art of Living Together

REV. A. W. BEAVEN, D.D.
Arresting comments on courtship and marriage, based on the Christian view. $1.50

Days of the Son of Man

REV. W. MACKINTOSH MACKAY
Jesus' significance revealed in the great festivals of the Christian year. $2.00

The Approach to the Old Testament

PROF. JOHN EDGAR McFADYEN
The purpose and case for Biblical criticism presented factually. $2.00

The Friendly Four and Other Stories

RALPH CONNOR
Skillfully completed pictures of briefly mentioned New Testament characters. $1.75

Fathers and Sons

REV. SAMUEL S. DRURY, D.D.
A magnificent guide to better relations between a father and his boy. $1.50

Guidance From Francis Thompson in Matters of Faith

REV. JOHN A. HUTTON, D.D.
The minister acknowledges his debt to the celebrated poet. $1.50

Redemption: An Anthology of the Cross

REV. GEORGE STEWART, Ph.D.
The spirit and influence of the Cross in the world's poetry. $3.00

The Crucifixion in Our Street

REV. GEORGE STEWART, Ph.D.
Impressively sets forth the motivation of the Cross in today's heroism. $1.35

Protestant Europe: Its Crisis and Outlook

REV. ADOLF KELLER, D.D., and
REV. GEORGE STEWART, Ph.D.
An approved study of the origin, scope and future of Continental Protestantism. $3.50

Watching the Cross

REV. J. D. JONES, D.D.
Vivid pictures and interpretations of the events in the death of Jesus. $2.00

The Capacity for God

REV. R. F. HORTON, D.D.
The mystical approach to God in terms of modern thought. $2.50

Our Father's Business

PROF. JAMES THAYER ADDISON
A series of inspirational readings for individual use during Lent. $1.00

Youth and Christian Unity

REV. WALTER W. VAN KIRK
Presents the attitude and work of youth toward a united Christendom. $2.00

The Faith Series

Edited by L. P. JACKS

The Anglo-Catholic Faith

CANON T. A. LACEY, M.A.
The Anglican movement in its historical and doctrinal aspects. $2.00

Modernism in the English Church

PERCY GARDNER
Unrest throughout Church history and its influence today. $2.00

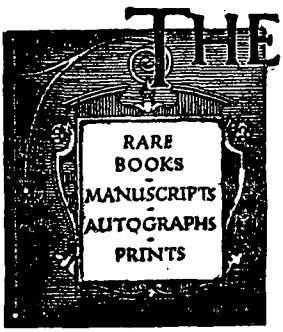
- Other volumes to be announced later.

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY . *Publishers* . New York

DORAN BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE

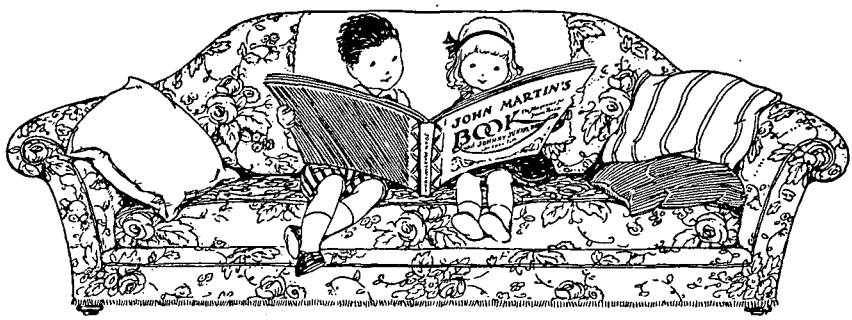
In this section the readers of THE BOOKMAN will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

BOOK collectors and autograph collectors alike have been having a carnival this season. One of the greatest of autograph sales ever held in this country was that at the Anderson Galleries in New York in February, and this was followed soon after by the sale (at the American Art Galleries) of the library of Major W. Van R. Whitall of Pelham, which was notable for the record breaking prices paid especially for modern first editions. The autograph sale included the collection of A. C. Goodyear of Buffalo, the most important lots being those consisting of the thirty four unpublished letters forming the correspondence between William Makepeace Thackeray and the sisters, Miss Perry and Mrs. Elliot, and also the unpublished Thackeray-Mrs. Brookfield correspondence. These letters of the Victorian novelist were originally secured from the family by Augustin Daly. At the Daly sale they passed into the possession of Major Lambert of Philadelphia, the celebrated Thackeray collector. Much of the other Thackeray material went into the J. P. Morgan library. At the Lambert sale Mr. Goodyear bought the Thackeray-Perry-Elliot correspondence for $6972.50, and the Thackeray-Brookfield letters which cost him $8742.50. At his sale the first lot brought $15,000 and the second lot $14,500. Dr. Rosenbach was the purchaser of both lots. These were the high marks in a sale where everything seemed to have appreciated in value since Mr. Goodyear bought it. About half of the collection consisted of historical material, the rest being literary. Some of the historical letters were bought as recently as the Manning sale last year. Mr. Goodyear paid $310. at that sale for a letter of John Adams suggesting a plan for the defence of Boston, March 30, 1776. This letter brought $1025. At the Thomas sale in 1925 Mr. Goodyear bought a letter of Cæsar Rodney, signer of the Declaration of Independence, dated July 10, 1776 for $70, and at the Goodyear sale it brought exactly forty times that sum — $2800. An unsigned autograph fragment of a speech on slavery in the handwriting of Lincoln, which Mr. Goodyear bought at the Lambert sale for $305, was sold for $4700. This seemed to be the general rule. But the autograph collectors seem to realize that every item in a sale is unique, that the Goodyear sale contained matter of exceptional quality, and that the increase of wealth and the increasing number of collectors has but one natural result on autograph sales.

The Whitall sale contained some items of early and later English literature which brought prices surpassing any at which they have heretofore been sold. The Shelleys, for example, formed an important group. A copy of the first edition of Shelley's "Adonais," printed at Pisa with the types of Didot, 1821, fetched the record price of $8400. It was uncut and in the original blue paper wrappers, as large as the one in the Ashley library in England. It was also a presentation copy to T. J. Hogg, who wrote the inscription to that effect. The Hoe copy in wrappers, now in the Widener library at Harvard, was sold for $1525 in 1911, and the Borden copy, which was bound, and which was a presentation copy to Sir. C. Hyde fetched $1200. A copy of Blake's "Book of Thel" went for $5000, being one of twelve known copies. Charles Lamb's "Mr. H." (that unfortunate farce which first saw print

(*Continued on page XLVIII*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PEOPLE CALLED HER A MODEL MOTHER

yet her little boy and girl were starving!

Everybody in the town had the habit of referring to them as an Ideal Family. Bobbie was half past three and Dorothy was a quarter past five. Jimmie, who felt very much grown up, was almost eight. They lived in one of the nicest houses on one of the nicest streets in town. Everybody called their mother a Model Mother. Yet—

Her children were really starving!

Of course, no one suspected that. Least of all their Model Mother. For she had studied all about vitamines and was very careful to see that they had the sort of food every day to build strong, healthy bodies.

But it wasn't their sturdy little bodies that were starving. It was their eager minds. Active, reaching out for new ideas every minute, their rapidly growing minds were actually *hungry* for something "different" to think about.

It was hardest of all for little Bobbie, for no one seemed to understand what he *could* think about. Grown-ups had a way of cutting down their own thoughts small, as though they might fit into his mind that way. It made him very indignant. He was too little to explain it, but he didn't want big ideas cut down to fit his size, he wanted *different* ideas—things a little boy half past three could understand and get some fun out of.

Uncle Jack Arrives

Then Uncle Jack, from New York City, came to visit them. He discovered at once how very hungry the children were.

"I know the very thing," he said—"a wonderful, powerful charm to keep the minds of little boys and girls busy every day. Watch for the postman, when I return to the city, for he will bring something to you every month from New York."

Of course, they could scarcely wait, but when the postman finally came with a mysterious looking package postmarked "New York City," they found, to their joyous surprise—John Martin's Book!

Then Came John Martin's Book

There were wonderful pages of never-ending delight for each one of them. For John Martin is one of the rare people in the world whose heart never grew up when his mind did, so he knows exactly how it *feels* to be three, or five, or seven, or even ten years old. Only John Martin, with his little boy's heart and his man's brain, could make such a strange and wonderful book. It is full of the happy fancies and quaint pictures that a little child himself would put into a book if he only could think of the words and make the pictures. Not a precious thought is wasted on the sort of tiresome thing that grown-ups often write for a child to read, because they think it "would be good for him."

What is John Martin's Book?

John Martin's Book is a really, truly book with an interesting picture on most of the pages and several pictures on many of the pages. The strong paper and binding make a book that will stand the enthusiastic handling that small John-Martiners always give it. Mother will never need to say, "Be careful. Don't tear!"

But it comes each month through the mails like mother's and father's own magazines. At the end of the year you have a whole row of interesting books—twelve in all, the first just as precious as the last.

TWO BOOKS IN ONE

John Martin's Book is really a family book. Boys and girls of the almost grown-up age of ten and twelve will find fascinating stories, puzzles and things to do. Just now there are thrilling tales of locomotives, of lion tamers, of boys and girls in other lands, with practical details of easy construction for boys and a glorified doll house for girls, with games and stunts, beside the ever popular Peter Puzzlemaker pages. The special part for the littlest ones, Johnny Junior, supplies wonderful read-to material and bed-time stories, with pages for little First-graders to read for themselves; while the In-betweens will find their Uncle Henrys, their Toofys and Woofys (little bears) their cut-outs, games, and jingles of fun and fancy.

A Special "Get Acquainted" Subscription

Use this coupon to "Get Acquainted" with John Martin

JOHN MARTIN
33 West 49th Street
New York.

I want to be one of your friends, so please send me four John Martin's Books, beginning with March. Enclosed find $1.00.

Child's Name.....

Address.....

Doner's Name.....

Address.....

B

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where to Buy Books

All the books mentioned or advertised in* THE BOOKMAN *may be obtained from the bookshops of your city. These booksellers, by the quality of their service, warrant your patronage.

BOSTON, MASS.

Books for Discriminating Readers

We specialize in religious and religious educational literature

Mail Orders Filled Promptly

The PILGRIM PRESS
BOOKSTORE
14 Beacon Street · Boston · 19 S. LaSalle Street · Chicago

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FREE for the asking, the S & K MONTHLY BOOK REVIEW: We have all good books.

STEWART KIDD

Booksellers *Stationers* *Engravers*

19-23 East 4th Street **Cincinnati**

DETROIT, MICH.

Books of All Publishers

Let us send you our catalogues and announcements of new books

SHEEHAN'S BOOKSTORE
DETROIT, MICH.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

THE EDWARD·MADISON·COMPANY
BOOKS·STATIONERY·ART·WARES·CAMERAS
ARTISTIC·FRAMING & PRINTING·
427·429·BLOOMFIELD·Av·MONTCLAIR·N·J·

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

BOOK BASKETS FOR STEAMER GIFTS
Books and Magazines $10, $15. Special assortments to order $25 up
We Specialize in Personal Selections
ELIZABETH H. PUSEY, INC.
598 Madison Avenue at 57th Street, New York

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Rare Books · First Editions · Sporting Prints · Standard Editions

BOOKS

Real Booklovers invariably go to Himebaugh & Browne. An immense stock and intelligent assistants make it easy to find just what one seeks. Prices are GUARANTEED to be as low as any other shop and every purchase not meeting your full approval is returnable for credit. What more can one ask?

Write for catalogue

HIMEBAUGH & BROWNE
Booksellers and Stationers
4 East 46th Street

Books on all Sporting Subjects carried in stock, or sought for and bought for customers. Catalogue on request.

THE ABERCROMBIE & FITCH COMPANY
Madison Ave., at 45th St., New York City
The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World

Your orders carefully followed or books selected for you.

THE CHANNEL BOOKSHOP
279 Park Avenue New York City

MACOY PUBLISHING & MASONIC SUPPLY CO.

Publishers and Importers

Descriptive Catalogs of Either Masonic, Astrological or Occult and Mystical Books Sent Upon Request

Free Reading Room—Circulating Library
45 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK

McDEVITT—WILSON'S
NEW BOOKS—RARE BOOKS
FINE BINDINGS—AUTOGRAPH LETTERS
Monthly BOOK-TALK Mailed free
30 Church St

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where to Buy Books

All the books mentioned or advertised in* THE BOOKMAN *may be obtained from the bookshops of your city. These booksellers, by the quality of their service, warrant your patronage.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

MASONIC BOOKS
The latest books on Freemasonry. Come in and visit our bookshelves. *Mail orders promptly filled. Send for Catalog B.*
REDDING & CO., Masonic Publishers
9 West 23rd Street New York, N. Y.

M. J. WHALEY, INC.
Bookseller, Stationer and Engraver
749 FIFTH AVENUE
Between 57th and 58th Streets NEW YORK

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

THE Booke Shop at 4 Market Square, Providence, R. I., will consider it a privilege to send, upon request, selected lists of books to Reading Circles and Book Clubs in any part of the United States or foreign countries.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Any Book of Any Publisher
PROMPT CAREFUL SERVICE!
THE H. R. HUNTTING COMPANY
(Library Specialists)
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

UTICA, N. Y.

Special Service to Libraries and Book Clubs
GRANT'S BOOK SHOP, INC.
127-129 Genesee Street, Utica, N. Y.
Central New York's Greatest Book Shop

WASHINGTON, D. C.

PAUL PEARLMAN
Bookseller
Books Bought Circulation Library
1711 G Street Northwest Washington, D. C.

These Booksellers

will gladly show you any of the books mentioned or advertised in this issue of THE BOOKMAN.

They will be pleased to advise you in the selection of suitable books for gift or other purposes.

Their expert knowledge is freely at your disposal.

BOOKS AT YOUR CONVENIENCE
ROMANCE-ADVENTURE-MYSTERY-HISTORY
at your command! All books mentioned in this issue and otherwise—sent anywhere—postpaid.
Catalog on Request
SPECIALISTS-IN-MAIL-ORDER-SERVICE
ALPHA BOOK SERVICE
1045 Lowell St. Bronx New York City

BYRNE & LANE
Importers and Exporters of
RARE BOOKS
Reports and Catalogues Solicited
12 UPPER CAMDEN STREET
DUBLIN IRELAND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literary Agents and Writers' Aids

F. M. HOLLY
AUTHORS' REPRESENTATIVE
MOTION PICTURE AGENT
156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
Rates and full information sent upon application

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY ADVISER
Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed; special department for plays and motion pictures.
THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC.
135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York City

Strengthen Your Work and Increase Your Sales
By Having Me Criticise Your Manuscripts
Fee—Fifty Cents per Thousand Words
Circulars on request
G. GLENWOOD CLARK
219 North Henry Street, Williamsburg, Virginia

ROBERT THOMAS HARDY
Play Broker and Author's Agent
Formerly editor of Snappy Stories. Has also been on the editorial staff of the J. B. Lippincott Company, Street and Smith, and the Munsey publications.
All manuscripts are given Mr. Hardy's personal attention. Send for full information.
47 West 42d Street New York, N. Y.

SHORT-STORY CRITICISM
Details on Request
OLIVE SULLIVAN
Literary Secretary to Irvin S. Cobb
Glendale Road Ossining, N. Y.

POETRY CRITICISM
Careful Reading and Criticism by experienced writer.
MRS. E. CRIGHTON
5210 Cornell Ave. Chicago, Ill.

MANUSCRIPTS COPIED
50c per thousand words, including carbon copy
L. F. PLANK MORGANTOWN, PA.

Test Your Story-Writing Ability FREE

Dr. Burton
If you have the proper natural qualities of mind, then under Dr. Burton's training you will be able to succeed in Short-Story writing. Send for this interesting Analysis Test, and receive expert critic's frank opinion. Also $100 Prize for Short Story.
LAIRD EXTENSION INSTITUTE
418 Laird Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

SPEAKERS, WRITERS, Club members: We assist in preparing special articles, papers, speeches, debates. Expert scholarly service suited to your requirements, highly endorsed. Revision of manuscripts, story and books, a specialty.
AUTHORS' RESEARCH BUREAU
Room 491, 500 Fifth Avenue New York

Books for Writers
1001 Places to Sell Manuscripts, $2.50. The Writer's Book, $2.50. How to write a Short Story, 65c. What Editors Want, 25c. Catalogue 30 others. Also personal service in criticism of manuscripts and advice as to markets. Correspondence invited.
*JAMES KNAPP REEVE
Service Bureau for Writers. (*Former editor of The Editor), Franklin, Ohio

TECHNICAL OR NON-FICTIONAL MANUSCRIPTS
Carefully edited and typed
$1.00 per thousand words
Frederick A. Rainey
Alden Park Manor Philadelphia, Pa.

MANUSCRIPTS COPIED AND REVISED
$1.00 per thousand words. Carbon copy. Professional typist of much experience. Best of references.
BERTHA A. STOCKDALE, Putnam, Conn.

YOU, TOO
will find it profitable to advertise on this page if you have any product or service that will aid writers. References required. Rates and full information will be sent upon request.
THE BOOKMAN
244 Madison Avenue, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For Free Lance Writers

The WRITER

AN AUTHOR'S MONTHLY FORUM

THE "new" WRITER is published for everyone whose interest in writing and reading is creative and enthusiastic. This pioneer magazine for professional authors, now expanded to include departments in many branches of writing, is endorsed by leading editors, newspaper men, advertising writers, and teachers and students of creative writing.

In April

Almost a hundred years ago, one of the greatest popular editors of all time wrote a series of letters to his sub-editor which are more helpful to modern writers than almost anything written today. Don't miss the beginning of the series in the April issue.

"It is rendering a very practical service to a lot of fine people."

BRUCE BARTON.

$3.00 a year
Special Four Months'
Subscription, $1.00

THE FREE LANCE WRITER'S HANDBOOK

THE year's outstanding success for writers. There are forty chapters by such authorities as John Farrar, Hamilton Gibbs, Katharine Fullerton Gerould, Augustus Thomas, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Robert Sherwood, and Ben Ames Williams. It is a vivid gathering of leaders in their respective fields, each offering sound advice on problems of interest to every writer.

In addition, Part II.—The Literary Markets—contains the best directory of literary markets in existence, with many hundreds of reports on what editors want from writers.

A Complete Writer's Library in One Convenient Volume, as Indispensable as a Dictionary or Thesaurus. 400 pages, 5¾" x 9", red cloth binding gold stamped.

$5.00 at your bookseller, or this coupon will bring it at once, postpaid, on approval.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO., Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.

Enclosed find $..... for items checked.

☐ 1 copy The Free Lance Writer's Handbook. ($5.00)
☐ 1 year's subscription to The Writer ($3.00)
☐ Four Months' trial subscription to The Writer ($1.00)

Name..... *Address*.....

B 4-27

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from page XLII*)

in Philadelpia in 1813) brought $1500. The Huntington duplicate sold for $655 and was resold in the Wallace sale for $460. It is an extremely rare book and lacking from most collections. The first edition of Keats's "Poems," 1817, brought the record price of $3300. Carl Pforzheimer paid only $1750 at the Buxton Forman sale in 1920 for his copy, which was once Fanny Brawne's. A first edition of Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat" fetched $3200. And so the prices went, through a long list of rare books. Condition played its part in making these prices, for the copies offered were among the best of their kind that have come into the market.

Major Whitall had a large number of friends among literary people, as did the late John Quinn, and his first editions therefore were in many cases presentation copies. The enhanced value of an association copy, however, did not fully account for the high prices paid for the works of living authors. Some of the first editions brought prices which must have pleased the authors. W. H. Davies' "The Soul's Destroyer", privately printed at "Farmhouse, Marshalsea Road, S. E." without date, brought $40. It was the unresponsiveness of the public to this first book of poems, costing only a few shillings, which caused him to destroy much of the edition. Walter De la Mare's "Songs of Childhood: By Walter Ramal," 1902, his first book, with an autograph poem of sixteen lines written for Mr. Whitall included, brought $280. Galsworthy's "Villa Rubein. A Novel. By John Sinjohn" fetched $105. George Gissing's "Workers in the Dawn," 1880, in original cloth, went to $1175, but it is one of the rarest of modern books. This was surpassed by a copy of Thomas Hardy's "The Dynasts", which brought $2200. This was issued in three parts, the first issue of the first part being dated 1903, and the others 1906 and 1908. The first issue of the first part is so rare that copies with the date of 1904 are generally accepted as first editions. A. E. Housman's "A Shropshire Lad," 1896, has climbed to a price of $320. The first edition of W. H. Hudson's "The Purple Land that England Lost", 1885, in the original blue figured cloth brought $360. Masefield's "Salt Water Ballads," 1902, his first book, has reached $250. George Moore's "Pagan Poems," 1881, with the genuine title page, brought $775. Moore had autographed this copy twice however. Christopher Morley's "The Eighth Sin," written while he was at Oxford, is rare enough to command the price of $115. An autographed presentation copy of Edwin Arlington Robinson's "The Torrent and The Night Before," Gardiner, Me., 1889-1896 brought $325, but this was dwarfed by an autographed copy of "Captain Craig," Boston, 1902, which went for $500. Twenty nine of James Stephens's works were association copies, bringing all the way from $20 to $160 a copy. W. B. Yeats's "The Hour Glass," 1903, brought $260. And so the list went.

The late Harcourt Amory of Boston left to Harvard University his collection of the writings of Rev. C. L. Dodgson ("Lewis Carroll") which was one of the finest in private hands, and which, added to the Carroll collection in Harvard, gives that university a preeminence in this field. The gem of the Harcourt Amory collection, of course, was a copy of the 1865 edition of "Alice in Wonderland." This is one of less than half a dozen of the known copies of the first edition, which was suppressed by the author immediately upon publication owing to the Tenniel illustrations, which he considered badly printed. But the Tenniel illustrations made the popular conception of Alice and her associates, and the Amory collection contains several of the original drawings for the book.

AUTOGRAPHS

ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTERS

of celebrities of all nations bought and sold. Send for price lists. **Walter R. Benjamin, 578 Madison Ave., New York City.** Publisher *The Collector*, $1. Established 1887.

FOREIGN BOOKSELLERS

THAT BOOK YOU WANT!

We hold 1,250,000 vols. secondhand and new, every conceivable subject. Books on approval. Also Rare Books, Out-of-Print Books, and Sets of Authors. Catalogues free (20 issued). Outline requirements and interests.

FOYLES, 121 Charing Cross Road, LONDON, ENGLAND.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Popular Standard Edition Plates for the Trade—

The following are offered to the trade on a royalty basis. The plates are particularly adapted for the making of 8vo editions, the average page measurement 4 1/8 x 6 1/2, but can be properly proportioned for a 12mo size. Specimen pages, or dummies, with propositions for complete manufacturing, will be furnished promptly on request, for either premium or standard edition.

Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, F.R.S.

With life and notes by Richard, Lord Braybrooke. These plates are new and done in large modern monotype face, while the illustrations consist of reproductions from a collection of rare prints, from originals contemporary with Pepys. *Four volumes.*

Plutarch's Lives

Dryden's Translation, Edited by Prof. A. H. Clough, with Biographical and Historical Notes by William Smith, Ph.D., LL.D., D.C.L. Author of Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology, Dictionary of the Bible, Dictionary of Christian Antiquities, etc., etc. An elaborate index and 30 fine half-tones. *Five volumes.*

Jane Austen

Complete Novels with Prefaces and Introductions. Sense and Sensibility, Mansfield Park, Persuasion, Pride and Prejudice, Emma, Northanger Abbey. *Six volumes.*
This edition of Austen is from new plates and is the best six-volume edition that has ever been made. The type used is the large modern 12 point. The illustrations consist of thirty-two very fine half-tones.

Balzac

Complete Comédie Humaine, Best English Translation, edited by George Saintsbury. *Eighteen volumes.*
More than 12,000 pages of carefully edited and well spaced 12 point matter. This is the best edition of Balzac available, having cost more than $20,000 to produce. The illustrations consist of eighteen beautiful photogravures, with descriptive tissue captions.

The Gebbie Self-Interpreting Edition of Robert Burns

Including his Life and Letters, Songs with Words and Music as Prepared by the Poet Himself. Edited by James Hunter and George Gebbie. *Six volumes.*
The type is the large modern style. The illustrations consist of a series of half-tone engravings reproduced from originals, the finest that the world's greatest artists and etchers could produce.

The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri

Translated by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; edited by Charles Welsh. *Four volumes.*
The type is a large modern 12 point and the plates are new. The illustrations consist of a series of reproductions of the best of Doré, supplemented by selections from rare Italian pictures.

The Life and Achievements of Don Quixote

Translated by Motteux, with a Life of Cervantes, and the author's preface. *Four volumes.*
This magnificent new large-type edition of the celebrated Spanish classic is complete in four volumes, the best translation by Motteux. The illustrations consist of four frontispieces in Van Dyke gravure.

The Complete Writings of Alfred De Musset

New plates, large readable type with numerous illustrations. *Ten volumes.*

Milestones of History

A modern work by Edgar and Esther Singleton, dividing the World's History into epochs up to but not including the recent World War. This set, prepared by a publisher forced to abandon the project on account of financial difficulties, is now available. Arrangements can be made with the authors whereby an additional volume can be added at nominal cost to bring the work up to date. *Five volumes.*

THE QUINN & BODEN CO. **Rahway, New Jersey**

RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A glimpse at a brilliant list

BLACK SHIPS By R. S. Thomas

Wanderlust—suspense—tortured seas—man in conflict with himself and life, these are the elements of this fine novel that will appeal to every reader of Joseph Conrad. $2.00

HEART IN A HURRICANE

By Charles G. Shaw

Relates the adventures of a youth with a Harvard plus Oxford manner, who, after post-graduate work in the cafes of the Riviera, returns to Newport and New York for his final degree of Doctor of Leisure. *A book splashed with social color and replete with smart talk of our "best-people."* $2.00

TRAVELLING LIGHT

By Mildred Harrigan

TOURS in Great Britain, France, Belgium and Holland, planned for a light luggage and a light pocket book. *Illustrated with route plans and maps.* $2.00

AMERICANA

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
The First Civilized American
By Philips Russell $5.00

The Diary of Elbridge Gerry, Jr.
A Vivid Picture of 1813
At All Bookstores $2.50

BEETHOVEN

By Andre de Hevesy

This intimate biography of Beethoven emphasizes his love affairs. While music was his ruling passion, it is interesting to know of his lesser loves. Illustrated. $3.00

A NATURALIST AT THE ZOO By E. G. Boulenger

A "Who's Who" of the world's zoos which tells us exactly what we all want to know about the interesting animals in captivity. $3.00

THE THEATRE IN LIFE

By Nicolas Evreinoff

Tears the mask from man and nature and reveals to us that the "theatre" is to be found not only on the actual stage but in ourselves and all our surroundings $3.50

(WRITE FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED SPRING CATALOGUE)

Publishers **BRENTANO'S** New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED